The Hungarian
_FAIRY-BOOK
BY
NANDOR-POGANY
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The bungarian Fairy Book

THE MIRACULOUS STAG.

THE HUNGARIAN
FAIRY
BOOK
BY NÁNDOR POGÁNY
ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLY POGÁNY
NEW YORK
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

HARVARD
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1913
PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
FIND AND SONS, LTD., GUILDFORD AND ESHER
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FOREWORD

ERY few nations have had a more varied life than the Hungarian. It is now over a thousand years since this imaginative and chivalrous folk settled down in the middle of Europe, where their country now stretches on both sides of the fair Danube in all its might and beauty, and though they had to fight through many centuries for their existence against the Turks and other invaders, they kept their country intact.

During all these centuries they were the key to Europe, and as such often a mighty stronghold that held the wild eastern hordes at bay. They bore the Turkish yoke with fortitude for three centuries, shielding the western world from so mighty an enemy during all this time by being constantly in revolt against the Turks.

It is only natural that all this fighting spirit should be truly mirrored in their folk-lore, for their tales are mostly epical, many supposed to be based on historical facts, often, of course, vastly exaggerated, as for instance, "Botond and the Greek Emperor."

It is asserted that there must have been once a great Hungarian epic, like that of the Finnish "Kalevala," but that it has been lost in the maze of centuries, only the fragments now being left. Probably this was due to the

rise of Christianity, for when in the tenth and eleventh centuries the itinerant monks began to convert their chivalrous people, they were told that their tales clashed with the true Christian spirit. It is certain that there was such a connected story, for many tales, such as "The Funeral of Attila," "The Miraculous Stag" and "The Milky Way," seem clearly to indicate it. Another tale, "The Lake of Balaton," is beautiful as an illustration of Hungarian imagination. "The Lake of St. Anna" has been retold by Maurus Jokai in his admirable way, while "Jack Popcorn was originally a long dramatic poem by Sándor Petöfi, the greatest Hungarian lyric poet. The story itself suggests the whole gamut of Hungarian folk-lore in all its intensity.

""

The Hungarian character is very much akin to that of the Irish. In fact, they are almost identical, only the Irish are more superstitious. The Hungarians also have their "evil eye," but fewer elves play hide-and-seek in their woods, and their fairies are few in number.

The rich fancy and vivid imagination of the Hungarians are well represented in these tales and epical fragments. It should be mentioned that all the decorative "motives" used in the book are from original peasant designs, largely

used in their home-industries.
LEO SARKADI.
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O
JackPopcorn.
NCE upon a time a farmer and his wife
lived on the great plain of Hungary. The
farmer was a rough, uncultivated fellow,
and of a very cruel disposition, but his wife
was very different, and was endowed with
every womanly virtue.
One day the woman was alone in the corn-
field, when she suddenly heard the crying of
a baby, and after looking about for some
time, she found a boy crying lustily, in a
deep furrow which had concealed him from
She pitied the poor abandoned little waif,
and took him in her arms, resolving to carry him home,
for she had no children of her own.
her eyes.
The farmer was very angry when he saw the helpless
little creature, but his wife used all her arts of persuasion to
induce him to let her keep the boy, representing to him
I

that it would be to his own advantage to obtain a farm hand
at such a small cost; and at length her husband, who was
very miserly, consented.
So they adopted the little boy as their son, and
as he was found in a cornfield, they called him Jack
Popcorn.

a helpless infant.
IME passed on, and Jack grew up into
a tall, strong lad, and turned out to be
a most useful shepherd and servant to
his master. He was put to the very
hardest work in the farm to earn his
dry crust, and to repay his foster-
father for his keep while he was still
So long as his mistress lived, he fared
well, for she loved him as her own son, but she died while
he was in his boyhood, and then he was left entirely at
the mercy of the morose and avaricious farmer.
When the good woman died, Jack went nearly mad
with grief, but there was a little girl, named Iluska, who
lived in the village, who did her best to comfort him during
this time of trouble.
Iluska was an orphan, like Jack, and her stepmother
was the most notorious witch in the whole neighbourhood.
She never spoke a kind word to the poor little girl, but
continually beat and tormented her, whether she had any
excuse to do so or not.
sun.
The two orphans felt happiest when they were out
together on the large green meadow under the hot summer
At such times, Jack was generally looking after the
grazing of his sheep while Iluska was washing linen in the
brook. Jack would spread his coat on the ground, and lie
upon it while he talked to Iluska of their future plans; and
thus they forgot their sad surroundings, and looked forward

to a happier future; or he would play to her on his flute,
and she would accompany the tune by melodious songs.
Iluska grew up to be a most beautiful girl, and Jack
became the strongest and boldest lad in the seven neigh-
bouring provinces.
One evening, when the sun was setting and it was
beginning to grow dusk, Jack and his betrothed were sitting
together, hand in hand, talking of their golden future,
and they quite forgot to notice that it was getting late,
and that it was time to go home. They had forgotten.
their surroundings, and all the world, when suddenly
Iluska's stepmother, the ugly old witch, arrived upon
the scene.

S

HE fell into a violent rage, and heaped torrents of abuse and insults upon the poor girl for staying out so late. She was just going to strike her, when Jack sprang up, shook his fist in her face, and cried out: "If you wish to live, don't do any harm. to this poor girl, or I will set fire to your house, and burn you in it while you are asleep."
The witch glared at Jack, but seeing that he was in earnest, went off, muttering curses and dragging the trembling girl with her by the hand.
When Iluska was gone, it suddenly occurred to the young shepherd that he had been neglecting his flock all the time, so he put on his coat and went to look for the sheep, but they had disappeared, and he could not find them anywhere. He could not make out whether they had been devoured by wolves or driven away by mischievous tramps, and he searched for them till nearly midnight, but could find no traces of them.

He was grieved to the heart, for he knew that he ought to have taken better care of the sheep, and he went slowly home, wondering what his cruel master would say when he saw him return without the sheep. When at length he arrived, he found his master almost dead with anxiety and anger.
"Where are my sheep?" he screamed in rage.
"I am very sorry, master," replied Jack. "My attention was diverted from them for a time, and they disappeared. I am ready to atone for the loss by working to the utmost of my strength in future."
HILE Jack was speaking, the enraged farmer took up a pitchfork that lay on the ground and threw it at his head, but he sprang aside, and it just missed him. Jack then ran away, and the old man pursued him till he lost breath and was left behind.
Although Jack ran away, it was not from fear, but because he was unwilling to defend himself, or to raise a hand against the old man; for, notwithstanding his ill-treatment of him, he held him in great respect as his foster-father, and in the present case he knew that he himself had failed in his duty.
Jack resolved to go forth into the great world to seek his fortune, but before doing so, he went to say farewell to Iluska.
When he reached the house in which she lived, he went into the garden and began to play on his flute the saddest tunes which he knew, and Iluska came to the fence directly. They embraced each other and said farewell. Iluska wept

bitterly, but Jack turned his head away, that she should not see the tears in his eyes. They were very sad, for they feared

that this parting might be the last, and that they might never see each other again in this life.
As Jack left her, his last words were: "If thou shouldst see thistle-down blown about by the wind, then think of thy wandering lover." And Iluska replied: "If thou shouldst see torn blossoms scattered on the ground, remember thy sorrowing love."
Thus they parted, and Jack wandered away in the calm night, caring not whither he went, for it grieved him to be obliged to part from Iluska.

S

Jack

·2·

wandered on for three days and three nights without resting, through hills and valleys and endless plains, and on the fourth night he arrived at a dark and gloomy forest. He was desperately tired and hungry, and hoped to reach some hospitable people who would offer him a night's shelter and something to eat. When he reached the middle of the forest he saw a cheerful red light shining at a distance, and he was much pleased, thinking that it shone from the window of a lonely inn. He quickened his pace, but he did not know that the house was no inn, but the retreat of twelve murderous highwaymen.
The highwaymen were just at supper, eating and drinking and singing, but as soon as Jack entered, they sprang up, seizing their swords, axes

and guns, and rushed at the unexpected intruder to kill him.
But Jack was not alarmed, for he was incapable of fear, and was also so depressed and weary that he cared very little whether he lived or died. He stood his ground, smiling calmly at the murderers, and the captain, who greatly admired his courage, called to his men to stop, and said, turning to Jack: "Think not that I have taken pity on thee, but, before I kill thee, I wish to ask thee why thou

art so fearless."

FEAR nothing whatever," answered
Jack; and the captain returned: "It
would be a great pity to kill such a
brave lad as thou art. If thou wilt
become a highwayman and join my
band, I will spare thy life and allot
thee a share of the spoil. Behold,
here is a barrel of silver and another barrel of gold, which
we have gained by robbery and murder. Wilt thou not
join our band?"
Jack heard this proposal with anger and contempt, but
he thought it better to dissemble, and signified his consent.
"If thou desirest this," said he, "it is well, for I came
here for no other purpose than to offer my services.'
The highwaymen were very pleased with their new
comrade, and continued their carouse, drinking from a
barrel of wine that they had lately stolen, till they were all
drunk. At length they all dropped down, one by one, under
the table to sleep. Only Jack remained sober, for he had
drunk no wine. He resolved to take away as much gold
as he could carry to repay his master for the lost flock of
sheep, and to use the remainder to buy himself a house and
some land, and then to marry his Iluska. He was over-

joyed at this lucky adventure, but when he touched the
gold, he felt that he was doing wrong.
He was a conscientious boy, and felt that he could not
buy his happiness with this bloodstained gold. So he
took the lighted candle from the table and set fire to the
highwaymen's abode at all four corners, and the drunken
robbers, the captain and his men, perished in the flames,
and he left the treasures behind in the ashes.
Jack continued his journey during the rest of the night,
and at dawn he was clear of the forest. The sun was just
rising, and its beams fell on a troop of hussars, who were
just passing.
ACK'S heart beat quickly when he saw
these gallant troopers riding their
beautiful horses in the sunlight. He
would have liked much to become a
hussar, for the hussars are the finest
soldiers in the world. He stood
gazing eagerly at them as they ap-
proached, when suddenly the captain caught sight of him,
and called out: "God give thee good-day, my lad. Why
art thou so sad in this brilliant weather?"
"I am sad, sir, because I have to make my way in the
great world alone, but if thou wouldst engage me to serve
in thy army, I should be the happiest fellow on earth."
"But, my lad, think it over first. We are not march-
ing out to amuse ourselves, but we march to battle. The

dog-headed King of Black Land has overcome the King of Gold Land, and we are going to help the King of Gold Land to drive his enemy out of his country."
"If you are marching to war," said Jack, "then the more I wish to accompany you, for if I don't kill the enemy, then he'll kill me."

The captain was much pleased at the appearance and spirit of the gallant youth, and ordered his men to give him a horse and the uniform of an hussar, and when Jack was riding among the others, there was no finer and stronger hussar in the whole army than Jack.
They marched on towards Gold Land without meeting with any remarkable adventure, except that when they were crossing Iceland, they were obliged to carry their horses on their backs to keep themselves sufficiently warm, and when they were crossing High Land they had to climb lofty mountains which reached to the sky. Here they were only able to travel by night, and in the daytime they were obliged to hide themselves in hollows, or otherwise they would have been burned to death by the sun, which was so near them. And at night they found it very difficult to march, for the horses kept on stumbling over the stars. Jack would have liked very much to discover the star of Iluska's stepmother, that he might extinguish it, to punish her for ill-treating his Iluska, but he could not find it, for such a wicked person had no star at all. At length they left High Land and arrived next morning at their destination.
OLD LAND is a perfect paradise, where all the inhabitants are happy, peaceful and prosperous. They do not even know poverty by name, as treasures lie about on the very roads, and everyone may help himself to as much as he pleases. The dog-headed King had come with a horde of barbarians to conquer and plunder this beautiful country, and when the hussars arrived, they found the invaders robbing and murdering the inhabitants. All the towns and villages they set on fire,

and murdered all, without distinction of age or sex. Even the King of Gold Land was preparing to leave the country when the hussars met him, in great despair and misery, for a dog-headed Prince had stolen away his daughter. The soldiers pitied him very much, and when the King offered his kingdom and his beautiful daughter to whoever should deliver her from her captor, each of the hussars was

raised to enthusiasm, and each hoped to win the prize for himself, with the exception of Jack, who thought only of his Iluska.

N
EXT day the hussars proclaimed war on the dog-headed King, and attacked him without delay, and such a battle was fought as never was seen in the world before.
The hussars attacked the enemy with the fury of a tempest, but the
The dog-
barbarians were foes worthy of their steel.
heads howled and barked as loud as thunder, crushing everything that came in their way with their heavy clubs, and the ground shook beneath their feet, but the hussars never flinched or showed any fear of the monsters.
Jack fought with wonderful bravery, always keeping his place at the front in the thickest of the battle. When the leader of the dog-heads, a monstrous giant, beheld Jack's feats, he rushed at him with a great battle-axe, but when Jack saw him coming, he cried out: "Friend, thou art too big for one man, I will make two of thee," and as he spoke he carried out his words, for he clove the giant in twain with a single stroke of his sword, and the huge monster fell down on the right and left sides of his horse in two pieces.
When the dog-heads witnessed the death of their leader,
10

Friend thou art too big for one man,
I will make two of thee:
II

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they were seized with panic, threw away their arms, and fled, pursued by the hussars till they were driven beyond the frontiers of Gold Land.
During the pursuit Jack caught sight of a monster galloping away with a lady in his arms. He rode after them full speed, and overtook them in an instant, shouting out: "Stop, stop, if thou lovest thy life."
The dog-head was terrified; he leaped from his horse and, kneeling down before Jack, begged him to spare his life. Jack did not deign to kill the cowardly creature, but lifted the lady on his horse, when he found that she was the missing Princess, the daughter of the King of Gold Land, so he turned back and carried her straight to her father.

12

Now

3.
that the dog-heads were driven
out, there was nothing but joy
and happiness in Gold Land;
and the people vied with each
other in feasting and honouring
the hussars, to whom they owed their deliverance. But
the enthusiasm of the people reached its height when Jack
brought back the beautiful Princess. The happiness of the
old King defies description. He embraced and kissed both
his daughter and Jack, and asked Jack to tell him his name.
"My name is Jack Popcorn. It is a peasant's name,
but I bear it honourably."
"I will give thee another and more befitting name,"
said the King; "henceforth thou shalt be called Jack the
Valiant. Now listen to me, my dear Jack. As thou hast
saved my daughter, thou shalt wed her, and share with her
the throne. I am too old to sustain the duties of a King

any longer, and thou art young, and if thou wilt wed my
daughter, I will yield to thee my crown."
"I thank thee heartily, O King," replied Jack, "but I
cannot accept thy gracious proposal, for I have a bride in
my own land, and I cannot break my troth."
"True and faithful art thou, O Jack," returned the
King, "that thou wilt not exchange thy bride for a Princess
and a kingdom. I will not force thee to become my son-
in-law, but tell us the story of thy bride, for I should like
to hear about her."
ACK related the sad story of his life, in
which the poor unfortunate Iluska had
been his only comfort, and ended with
the words: "I never asked her not to
give her faith to another youth, and
she never asked me to remain faithful
to her, for we both knew that we would

never break our plighted troth."
The listeners were much moved by his sad story, and
the Princess bowed down her head and sobbed, but she pitied
herself most, for she had fallen in love with Jack.
After this, the King presented to Jack three sacks full
of golden sovereigns and many other treasures, and ordered
a ship to be placed at his disposal. Then Jack took leave
of the King and the Princess, and set out on his voyage to
return to his home.

ACK set sail in the ship with his treasures, but
the nearer he came to his country, the more eager
he grew to reach it, and to meet his love again.

But they had scarce traversed half the distance when they encountered a terrific storm. Thunder, like millions of guns, pealed from the black sky, the wind howled, and the ship was tossed up and down on the billows like a nutshell. All at once, a wave lifted it up and dashed it against a rock with such force that it was broken into a thousand pieces, and all the sailors were drowned.
Jack himself had a miraculous escape. A huge wave rose from the depths of the sea, and tossed him up among the flying clouds, when he grasped the border of one and held on. The cloud flew with him. till it reached dry land, when he dropped from it on a high mountain. He looked round to find a path which

might lead him home, when he saw on the rocks below a griffin's nest, in which the old griffin was just sleeping. Jack did not wait long to consider, but jumped straight down on the back of the monstrous creature, and mounted it as if it had been a horse. The griffin was mad with fury and tried to throw his rider, but in vain, for Jack rode his strange steed like an hussar. When the monster found it could not shake Jack off, it flew away like the wind over many countries, till at length it grew tired, and flew down to rest. Jack looked round and saw to his joy and surprise the church tower of his own village.

H
E hastened to leave the panting griffin, but as he was nearing the village, he thought to himself: "I bring home no gold, I bring home no treasures, but I bring only my young faithful heart. Surely it is enough for thee, as thou art enough for me."
His heart beat loudly as he opened Iluska's door, but as he saw strange people in her room, he thought he had come to the wrong place. He asked pardon for his intrusion and was about to depart, when a young woman asked him whom he sought. When he told her, she asked him to come in, and to take a seat. He dreaded to hear bad news, but not such bad news as the woman told him.
"Iluska is dead. She was tortured to death by her stepmother, and since then the old witch has disappeared from the village. Iluska always pined after her lover, and died with his name on her lips."
Jack went into the churchyard with a sad heart, and threw himself on Iluska's grave, and wept till sundown. He would have gladly died too, and resolved to wander

about till death should overtake him. At night he was bidding farewell to Iluska's grave, when suddenly a rose-bush sprang from it, bearing a beautiful rose. Jack plucked it, saying: "Thou little flower, thou hast sprung from her ashes. Be thou the companion of my way, for I am about to wander, wander, till I shall find my longed-for death, which will unite me to her."

ack
was very sor-
rowful, and
longed only
for death.
During his wanderings, he took
part in many dangerous under-
takings, but he never was
wounded. His sword grew
rusty with long service, and
everywhere he was honoured as
a great hero; but he cared
nothing for the flattery of the
people.
One day Jack was travelling
through a thick dark forest,
when he came to some cross-
roads, and looked about for
someone who could tell him

whither they led. He saw an old woman gathering wood, so he went and helped her with her work, and then inquired where the different roads led.
"Oh, my good soldier," said the old woman, "if thou dost value thy life, take care to travel only by the left road, for the right road leads to Giant Land, whence no man has ever returned, for if anyone enters their country, the giants trample him to death as if he was only an insignificant insect."
"Thanks for your warning, good mother," returned Jack, "but I think I will go and find out whether the giants are really as cruel as people say."

O
N the borders of Giant Land flows a
broad and rapid river, beyond which
Jack saw the sentry of the giants stand-
ing, and when Jack looked at him, it
was as if he was looking up to a high
tower. At the same moment the giant
caught sight of him, and cried out :

"If my eyes do not deceive me, there is a man moving in the grass on the other side of the river. The soles of my feet are already itching to trample on him."
He crossed the river at a step, and his next step would have trampled Jack down, but he raised his bare sword above his head, and it cut deep into the sole of the giant's foot. The giant drew up his foot, and roared like a lion with the pain of the wound, and toppled over into the river, his monstrous body extending from one side to the other.
It was now easy for Jack to walk over his body into Giant Land, and he walked in without stripping till he reached the palace of the King of the giants. When he came near, he stopped in amazement, for he had never seen such an enormous building in his life. It had hundreds of towers

reaching upwards into the clouds, and it was so large that no one could give any idea of its size. But it was easy to imagine that it was impossible for a giant King to live in a smaller palace than this.
H
Jack stood and looked at the palace awhile, and then reflected: "I can only see the outside from here. Now I'll go and see what it looks like inside."
E entered the first apartment, where he found the King himself dining with his courtiers. But you would never be able to guess what they were eating, for they were feasting on nothing but great rocks of granite.
"I wish you good-day and a good appetite," cried Jack to the astonished giants.
"I cannot imagine how thou hast been able to come here, thou little human worm," returned the giant, "but as thou hast found me at dinner, thou must partake of our fare. But if thou shouldst venture to find fault with our dishes, we will crush thee between our fingers, and season our dinner with thy body."
"Well," said Jack, "it is no use denying that I have never attempted to eat stone, so I will ask you first to give me a little bit to taste."
The King broke down a hundredweight of the rock, and laughed at the idea of how Jack would break his teeth at the first bite. But he laughed too soon, for Jack flung the biggest piece of rock with such force at the King's fore-head that he fell dead on the spot.
"Please invite me again to your rock dinner," said Jack.
When the other giants saw the death of the King, they were very much frightened, and knelt down before Jack,

"Please invife me again to your
Rock dinner said Jack.
21

The bungarian Fairy Book
asking him to show them favour, and offering him the
vacant throne, promising to be his faithful vassals.
66
Well," said Jack, "I accept the throne, and promise
you my protection. But as I cannot remain with you now,
I will appoint a Viceroy, on the understanding that if I shall
require your services, you will come to my help at once,
wherever I may be."
The giants consented, and gave him a whistle, which he
was to blow whenever he wished to summon them.
Jack put the whistle into his knapsack, said farewell to
his new subjects, and continued his journey.

22

6.
4
is not known how far Jack's wander-
ings extended, but the further he went,
the darker became all around him. "Is
it night, or am I going blind?" thought
he. It was neither night, nor was he going
blind, but he was entering the Land of Dark-
ness, where the rays of sun, moon or stars
never penetrated, because this was the country
of the witches.
Jack heard the rustle when a witch passed
by him riding on her broomstick, and he thought
23

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the noise was caused by large owls. But his mistake did not
last long, for he soon came in sight of a large cave, which was
lit up by a great fire. He crept up cautiously to the en-
trance, and looked in. The witches had just been holding
their Sabbath, and were all assembled together. Over the fire
stood a large cauldron, in which they concocted their hell-
broth. They were chanting weird songs, and casting into
the cauldron frogs, rats' heads, cats' tails, snakes, human
skulls, and many other odds and ends of various descriptions.
Jack detested the witches so much that he resolved to
destroy them. He carried away all the brooms, so that
they should be unable to escape, and then he blew the
whistle. The giants appeared at the instant, and he ordered
them to kill all the witches.
HE panic among these nice old ladies
was indescribable when the giants began
their work. The witches made a rush

for their brooms, but they could not find them, and the giants killed them all, and threw them down in a heap before Jack.

It was strange that as each witch was killed, the place became lighter and lighter, and it was almost daylight when it came to the turn of the last witch. But who was this last witch? Who should she be, but Iluska's stepmother, and Jack was quite delighted when one of the giants killed her too with a single blow. Then Jack ordered their carcasses to be all burned, together with their brooms, and bidding farewell to his obedient vassals, he continued his journey.

A
•7•
length Jack reached the shores of a sea, and looked about to find a fisherman who would take him across the water. He found an old man mending his net, and asked him to ferry him over; but he replied: "I should have much pleasure in taking thee across the sea, but it is the Endless Sea, of which thou hast doubtless heard, which is endless in length and breadth."

"The Endless Sea, didst thou say?" returned Jack. "Then all the more do I desire to cross it," and he blew his whistle to summon a giant. The giant immediately appeared, and Jack ordered him to carry him across the sea. The giant took Jack on his shoulder, and he clung on firmly. It was a queer vessel, but it was really the best way to reach the opposite shore.

The giant swam for three weeks without stopping, and at length there appeared on the horizon something which might be taken for land in the dim distance.

"Look there," said Jack, "we are reaching the main-land at last."

"It is not the mainland, my noble master," said the giant; "it is only an island."

"What island is it?" asked Jack.

"It is the Island of Fairyland, of which thou hast doubtless heard. Fairyland is at the end of the world, and the ocean fades into infinite space beyond."

"Let me descend at the island, my faithful servant, for I would desire to visit it."

"I obey, but be on thy guard, for the gates of Fairy-land are guarded by ferocious beasts, who might do thee

harm."

26

The
first gate of Fairyland was
guarded by three savage
bears, who rushed on Jack
to tear him to pieces; but
he killed them all, one after another,
after a desperate struggle.
The second gate was guarded by small
bloodthirsty lions, which roared so
loudly that all the trees around shook and
trembled. Jack attacked the beasts with all
his strength and energy, but, nevertheless,
he was obliged to fight hard all day before he
could overcome and kill them. When the
work was done, he would not even wait to
rest, but merely wiped the sweat from his
brow and walked on to the third gate, where he found the
most terrible monster of all, a huge dragon, the appearance of

which was awful enough to freeze the blood in one's veins
But Jack's heart was bold, and he was not frightened in
the least. But at
how to deal with
his sword was
Meantime the
Jack, and opened
mouth to swallow
moment the right
Jack's mind. Without
sprang into the mouth
down its throat, he got
monster and searched
which he pierced with
died with a hideous
through his side and
Jack gazed round
and with good reason.
its splendour of eternal
incomparably more
dreams of mortals.
Here lived the
and such was the place
after his wanderings in
When the fairy
acce
first he was uncertain
it, for he knew that

harmless against it.
dragon caught sight of
his huge hideous
him alive; and at that
course flashed into
hesitating a moment, he
of the dragon, and running
into the inside of the
till he found its heart,
his sword. The monster
groan, and Jack cut a hole
stepped out into Fairyland.
him in delight and wonder,
He beheld Fairyland in all
spring and eternal youth,
beautiful than the brightest

fairies in eternal happiness,
which Jack reached at length
the wide, wide world.
folk perceived him, they

The rose changed into the shape
of his beautiful luska.

greeted him with loving words, and led him by the
hand to the centre of the beautiful island. But Jack felt
as if he was waking from a deep sleep, and he was filled
with despair, for he felt that he was alone amid all this
unearthly splendour. Joy and mirth were everywhere
except in his heart. In a few moments the fairies led him
to the shore of a beautiful lake. It was the Lake of Life,
and all who were dead returned to life again if they were
thrown into its wonderful waters. Jack still preserved the
rose which he had plucked at Iluska's grave, and now he
drew it from his breast-pocket, where he wore it over his heart.
"Now, my only treasure," said he, weeping, "go forth
from me into this beautiful grave, and I will follow thee."
He cast the rose into the lake, and was about to spring
after it, when suddenly the rose, which he had treasured
so long, changed into the shape of his beautiful Iluska.
Jack was mad with joy. He leaped after her, and brought
her back safely to the shore, and they found themselves once
more in each other's arms with indescribable happiness.
The fairies chose Iluska to be their Queen, and Jack
to be their King; and thus ended the wanderings of Jack
Popcorn, or Jack the Valiant, who is now the King of
Fairyland for all future time.

The Twelve Dancing Princesses.

ONCE upon a time there lived in a remote part of Hungary, a farm labourer, who grew tired of working all day for very little wages, so he thought he would leave his place and go out into the world to try his luck.

His year had just expired, and he received from his master a sixpenny-piece, a pair of boots, and a pipe. He bought for the sixpence a loaf of bread and a piece of bacon, and then took leave of the farmer, and turned his footsteps towards the city. After walking some miles, he felt tired and hungry, and seeing a nice, shady tree by the side of a rivulet, he went up to the spot; but, when he reached it, he found an old beggar-man lying in the shade of the tree, who began to whine and groan when he caught sight of the youth.

"Why art thou crying, poor grandfather?" asked the labourer, compassionately.

"Ah, my dear son, I have not eaten a scrap of food for a fortnight, and I am starving."

"If that is all thy trouble, I can help thee," said the youth, and gave all his scanty stock of food to the beggar, who devoured it greedily, and did not leave a crumb.

"Oh, how good thou art," said the old man; "but I pray thee bring me a drink of water, for I am fainting with thirst."

THE youth ran to the brook and filled his flask with the cool, fresh water, and hurried back with it as quickly as possible. The old man swallowed the water at one gulp, and then said:

"Oh, how refreshing it was! I see that thou art a kind-hearted youth, and so I hope that thou wilt carry me on thy back to the nearest town, for I am so weak that I cannot walk, and if thou leavest me here, I shall either die of hunger or be killed by the wild beasts."

"Don't be afraid, dear grandfather," said the young man, "for I will carry thee as far as thou wishest to go."

The youth lifted the old man on his back, and felt so sorry for him that he forgot his own weariness and hunger. He carried his heavy load for some distance, when suddenly, to his astonishment, the old man jumped down and said:

"Now, I can walk by myself, but I will first reward thee for thy kindness. Take this cap, which has magical properties, and if thou dost put it on, and say, 'Fog before me, fog

behind me,' thou wilt instantly become invisible."
The youth had hardly time to thank the old man before he vanished from his sight. Soon afterwards he arrived at the capital city, where he saw crowds of people in the streets, following heralds, who were making a proclamation.

The young man drew
ly heard them pro-
"Oinhabitants of
gers, let anyone who
youngest daughter
ceed to the Royal
youngest Princess
ful, and she is the
the King. No one
without being dazzled
there is a task which
any suitor who would
He is required to watch
cesses, for they dis-
and each takes with her
and six ball-dresses;
they are sleepy and tired.
The King is in despair,
because he cannot per-
suade them to make any
confession respecting
their secret proceedings.
Gentlemen, I beseech
you, do not neglect this
opportunity of winning
the most beautiful Prin-
cess in the world."
The crowd jeered and
nearer,
claim
and present-
the city, or stran-
:-
would marry the
of the King pro-
Palace.
The
is the most beauti-
favourite child of
can look at her
by her beauty. But
must be performed by
desire to marry her.
the eleven elder Prin-

appear every night,
six pairs of slippers
and during the day
c
33

The Hungarian Fairy Book
shouted: "Why dost thou not watch the Princesses thy-
self? Dost thou suppose there is a man among us who
has not watched them night after night, and failed?"
The peasant youth wondered when he heard this,
and asked a friendly-looking old woman what it all
S
meant.

URELY you must be a stranger," said
she. "What does every sparrow chirp
from the roofs? My son, what the
herald proclaims is no fooling, but the
very truth. Every presumptuous man
in the seven provinces has tried already
to watch the eleven Princesses, but all
who have attempted it have fallen asleep before the door of
the sleeping-chamber of the Princesses.
99
"Now I am going to try too," thought the youth, so
he went to the Palace. The King was pleased at his coming,
introduced him to his family, and invited him to dine with
them. The elder Princesses laughed, when they saw the
shy young man, but the youngest Princess fell in love
with the handsome peasant lad, and he with her, as soon
as their eyes met. So he said to the King that, if he
failed, his Majesty might hang him in front of the
Royal Palace, for he wished to win the hand of the
Princess, or die.
After they had dined, the Princesses and the youth went
into the garden, where they passed the time merrily till
evening, when it was time for the youth to take up his watch.
But when the guards came to summon him, they could not
find him. They sought for him in vain, for he had put on
the magic cap, and had become invisible, and had crept
unseen and unheard into the Princesses' room.
When the King heard that the youth could not be found,
34

She looked up in surprise
and saw the Grasshopper
a
he grew angry, and ordered the soldiers to hang
him if they caught him.
At length the Princesses retired to their
room, and locked the door, and they all went to
bed. Suddenly a window opened, and an enormous

grasshopper, with a gold crown on his head, hopped into the room, and the eleven elder Princesses leaped from their beds, and welcomed it. Then they hastened to put on their handsomest ball-dresses and embroidered slippers, and each put five more pairs of slippers and five more dresses into a bag, and prepared to start.
Then the youth went to the youngest sister, who was asleep, and shook her till she woke. She looked up in surprise, and saw the grasshopper, but the elder sisters were terrified, and begged her to keep silence, and go with them to their lovers, the Fairy Princes, in whose Palace there

was a ball every night. The youngest girl was very curious, and easily consented to accompany them.
of
Then the grasshopper anointed the shoulders of all the Princesses with a salve, and large white wings grew out. The youth dipped his finger into the jar, and smeared his shoulders, and in an instant he had wings too. Then they flew out of the window, higher and higher, over mountains, fields and dales, over rivers and seas, and at length they came in sight of a forest copper, glittering in the moonlight, where they descended on the edge of a copper well, where were twelve cups, from which the Princesses drank clear water.
HE youth waited till the grasshopper started again with the girls, when he put all the cups into his knapsack, and broke a branch from a copper apple-tree. What a noise it made! The Princesses shrieked with fright, and thought someone must have followed them, but they looked round and, seeing nothing, soon recovered from their terror, and flew on till they came to a silver forest, and to a silver well, with twelve silver cups, from which they all drank, and the youth, as before, took the cups and broke a branch from a silver pear-tree. It made such a crash that the youngest Princess began to cry, but the others only laughed.
Then they flew on to a golden forest and a golden well, where everything happened as before. When the youth broke a branch from a golden apricot-tree, it cracked so loud that the earth seemed to shake. The youngest Princess began to cry, and to protest that someone must surely have followed them, and begged them to turn back, but the elder sisters laughed at her fears and flew on like lightning till they reached a blue mountain.

The grasshopper touched it with a golden wand, when it

opened, and they all entered. The youth and the youngest Princess were amazed to find themselves in a most gorgeous Palace. The walls were of opal, the ceilings of turquoise, the furniture was of gold and the Palace was lit up by the rays of innumerable balls of diamond. They walked on through rooms and corridors, halls and ante-rooms, until they reached a magnificent hall, which was decorated with flowers of all descriptions, tapestries of cloth-of-gold, and wonderful adornments of inestimable value and beauty.
Then
The moment they entered, beautiful music began to be played by an invisible orchestra, and eleven enormous grass-hoppers, each as large as a man, entered the room, and saluted the Princesses, after which the band played a waltz.
they began to dance, at first slowly, but the music went faster and faster, and the dancers whirled round like a tempest, till their shoes and dresses dropped in fragments to the floor.

B
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UT they did not mind, for they had others in their bags, and as fast as their shoes and dresses wore out, they put on others, till their bags were quite empty. The youth looked on, and as he wished to take part in the wild revels, he asked the youngest Princess to dance with him. She was surprised not to see the speaker, but reflected that many strange things might happen in a fairy Palace, so she consented, and they danced all night. When the cock crew, they took leave of each other, and flew back home without resting. The next morning the youth took off his cap, and was going to make his report to the King, when he was seized by the guards and led in as a prisoner.

"O thou runaway," said the King, "we have caught thee at last, but thou wilt not run away again, for I will hang thee."
"Most gracious Majesty," replied the youth, "thou wilt not hang me, for I can tell thee whither thy daughters go by night, and what they do there."
The King looked surprised, and ordered him to speak. Then the youth told his story, adding that the youngest Princess had accompanied them on the journey.
"I will prove thee to be a liar," said the King, "for I am convinced that thy fantastic story was a lie."
And he sent the guards for his daughters, and confronted them with the youth.

The eleven elder Princesses were taken aback for

the moment, and then flatly denied the story, but the youngest Princess kept silence, for she did not wish to betray her sisters, nor did she want to condemn the youth she loved to death. But her father understood her silence to mean that she was lost in admiration of the strange story, so he was about to order the youth to execution, when he took the cups and branches from his knapsack. The Princesses now grew alarmed, and confessed that the youth's story was true, and begged their father not to be angry, for the grasshoppers were really fairy Princes, whom the Witch of the Yellow Cave had enchanted, because they had refused to marry her eleven daughters, who were frightfully ugly, and had tusks like elephants instead of teeth, and walked on all fours, like animals, on their hands and feet.

HOW angry the King was, when he heard that his daughters had fallen in love with grasshoppers! He ordered them to be imprisoned in a tower enclosed by seven walls, that they should not be able to fly away with the grass-hoppers.

"You shall be locked up till these bewitched monsters come to release you in their own human skins," cried the enraged King. He then thanked the youth for his services, and placed his hand in that of the youngest Princess. "Now you shall be married, and you shall be my dearest children," said he.

The youth was greatly delighted at his good fortune, but his joy was soon changed into despair, for the grass-hopper with the gold crown appeared before him, and said: "Thou dost not merit thy bride, for thou didst betray the other Princesses, who are the brides of my sons." He then

took up the youngest Princess and flew away with her like lightning. The King and the youth were stricken with grief, but the youth took leave of the King, vowing that he would either return with his bride safe and sound, or would not come back at all.

HE then set forth, and walked for days and days through one country after another, traversing hills and dales, hoping always to meet with someone who could direct him to the Blue Mountain; but everyone whom he

asked imagined him to be out of his
senses. At length one day, when he was very downhearted,
someone touched him on the shoulder, and when he turned
round, who should it be but the old beggar-man, who said to
him: "Do not grieve, my son; I sympathise with thy mis-
fortunes, and I will aid thee. I will not lead thee to the
Blue Mountain, for the fairies will not give up thy bride to
thee unless thou canst deliver them from the enchantment
of the witch. Go therefore to the Witch of the Yellow Cave,
and offer her thy services. I will change myself into a
horse, and will instruct thee how to act." Instantly the
beggar became a horse, and said to the youth: "Mount
my back, and shut thine eyes."
He did so, and in an instant felt that they were flying
through the air. When he opened his eyes, he saw an
endless waste before him, covered with dry nettles and
bushes, and in front of him a large cave of yellow sulphur.
Before the entrance to the cave sat a very, very old
witch. Her head was quite bald, and she had a third eye
at the back of her skull. Her skin was of a yellowish
green, and she had a long grey beard. Instead of her nose,
a live viper dangled in front of her face, and her ears were

like bat's wings. The youth
sprang off the back of the
horse (who was invisible), and
when the old crone caught sight of him, she cried out, in a
voice that sounded like the braying of an ass-
"Art thou the famous Adept, that thou canst fly with-
out wings and darest to enter my dominions?"
"No, O powerful witch, I am only his pupil," he
replied; "but I got tired of working for him, and have
come to offer you my services."
"Ho, ho," said she, laughing, "that is well, for I need
a clever fellow like thee to serve me. Come into the cave,
and let us sign our agreement."
As soon as they entered the cave, the youth found
himself surrounded by swarms of beasts and reptiles, but
the most hideous of all were the witch's daughters, who
crawled about on their hands and feet, and had tusks
like elephants. The creatures caressed and kissed him,
and threatened that if he did not marry one of them,
they would torture him to death. But the witch ordered
them to hold their peace, for she wished to draw up an
agreement, which was in the following terms: The
year's work was to be reckoned as three days only, on
each of which the new servant undertook to perform any
task which the witch might impose upon him. If he

succeeded, he might demand anything he liked from the witch's treasury; but if he failed, she would cook him for her dinner.

When this had been arranged, the witch gave him her first commands. "Go and fetch some food for my burning dragon, and return before sunset. Thou canst not escape me, for the power of our contract would enable me to drag thee back to me from any quarter of the world."

HE youth left the cave in perplexity, wondering what sort of food he was to find for the dragon.

At this moment the horse made its appearance, and said: "Mount my back," and a moment later the youth found himself on the banks of a river of fire, when the horse spoke again: "Beyond this river you will find the fiery steeds of the Red King pasturing in the Red Meadow. Bathe thyself in the river, and the fiery mares will not kill thee, but will permit thee to milk them. Milk them into the pail which stands in the meadow, but be quick about it, for the Red King can see anyone who approaches the horses, and will kill thee if he catches thee, but he cannot pursue thee further than the river. Try therefore to carry the milk to the river, and pour it into the water, when it will become a large cheese for the witch's dragon."

The youth was much afraid of the burning river, but as he could not retreat, he carried out the horse's directions. He milked the mares one by one into the pail, and as soon as it was full, he took it up, and ran with it to the river. He was only just in time, for the Red King caught sight of him, and shot an arrow after him which grazed

his left ear. The witch was astonished when the youth returned before sunset carrying with him a large cheese for the dragon. She had already prepared her cauldron to cook him, and murmured to herself: "Ha, it will be thy turn to-morrow!"

Next day she ordered him to bring some drink for the dragon before sunset. He left the cave again with a heavy heart, wondering what on earth he could find for the dragon to drink. Then the horse, visible only to the youth, appeared to him, and said: "The drink of the dragon is hot melted lead, flavoured with the strongest of poisons, which is stored in the well of the Strong King. This well is guarded by an Iron-kneader, who kneads iron as one kneads bread, and no one can take the lead-water unless he first puts the guardian to sleep. Now I must carry thee to the Fountain of Strength, where

thou must drink as much as thou canst, because thou must wrestle with the guardian of the well till he becomes senseless."
The first draught of the Fountain of Strength made the youth so strong that he could tear up a great oak-tree by the roots.

AFTER the second draught he could crush the hardest stones to powder in his fingers, and after the third draught the horse thought he was now quite strong enough to overcome the Iron-kneader. When they reached the leaden well, the Iron-kneader was modelling figures from a huge mass of iron as a sculptor models in clay. The youth went up to the well, carrying a copper pail.
"Ha, mannikin," cried the Iron-kneader, "how camest

Ha, Mannikin
cried the
ron-Kneader

thou here? Make haste to say thy prayers, before I trample thee to dust."
"Wait a bit, my friend," said the youth; and in a moment they were struggling together like two mad bulls. At last the youth got the advantage, and threw the Iron-kneader to the ground with such force that he was nearly killed, and groaned for mercy. Now the youth could fill his pail from the well without hindrance, and he returned with it to the witch's cave before sunset. The witch was again forced to go supperless to bed, but she felt sure that she would not be disappointed on the morrow.

NEXT day she gave the youth a most difficult task, for she ordered him to bring her the Blue Mountain in his knapsack. This time he surely thought he had reached the end of his life, for he could not imagine how it could be possible to put a mountain into a small knapsack. But his friend, the horse, interrupted his meditations, saying: "Mount on my back once more." The horse then carried him to the World's Magic Tree, and said: "Break off the seventy-seventh branch." The youth did so, when they flew straight to the Blue Mountain, and the horse said: "Wish that the mountain may become something which

thou canst put into thy knapsack."
Then the youth touched the mountain with the branch from the World's Magic Tree, and wished that it should become a diamond. The mountain vanished, and the youth saw a small diamond lying at his feet, which he picked up and put into his knapsack, and then flew back to the witch's cave.

When the youth dismounted, the horse said to him :
"When thou deliverest the diamond to the witch, thy service is over,
and thou canst choose whatsoever thou wilt from her treasury. Accept nothing but the rusty sword which hangs by a spider's web from the ceiling of the Yellow Cave. It is a magic sword, and if the holder says 'Sabre, slay,' it will slay any being except the witch of the Yellow Cave. For thou must know that her life is not in her body, but she keeps it in a secret hiding-place known only to her eldest daughter. Now be circumspect, for I must leave thee awhile. The witch's eldest daughter has fallen in love with thee, and wishes to compel thee to marry her. She is so infatuated that thou canst ask anything from her as a proof of her love. She will tell thee where her mother's life is hidden, and for what remains thou must discern for thyself, and rely on thy magic sword."
HE horse then vanished, and the youth

felt very grateful, for he never expected to receive so large a return for a few small kindnesses. He hurried to the cave, and reached it just as the sun was setting. He handed her the diamond and she seemed very friendly.
"Come into my treasury, my son," said she, "and choose whatsoever pleases thee." She showed him heaps of gold, silver, diamonds, and precious stones of all kinds, but the youth insisted on having the rusty sabre, and declared that she must give it him in virtue of the agreement. Then the witch said to him with a malicious laugh: "Dost thou know who is in this diamond ball? Here live the grasshopper family and thy bride! But they will never come out, for I will hide it in a seven times seven box, from which they can never escape. My eldest daughter wishes to

marry thee, and if thou wilt marry her, thou wilt not repent it."
The youth trembled with fury inwardly, but he controlled himself and answered laughing:
H, my dear witch, I have no fault to

find with thy eldest daughter. I fell
in love with her at first sight, and I
shall be the happiest man in the world
if I can marry her."
"This speech caused great re-
joicing in the cave, but as soon as
the youth could make himself heard through the tumult,
he told his bride that he wished to be alone with her,
so she took a whip and drove all the monsters from the
Then the youth said: "O, thou beautiful girl, I am
doubtful if thou dost truly love me, and if thou playest me
false, it will break my heart."
"My dear love," said the frightful creature, "how can
I prove my great love to thee?"
"If thou wouldst really prove that thou lovest me," said
the youth, "then tell me the greatest secret that thou
knowest about thy mother."
"Is that all? I will tell it, for I see thou desirest to know
it for the welfare of us all. The greatest secret respecting
my mother is that she has neither her life nor her witch-
craft in herself, but in her burning dragon, which bathes
every night in the fiery river. The dragon can only be
slain by the rusty sword, which thou hast received from
my mother for thy service. In the dragon is a golden cow,
which inherits his power directly he dies; and when the cow
is killed, there lives in her a tiger, with the same power, and
in the tiger is a golden owl, and in the owl is a golden frog,
and in the frog is a golden box, in which are two bugs, one

green and one black. In one is my mother's life and in the
other her witchcraft, and now I have told thee all."
"Thank thee, my sweet, for thy confidence," said the
youth; "but now let me step forth into the fresh air, for I
feel exhausted."
HEN the youth left the Yellow Cave
and hurried to the fiery river, which
he reached just at midnight. The
dragon was bathing in the flaming
water, and when he saw the youth, he
roared like thunder. "Thou art just
come in time for my supper, O thou
earthworm," and he opened his enormous mouth to swallow
up the youth.

"Slay, my sabre," cried he.
The rusty sword flew from his hand like lightning, and
hacked the monster to pieces in a moment. Then a golden
cow sprang forth from the carcass as if to escape, but the youth
said again: "Slay, my sabre." Then the sword killed the
cow, and afterwards the tiger, the owl, and the frog. From
the frog the youth took the golden box, and from this the

two bugs. These he tied in the corners of his handkerchief, and made his way back to the Yellow Cave.
When the witch saw him, she fell on her knees, and implored him to release the two bugs, promising to do anything he wished in return.
"Then do thou replace the fairies' castle, and change the grasshopper Princes into their human forms," commanded. the youth.
"I will do this willingly," cried she, "only give me back my bugs;" and she hastened to obey the youth's orders.
Next moment the castle rose up in the distance, and the youth saw the Princes waving their hands to him with joy.

Slay him,my Sabre, cried he.
D

"Which bug contains thy life, and which thy witch-craft?" asked the youth.
"The black one is my life, but it is worth nothing to me without the green one," she replied, trembling.
"It's all one to me," said the youth; and he trampled the green one under his heel.
HE witch was now deprived of all her power, and the youth left her and her daughters, and hurried to his beautiful bride, who was awaiting him in the castle with the fairy folk. They all shed tears of joy at meeting, and then the fairies anointed them with the magic ointment, and they all flew back to the old King. He had grieved very much at having punished his daughters, and at the loss of the youngest, his favourite. He was transported with joy when he beheld the fairy Princes in their human forms; but he was most delighted at the return of the youth with his youngest daughter. There were great rejoicings, and next day all the Princes and Princesses were married, including the youth and the youngest Princess, after which the fairies flew back with their brides to their own country, and the happy old King resigned his crown and his territories to the husband of his youngest daughter, and they all lived happily ever after.

The Magic Stone.
IF
moss a-
colour of

knew its
unusual
It
lives of
you were to climb to the summit of the
Mountain of Pécsujfalva, you would find a
moss-covered stone, which, unlike the other
rocks on the mountain, is quite flat on the
top, and if you were to push some of the
side with a stick, you would find that the
the stone was of a deep red, and if you
history, you would find it to be an object of
interest.
once possessed a magic power, by which the
many persons were saved; and I am now
going to tell you how it came about that this was lost.
When the Scythian warriors left their native country and
began to settle in the province of Tarcs, they prayed to their
God Hadur to send down his blessing on their new abode,
and they used the flat stone on the summit of Mount

Pécsujfalva as an altar on which to offer up sacrifices to
Hadur. Since that time, whenever the Scythians were
attacked by any enemy, they had only to retire to the
mountain and assemble round the magic stone to be quite
secure.

T was impossible for any enemy to assail
them there, for directly their foes began
to climb the mountain, they were seized
with the most terrible pains in their
bones, and their very arrows became
soft and useless. So, as you may per-
ceive, the stone was a very great boon
to the Scythian nation, but the happiness of the people was
not of long duration, for a cruel chief, named Karvaly,
arose among them, who spent most of his time in fighting
and slaughtering quite inoffensive people. He terrorized
the whole neighbourhood, to which he was the greatest
curse, killing and plundering wherever he went, and
leaving misery and destitution behind him.
Many times did the inhabitants gather troops together
with the intention of putting an end to the depredations of
Karvaly and his band of robbers, but he had built a mighty
castle on the mountain next to Pécsujfalva, and the walls
and battlements were so strong that the besiegers were
always driven back, and at length the poor people lost all
hope of deliverance.
At this time there lived in the neighbourhood a brave
and noble baron, named Kenéz, who had a daughter who
was famous throughout the country for her beauty. The
bravest knights and the sons of the greatest nobles sought

her hand in marriage; but all her suitors were not of the highest class, for one day the cruel knight Karvaly besought her to become his wife.
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Karualy laughed heartily.
55

The Hungarian Fairy Book
and healthy, and were among the best warriors in the country.
The confusion was great: you could hear the clashing of weapons, the thud of falling bodies, the shouts of men and the shrieks of terrified ladies. Their cries guided the attacking party to the tents of the ladies, and presently Csilla's voice could be heard calling, "Help, help! Karvaly is carrying me away!" Then the robbers retired, and Karvaly and his ruffians galloped away with the girl they had captured.
HEY were swiftly followed by the brave young hunters, who slew all the robbers they could overtake. The huntsmen drew nearer and nearer to the main body of Karvaly's men, and were just anticipating a speedy victory, when, to their amazement, they saw Karvaly and his troops galloping towards the Mountain of the Magic Stone. Soon the robbers reached the summit, carrying with them Csilla, who had fainted.
The lover and brothers of Csilla were wild with despair. Every time they attempted to climb the mountain they were seized with the most terrible pains, and could hear the mocking laughter of Karvaly and his men. The robbers would certainly have escaped, if the hunters had not roused the people who lived near, and who surrounded the whole mountain.
Karvaly then perceived that he had engaged in the most dangerous adventure of his life, but when he looked on the beautiful mourning Csilla, he thought that she was worth all the risk.
Next day Csilla's father arrived, bringing with him his whole army. The poor old man was greatly distressed at

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Karvaly laughed heartily.

55

The Bungarian Fairy Book
16
the danger of his daughter, and the hunters were in

despair at the failure of their repeated attempts to scale the mountain.
When Kenéz looked up, he saw that Karvaly had brought Csilla forward and made her stand upon the magic stone. Karvaly laughed heartily at the distress of the people, and their renewed and fruitless efforts to climb the mountain. But he did not laugh long, for a little old man, with long white hair and beard, suddenly appeared in the midst of Kenéz's army. No one knew him, or had seen his arrival or knew whence he came. But presently he spoke to Kenéz, in a croaking voice.
"Dost thou wish to rescue thy daughter, my lord?" he
A
told him to hold
mysterious friend.
asked.

Y, indeed," answered Kenéz, eagerly.
"If thou wilt only act as I tell thee, she shall be safe in a very short time."
One of Kenéz's captains said:
"Do not permit this old beggar to annoy thee, my lord." But Kenéz his peace, for he believed in their
"Ye must all lay aside your weapons, hold each other's hands, and form a ring right round the mountain."
"But we dare not lay aside our weapons," objected several.
"Ye will not need your weapons," said the old man, "for the robber band at the top of the mountain will fall dead at your feet."
"What of my daughter Csilla?" asked Kenéz.
"She will stand securely on the magic stone, waiting for thee to lift her down. But I must warn thee that when

thy daughter has been rescued, the stone will have lost its magic powers.
Kenéz and Csilla's lover and brothers debated the matter, and at length decided that the rescue of Csilla and the destruction of Karvaly and his band would be more to them than the loss of the magic power of the stone.
So the ring was formed, and the whole band of robbers fell headlong to the ground dead. Then Kenéz and his people rushed to the top of the mountain and carried Csilla down.
The wedding was celebrated shortly after, amid the tumultuous rejoicings of the whole people. But the stone on the summit of Mount Pécsujfalva had lost its magic power for ever.
But the people had also lost the wicked robber-lord Karvaly, and to be released from his oppression was a

blessing indeed.

57

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The Bog of Ecsed,&
the Will-o-the-Wisp.
the midst of the great plain of Hungary lay
a swampy region, where many young lads
were betrayed to death by its unearthly
denizens. It was a wonderful country, where
the glorious displays of Délibáb, the fata
Morgana, revealed heavenly beauties in
colours never seen on the earth, but which
rose high in the air above a lake on the
desolate heaths and the swampy moors, where
numberless birds always swarmed. But the country was
far more wonderful at night, when the Queen of the
Wills-o'-the Wisp reigned over a world which was quite
invisible in daylight. From daybreak till the time when
the shadows fuse together into the darkness of night, the
fairy world, that human beings cannot imagine in their
most exalted dreams, fades from view, until evening comes,
when its denizens awake to life, according to their nature.
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The Hungarian Fairy Book
But if you had eyes which could see all that goes on
from sunset to the break of day, in the thick willow swamps,
the untrodden woods, the water-meadows, and all the secret
places of the country, you would light upon many strange
phenomena.
First you would behold the usual colours of a sunset
over the low-lying marshes, when the blood-red sun seems
to sink into a lake of blood, and the sounds of evening wax
louder and louder. You would hear the varying notes of
thousands and thousands of birds, some going to roost, and
others rousing up to nocturnal activity, while swarms of
gnats are droning out their music, and millions of frogs are
croaking in the swamps, while the howling and barking of
wolves and foxes add to the din.
AR away on the endless plains may be
seen the gleam of fires lighted by the
shepherds and cowherds, who lie
around them, wrapped in their fur
cloaks, playing mournful or lively
tunes on their flutes, while the young
girls who carry water from the village
wells raise their sweet voices in song. Such are the
pleasant sights and sounds of the great plains of Hungary.
But it grows darker, and the earth turns pale and grey,
and the noises grow less. Here and there we may still listen
to the barking of dogs, snatches of gipsy music, and jovial

shouts of lads who are leaving the solitary inn and dispersing in different directions. Presently the croaking of the frogs grows louder, and the wind sighs and rustles in the reeds, while large-eyed owls and swift-flying bats speed back and forth, and the pale moon rises over the marshy plain.
Instantly little blue flowers spring up, one after another,

and all are dancing about, or darting in an irregular course over the bog and the scattered islands of firmer ground, and some are rushing as swiftly as the wind over the wide plain, and already strange palaces and gardens are rising in the middle of the swamp, and where only floating islands of weeds were visible before, we may now behold a lovely park-like country, where wander beautiful phantoms. Surely this must be the real appearance of the land, and not the dreary waste which it appears to be by day!
N the dim wavering phosphorescent light, all manner of strange and beautiful forms are to be seen, flying, leaping, and dancing. Here are beautiful fairies, round whom hover birds, with flame-like plumage, and gigantic butterflies, while the very air sends forth a ceaseless weird, haunting music, which seems to dissolve the essence of all the surrounding country into itself; and it is only gradually that we seem to see order come into the confused assembly.
At the time of which we speak, the chief assembly was in the garden of the Fairy Queen. She sat on her throne of crystal, beneath a canopy of huge white flowers, which rose to the height of trees. Her robe was of purple gauze, which seemed lighter than the very air, and on her head she wore a crown of emerald, and her sceptre was a flower carved out of pure emerald. The Wills-o'-the-Wisp were entertaining the company with song and dance, and the maids of honour were busily engaged round the Queen, fanning her with the wings of great butterflies, while others were scattering flowers before her throne to form the pattern of a carpet, while others stooped down and kissed her bare feet, or showed her honour in many other ways.

Presently the Queen rose from her throne, and raised her sceptre, when the playing and singing in the garden ceased instantly, and her fair subjects crowded round to listen to her commands.
She spoke; nay, she sang in sweeter tones than we might imagine the voices of angels-

"O dear ones, my heart is thirsting for love,
I long for the sight of our earthly boy;
To-night will our meeting be joyous and gay,
For his year is accomplished, and now he must die,
To-night shall his funeral be held."
The words of the Queen were received with a loud shout of joy. A bevy of the phantom-like girls skipped and whirled away into the palace, and returned with a pale dazed-looking boy, who was adorned with garlands of scarlet flowers like rhododendrons, and with precious jewels. He approached, whirling round with the Wills-o'-the-Wisp, who kissed and embraced him, tittered and sang in his ears, and at last swept round, and stationed him in front of the Queen.
HE youth fell on his knees, kissed the Queen's feet, and then looked up into her face, and she bent down and kissed his lips several times. Then she rose from her throne, and drew him to her, and embraced him, and sported with him, twining his long black hair with strings of pearls, and setting her own crown on his head, and decked his ivory form with beautiful peacocks' feathers. At length she grew tired, and kicked him up into the air like a football, and cried out: "Enough of this one; now kiss him, girls, to death."

The Wills-o'-the-Wisp circled round him in the dense atmosphere, hiding him from view, and smothering him with kisses that sounded like the chirping of a thousand birds. They dragged him to and fro, tossed him up, and caught him as he fell, and at length laid his lifeless body on the smooth lawn.
HEN the Queen resumed her seat on her throne, and the festivities commenced with a wild ballet and a chorus of rejoicing; but the dancing and singing grew still wilder when the boy's corpse was perfumed and decorated, and finally burned to ashes

amid the blue flames of a funeral pyre.
The Queen was well pleased with this heathenish.
funeral, but afterwards she grew pensive, and sighed :
"To-morrow comes a new love, and what will he resemble?"
Presently the first signs of dawn appeared on the eastern horizon; one by one the stars grew pale and disappeared, and from the hamlet came the sound of the crowing of the cocks. The frogs ceased their croaking, and the singing of the awakening birds grew louder and louder, till it swelled

to a concert of welcome to the day. The fading moon sank in the west, and during the day one might look in vain for the wonderful country of the Wills-o'-the-Wisp. Perhaps it was only a dream, but every year one of the handsomest and cleverest boys disappeared from the world. In the neighbourhood lived a cowboy named Miska, who was a favourite with all. When he came to the inn on Sunday, the gipsies played his songs only, and the prettiest girls were delighted when he asked them to waltz, And if he walked along the village street, singing to the gipsies' music, all the girls ran to the windows and smiled and

nodded as he passed, and although he was only a poor boy, who had nothing to live upon but his small wages, the richest of the girls would have been only too pleased if he had asked her to become his wife. But he loved a very good-natured and faithful girl, who was envied by all her acquaintances.

Miska and Panni were a very handsome couple, and it rejoiced the hearts of all to see them walking side by side, or dancing together. They loved each other passionately, and at that time there were no happier people in the world. It was arranged that they were to marry very soon, and they built themselves a little cottage in the middle of a garden. In the garden they planted many rose-bushes among the fruit-trees and vegetables, and Panni also worked hard at her trousseau. She could amuse herself for hours trying on her rose-coloured bridal dress, and long white veil, and setting her myrtle wreath on her head. They spent many happy evenings together, making plans together, and dreaming of their future happiness.

NE evening Miska went out on the plain to sleep, for in summer-time he often used to sleep in the open air. He first lit a fire, and lay down beside it on his cloak, and then began to play sweet melodies on his flute. He then laid himself on his back, and stared up at the starry sky, lost in pleasant meditations, till he feli asleep.

His fire died down, but another soon took its place. Through the dim light might be seen the pale blue flames. of the Wills-o'-the-Wisp, running, flying, and leaping. The flames circled first round the sleeping boy, but presently they crowded upon him all at once.

As he fell asleep, he felt as if something touched his face gently, and next he felt something gliding through his curly locks. Dazed and half asleep he fancied that a moth

had touched his face, and the wind had moved his curls, but presently he felt a warm kiss on his lips, and must perforce open his eyes.

H
E found fairy girls kneeling by his side, kissing and caressing him, and his senses became all confused. His eyes sparkled with excitement, his blood ran like fire in his veins, and the world vanished from his mind; he saw and heard and remembered nothing but the fairy forms before him.
One of the Wills-o'-the-Wisp then said to him in the most melodious, flute-like tones: "Come to our country, O dear boy, and we will offer thee love far beyond the love of any earthly maiden."
Then cried a second: "O sweet boy, our Queen loves thee, and she is longing to embrace thee, and feel thy kisses on her lips."
And a third warbled: "Come, dear boy, come! Unearthly pleasures await thee in the garden of the Wills-o'-the-Wisp. If thou comest, thou shalt be happier than any child of man. Only come to us, come, come, come!"
And they sped away in a seductive dance, and the boy ran after them madly, though he was trembling all over with mingled fear and longing.
He ran and ran, ever fearing to lose sight of the fairies, heedless if he splashed through the water, plunged through the thickets, trod over the quaking marshes, or sprang through the air.
Suddenly he found himself in a lustrous atmosphere of

The Boy ran after them
music and foamy waves of coloured light. As he breathed the intoxicating air, he felt a thrill of supernal bliss run through his whole frame, even to his hair and nails.
Strange fire-birds, and rosy, green, white and blue fire-flies brushed against his face, and strange flowers of vast size, white, golden and lilac, splendid and yet vague and filmy, met his dazzled eyes, while the Wills-o'-the-Wisp were hovering everywhere, playing at delightful games, or dancing together or separately.
Suddenly his conductors stopped before the flowery grotto of the Queen. At this moment Miska, mad and delirious as he was, felt a sudden fear and trembling, the only moment of sanity during his stay in Fairyland, but this only lasted a moment. Instantly he was overwhelmed by the passionate kisses of the Fairy Queen, each of which caused him an indescribable ecstasy of mingled
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pain and rapture till his heart and brain swelled almost to bursting.
Next day Panni awaited her beloved one in vain, for he did not return. She searched for him with a sad foreboding of evil, and roamed over the wide spaces of the steppe, asking all the shepherds, cowherds, and horse-trainers whom she met whether they had seen Miska, but no one had seen him since the day before. At last a farm labourer said that late the night before he saw Miska spring from his sleeping-place and run towards the bog after the Wills-o'-the-Wisp.
HAT was enough. All knew that every year a youth followed the mysterious flames, and vanished utterly, for no further news of him ever reached his friends and relations.
Poor Panni was overwhelmed with grief and despair, and abandoned her-self to heartrending tears and lamentations for several days and nights. Still, she did not abandon all hope of finding her Miska either alive or dead. She gathered all his friends together to help her in her search for the boy who had disappeared.
They went forth into the region of the swamps, and searched through the thickets, the lakes, the willow clumps, and the floating and the firm islands. They sought every-where throughout the day for many weeks, but in the night they could not help sleeping, for a soft wind lulled them to sleep. They searched and searched so closely that not even a pin could have escaped their notice under the marshy waters, but all in vain. Miska had disappeared, as com-pletely and incomprehensibly as other lads in former years. Everyone was much grieved at the loss of the

handsome Miska, and there was also a feeling of general alarm, for who knew who the next victim might be in the following year. They pondered much how to avoid the danger, and some went to distant parts of the country to consult persons who were supposed to possess secret know-ledge; but no one could give any advice, or could even suggest an explanation of the manner in which these disappearances had taken place.
Several months passed away, and all hope of finding Miska was abandoned. But Panni could not reconcile herself to the thought that she would never meet her love again.
One day a caravan of wandering gipsies stopped on the outside of the village in which Panni lived.

They
wandered through the village from house to house, begging,
stealing, and telling fortunes; healing patients who were
sick, selling love-philtres, and learning short sentences and
the names of various articles of food, etc., such as a loaf of
bread, a sucking-pig, or a chicken.
MONG them was a young woman who
seemed to possess great knowledge of
secret mysteries. By means of gesticu-
lations and charms she cured an old
peasant of epilepsy, and also cured a
cow which gave no milk. This woman
called the people together in the market-

place, and said to them :-
"Methinks you will remember that for a long time past
a youth has disappeared every year from the district round
the bog of Ecsed. But perhaps you do not even suspect
that those who disappear are the chosen loves of the Wills-
o'-the-Wisp. Who knows on whom their choice will fall next
year? They bewitch their favourite to love them with a

frantic passion, which you cannot imagine, and after a year
they kiss him to death, and burn his body to ashes; and
then comes the turn of a new lover. Now, which of you
will protect himself against this terrible danger? I will give
magic plants which will save you from this danger; twenty
plants in exchange for one horse."

S
OME of the young fellows made a joke
of the matter, saying that they would
be only too happy to fall into the toils
of the lovely fairy girls; but there
were others-three-score and more-
who put faith in the gipsy woman,
and gave her their horses for the
flowers which she asserted to possess this magical
power.
When Panni heard that the gipsy woman might be able
to explain the disappearance of Miska, she was greatly
excited, and ran breathlessly into the camp of the gipsies,
just as they were about to travel further, with considerable
gains and booty. As soon as Panni found the woman she
sought, she ran to her, tore off her own necklace with the
gold locket, and her turquoise earrings; and then pulling
out her purse, threw everything at the feet of the astonished
gipsy, and knelt down, imploring her to tell her how she
could rescue her Miska.
"Is thy Miska the lad who followed the Wills-o'-the-
Wisp?"
"Yes, dear lady, he was. Tell me, tell me quickly,

what I must do to save him?"
"I can indeed tell thee something, but thou seemest to me too faint-hearted to carry it out. But yet I will tell thee if thou wilt add to these gifts a pair of fat geese, a bag of tobacco, and a sausage as long as my arm."

Panni at once promised to give her the double of what she asked, and she continued:
"Now listen to me. Here in the bog of Ecsed is the home of the Queen of the Wills-o'-the-Wisp. It endures throughout the night, till the first cock-crow, when it vanishes into nothingness. In reality, they are the original inhabitants of the country, and in ancient days, when men did not exist, and the world was only inhabited by creatures of the elements, they were rulers here by day as well as by night. But at one time they sinned so grievously that they were cursed by a powerful fairy, and since that time they exist only by night. But this has nothing to do with the present matter. I can instruct thee how to enchant them to live for six thousand years only in the forms of Wills-o'-the-Wisp, but to accomplish it, thou must be a brave girl, and thou must not be afraid of any danger that appears to threaten thee. If thou hast the needful courage, thou must seek for a place in the oozy lake, where blue and red grass
is growing.

ERE is the spot where the Queen
rules at night, and where thy Miska
is imprisoned. Bring to this place a
black coffin, a chalice of holy water,
a bag of salt, and a silver bell. First
scatter the salt on the ground, then
sprinkle it with holy water, and lastly
lie down in the coffin, take the bell in thy hand, and wait for the night. If thou art able to remain there till day-break, in spite of the threatening danger which thou canst avert by repeating the Lord's Prayer and sounding the bell, then thou wilt find thy Miska alive, and the Wills-o'-the-Wisp will be no longer dangerous for six thousand years, and thou wilt have rescued thy lover from death.

Now give me the geese and the tobacco and the sausage, and also some brandy, for my throat is dry from so much talking."
That very day Panni searched till she found the island with the red and blue grass in the midst of a very dense thicket. She took everything needful in a boat, and was firmly resolved to follow out the gipsy's instructions exactly. She scattered salt over the whole island, and

sprinkled it with holy water. Then she lay down in the coffin with the bell in her hand. She was only just in time. for the sun had already sunk beneath the western horizon, and the first stars were beginning to glimmer in the sky. Her heart throbbed painfully, and she awaited what might happen in mingled hope and fear, especially her meeting with Miska, which she imagined in all manner of ways. Then she thought of the astonishment of the people, and how greatly they would praise her when she returned with her lover. Then she pondered over their wedding, and their happy future life, and in the meantime the world grew dark, and the country of the Wills-o'-the-Wisp came into
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being.

UT what could happen when the place was salted and hallowed, and Panni lay in a coffin with a silver bell in her hand? This completed the charm, and if the fairy girls could not drive. Panni out of the coffin, they were lost for six thousand years. It was im-
possible for them to move her by force, and they could only resort to artifice.
Panni first beheld the flames of many Wills-o'-the-Wisp dancing round her in all directions. Suddenly she saw a troop of wolves with glowing eyes, and dropping blood and

foam from their open jaws, which rushed towards her, howling furiously. She was just about to spring from the coffin in terror, and rush away, when she fortunately recollected herself, and began to repeat the Lord's Prayer aloud, and to ring the little silver bell. Presently the beasts vanished like a dream.
Next, she heard a terrible hissing close by her, and her blood froze in her veins with terror. She beheld huge and terrible serpents rising from the ground, and hanging

over her with widely extended jaws, vomiting smoke and fire. This time also she drove away the monsters by prayer and the sound of the bell. But scarcely had the serpents vanished, when the sky and all round her became as dark as pitch, and the heavens were rent asunder with a tremendous crash, and a mighty dragon, with a body of glowing redness, rushed down upon her with the speed

of an arrow, and attempted to seize her in its terrible claws. Instantly she rang the bell, and began to pray again, and the monster vanished as suddenly as it had appeared.

FTER this, the whole island burst into flame, and she would surely have been consumed if she had not continued praying and ringing the bell. Now she had a few minutes' respite, which she greatly needed, for by this time she was exhausted with fatigue and terror.

Once more it became suddenly pitch dark, and from out the darkness came shrieks and moans and lamentations, as if some cruel disaster had fallen on thousands and thousands of people. Panni's heart ached, and she felt a profound pity for the poor Wills-o'-the-Wisp, but she could not help them, and continued to pray and ring her bell, and gradually the lamentations died away.

Suddenly a sweetly melodious voice addressed her :

"Panni, wilt thou have thy Miska back again, and vast treasures with him?"

"Oh yes," she exclaimed.

"Then come forth from that ugly coffin, and cast away that odious bell. Then shalt thou receive all that thou hast heard, and thou shalt become the happiest woman on earth."

Panni sat up to leap out, but she recollected herself in time. She already felt the touch of ice-cold hands with sharp nails gripping at her. She threw herself again on her back, and began to repeat the Lord's Prayer as loud as she could, and to ring the bell steadily, and this she continued to do throughout the night, while the air was filled with despairing shrieks and wails, but they gradually sank lower and lower, and when the first cock crew at daybreak, she heard only a deep sigh from the ground beside her coffin, and it sounded so human and familiar that she sat up, and next moment was bending over Miska, with a cry of mingled joy and grief, for he lay there unconscious, and as pale as death, as if he was suffering from mortal sickness. But she took her lover home, and nursed him with the most tender care, till he completely recovered his health, and became again the handsome, lively youth of former days.

N due course they married, and seven bands played dance music at the wedding, and all the young people of the neighbourhood danced to the music.

The bog of Ecsed exists no longer. Some years ago engineers executed

huge works, and drained it dry, and its place is now filled by corn-fields.
But who knows what will happen when the six thousand years have run their course?

The Willow Tree.

ONCE upon a time a magnificent palace stood on the summit of the Mountain of Emerald. Its doors were never fastened, and whenever anyone approached and wished to enter, they opened of themselves by magic. When anyone was about to leave the palace, the doors opened and closed behind them in the same mysterious manner. No one knew why it was so; but it had happened thus for hundreds of years, and the people had ceased to take any particular notice of the magic doors.
The outer walls of the palace were built of shining gold, and the doors and window frames were of a beautiful green. When the sun shone upon all its glory, you may imagine

what a splendid sight the palace presented to anyone who stood in the valley and gazed up from below. Through the valley ran a brook of clear crystal water, and all the country round was most beautiful.
In this palace dwelt the old King of Sunland with his three lovely daughters. He was a good King, and did much for the welfare of his people, but his two eldest daughters, Rózsa and Pille, both of whom were very beautiful, and had dark hair, were not kind-hearted like their father.
THE youngest daughter was named Hajnalka, and she was very unlike her sisters. Her hair was golden, and in the sunlight it shone as splendidly as the walls of the golden palace in which she dwelt. She was not only beautiful to look upon, but her conduct towards others was also beautiful. She loved her father dearly, and was kind and considerate even to the very poorest of her father's subjects.
The two elder daughters disliked Hajnalka, and were jealous of her, because she was so much beloved by the people. They treated her unkindly at every opportunity, and tried to make her feel that she was their inferior. But this did not sadden or vex Hajnalka, for she was too busy

making others happy not to be happy herself, and was beyond the reach of their petty insults.
The old King knew nothing of the evil disposition of his two elder daughters. He had always counselled them to live in love and harmony, and supposed that they really did so.
Each of the three Princesses had a lover. The lover of the eldest, Princess Rózsa, was the Crown Prince of

Diamond Land, but he would not marry her until she inherited her father's throne. The lover of the second, Princess Pille, was the Crown Prince of Golden Land.
The lover of Hajnalka, the youngest, was not a royal prince, for she did not care for royal princes. Her lover (though it was a secret to everyone but themselves) was a poor but handsome shepherd-boy, who used to pasture his flock on the sunny slopes of the Emerald Mountain. They loved each other dearly, and nothing but death could have parted them.
HEN the moon had arisen in the heavens in the midst of her battalions of stars, and the light of the sun had given place to the blackness of night, the Princess would leave the castle, mounted on her flying goat, and speed forth to the spot where

the shepherd-boy awaited her.
Then they would dream of their future lives. The Princess never expected to wear the royal crown, but only desired to be happy with her shepherd-boy. Her love for her father and her lover were more to her than all earthly possessions.
One day the King sent for his three daughters. "My dear children," said he, "go forth into the green forest to pick some strawberries for me. They are just ripe now, and I long to taste and smell the sweet, fresh fruit. She who first brings me a basket of these delicious strawberries shall inherit my crown and my kingdom. Go forth, then, into the wood, my children, and seek for the strawberries."
Then the King kissed his three daughters, and they took their baskets of glittering gold, mounted their flying goats, and rode forth to the green forest.

急
Rózsa and Pille were very anxious to secure the ripe fruit, for the sake of the crown and the kingdom, but Hajnalka wished only to

make her father happy, and to win his
love.
Rózsa was the first to leap to the
ground. She looked eagerly around her,
set her basket on the ground, and knelt
on the grass, saying: "O little basket,
become filled with fresh ripe strawberries,
so that my father's crown and kingdom
may fall to me, his eldest daughter!"
She searched through all the bushes,
but could not find a single strawberry. The
leaves were so much offended at her selfishness
that they closed themselves over the fruit, and
Rózsa became pale and angry, for she knew that
the kingdom would not be hers.
But the same fate befell Pille that had be-
fallen Rózsa. She also could find no straw.
berries, and wept bitterly with anger.
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Then Hajnalka knelt down, saying: "O basket, become

filled with fresh ripe strawberries, that my father may be
happy, and may love me much."
At that very instant the basket became filled with
the delicious fruit, and the young Princess sprang up with
joy. She had no need to search for the strawberries, for
they knew her to be a Princess with a kind and unselfish
heart, and flew into her basket of themselves. She had
resolved not to ask her father to give her the crown and
the kingdom, but only to grant her permission to wed her
beloved shepherd-boy.

B
UT her two sisters hated her the
more because her basket was full
and theirs were empty. They looked
at her with hate and envy in their
eyes, and resolved that Hajnalka
should never take the fruit back to
the King.
Just as Hajnalka had mounted her goat, her two sisters
dragged her off, and ordered her to give them the straw-
berries. She refused, and held her basket tight, on which
her sisters seized her by the throat and strangled her.
After this terrible deed they grew frightened, and looked
round for some place to conceal the body. Presently Pille
saw a large hollow willow tree, and cried out: "Look, Rózsa,
let us put her in there, and nobody will ever find her."
It was done. They threw poor Hajnalka's body into
the hollow trunk of the willow tree, and covered it with
leaves and grass. They then divided the strawberries be-
tween them, and rode home on their flying goats, after agree-

ing to tell the King that their sister had wandered a long way into the forest, and they had been unable to find her. The poor old father was terribly distressed and anxious about the fate of his youngest daughter. He ordered his
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THE BASKET BECAME FILLED WITH

000
FRESH, RIPE STRAWBERRIES.
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The Bungarian Fairy Book
courtiers to search for her, but although they searched through the forest for hour after hour they could not find the least trace of her. Then the King commanded his whole army, and afterwards his whole people, to search for Hajnalka. They did so willingly for many days, for the King's youngest daughter was greatly beloved by the whole population, yet she could not be found anywhere, and Rózsa and Pille pretended to be very much distressed at the loss of their sister.
T length the King announced that whoever should find the Princess should inherit his crown and king-dom after his death. But still no one could find the Princess, and the whole nation went into mourning, and the grief of the King became

more and more profound.
But the shepherd-boy still hoped to find his royal love, and prepared to leave his home to search for her, year after year if need be, until he found her. He had not played on his flute since she was lost, but now he thought he would play a farewell tune. He found, however, that his flute would play no more, so he threw it away and went into the forest, intending to cut a suitable branch from a tree and make a new one.
And from what tree do you think he cut the branch? From the very tree in the trunk of which the wicked Princesses had hidden the body of Hajnalka! The shepherd-boy, without knowing why, had a presentiment that something important was going to happen, and anxiously carved his flute. When he blew into it, it yielded the most beautiful tones, and suddenly it sang in the voice of his beloved Princess-
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"Faithful lover, love thy bride,
As before thy Princess died.
I am now the willow-tree;
Thus do I return to thee."

The shepherd was so astonished that it was some minutes before he could recover himself. Then he hurried to the King's palace, and asked for the chief chamberlain, to whom he said: "I implore thee, grant me an immediate audience of the King, for I have news of the greatest importance for him."
"The King can't be troubled to see a fellow like you,"
B
ԚԵ
grumbled the chamberlain.
UT the youth insisted so strongly, that at last the chamberlain went to ask the King if he would receive him; and the King at once gave him permission to enter.
"What wouldst thou with me, my son?" asked the King kindly.
In reply, the youth blew into his flute, when it again breathed forth its sorrowful verses-
"Faithful lover, love thy bride,
As before thy Princess died.
I am now the willow-tree,
And have thus returned to thee."
When the King heard the voice of his missing daughter he was amazed, and he ordered the shepherd-boy to play again and again.
Then the King himself took the flute, when it played these verses-

"Royal father, I was slain,
Yet I call to ease thy pain
I am now the willow-tree,
Thus do I return to thee."
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He ordered the shepherd-boy to play again, and again

When the King heard this, he felt sure that great events were about to happen. Then he ordered his daughter Rózsa to be summoned to his presence, and when she came, he commanded her to play on the flute. And this was the song which it sang-
Sister, I was foully slain,
Thine the sin, and thine the pain.
I am now the willow-tree,
Thus do I return to thee."
Rózsa shook with rage and terror, threw the flute on the ground, and denounced the shepherd-boy as a sorcerer. No sooner had she uttered these words than the flute broke in pieces and vanished, and the beautiful Princess Hajnalka

appeared in its place before the whole assembly, and her father and lover embraced her with tears of joy.
After this, the Princess and the shepherd-boy were married, amid the rejoicings of the whole country, and when the old King died peacefully a few years afterwards, they reigned long and happily as King and Queen of Sunland.

39
The Magic Cherry Tree

ONCE upon a time a very old King lived on the seventh island in the vast ocean, and he fell ill with a sickness for which no doctor could find a cure. Doctors came from all parts of the world, each expecting to succeed where all others had failed; but in vain.
At length, when all hope of saving the King's life had been abandoned, his daughter's nurse came to visit him. She was a fairy, though no one knew it; and she told him that he could only be cured by eating the cherries which grew on the topmost branch of the giant cherry-tree which stood in the midst of the royal garden.
Orders were issued by the King to proclaim throughout the whole country-"Whosoever shall bring to his Majesty the cherries which grow upon the topmost branch of the

giant cherry-tree, shall receive as his reward the King's daughter (who was the most beautiful Princess in the world) as his bride, and the gift of half the kingdom."
All sorts and conditions of men-princes, clowns, chimney-sweeps, tailors, bakers, knights and millers-flocked to the Court by thousands, and attempted to climb the cherry-tree, but none of them succeeded, for the trunk of the tree was of loadstone, and whoever attempted it, slid down when he had only climbed up a few inches. All the would-be suitors went away again in despair, and the poor King grew worse and worse with disappointment.
One day a young shepherd came to the palace to try his fortune like the others, but the guards would not allow him to enter the garden, thinking, "How can a mere peasant lad succeed in climbing up a magic tree, when so many brave knights have tried and failed?" But the lad would not go away without appealing to the King, and when he heard his request, he gladly gave him permission, hoping

that he might succeed where others had failed. The youth was very glad, and immediately asked for six pairs of iron boots, and six pairs of iron gloves. As soon as these could be made, he put on a pair of each, and strapped the others on his back.

A
CROWD had assembled to see him
make the attempt, and to their
amazement he began to glide rapidly
up the tree, and in a few moments
he disappeared from their sight, for
the top of the tree was miles above,
lost in the clouds.
The youth was still far below the precious cherries,
but when he saw the earth and all the objects below him
vanish from his sight, he hastened more and more, and
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he was obliged to be very active in slipping on fresh gloves
and boots as fast as the old ones wore off. When he had
put on the sixth pair,
ping his way, so he
himself over. To
found himself in a
velvety grass, in the
a shining palace of
tired and hungry, so
which opened before
hands, as soon as he
He walked up-
first, second, third,
rooms, without meet-
length, when he had
room, he found a
in a golden chair
opals, and she said to
come here, and where-
He bowed defer-
and answered: "I
from the top of yon-
"Foolish lad," re-
worthless. Stay here
if you are trustworthy
not repent it."
He consented
fallen in love with the
Time passed on,
very happy in his new
was very kind to him,
he felt a branch stop-
grasped it, and swung
his astonishment he

beautiful meadow of
midst of which stood
diamond. He was very
he went up to the door,
him as if by invisible
reached it.
stairs, and through the
fourth and many other
ing a single person. At
reached the hundredth
beautiful Princess, sitting
studded with pearls and
him: "How didst thou
fore hast thou come?"
entially to the Princess,
desire a bunch of cherries
der tree.
turned she, "they are
and be my servant, and
and obedient, you will

joyfully, for he had
beautiful Princess.
and the shepherd-boy was
situation. The Princess
and he served her faith-

fully. Every day when his work was done, he would find
on his supper-plate a diamond, ruby, emerald, or pearl,
until he had accumulated quite a large bagful of precious
stones.
Every Sunday the Princess went to church, but before
she went, she ordered the boy to set the table for lunch, and
to have it ready by the time she returned.
One day, having no pressing work to do, he idled
away his time, wandering through the beautiful rooms
and admiring the many precious things which they
contained. At last, after going through many rooms,
one after another, he came to a room where a horse,
with copper-coloured hair, was eating from a dish of
red glowing fire.
S the boy entered, the horse spoke to
him with a human voice: "Why art
thou staying at home, good lad?
Come, jump on my back, and I will
carry thee to the church, but first take
out a garment which thou wilt find
in my right ear, and dress thyself in
it. But take good heed, and leave the church before
the Princess, or she might discover us, and all would
be lost."
The youth took a nutshell from the horse's ear, and in

it he found a magnificent copper robe, which he put on. Then he mounted the horse, and away they flew like the wind. The next moment they arrived at the church, and the youth entered immediately, and sat down opposite the Princess. She thought she had never seen such a handsome knight before, and kept on looking at him the whole time. When the priest said "Amen," the shepherd sprang up and left the church, and by the time that the Princess

reached the porch, she could see nothing of the handsome knight.

The youth reached the castle, and in a moment he had taken off the copper dress and proceeded to lay the table, and he had just finished when the Princess returned.

"AH, my lad, what a pity that thou couldst not have been in church to-day," cried the Princess. "There was such a handsome knight there, and I have never seen one so magnificent." The youth made no observation, and the Princess, looking at him closely, continued: "If I did not know thee to be a common shepherd, I could think he was thy twin brother, so great was the resemblance." The youth still kept silence, and went about his duty as usual, but in his heart he felt glad that the beautiful Princess liked him.

Next Sunday the Princess went again to church, and again gave orders to the youth to have lunch ready for her when she returned.

The shepherd watched the Princess out of sight, and then ran straight to the copper-haired horse, and asked him to carry him to church again. But this time the horse advised him to go into the next room to his brother, the silver-haired horse, who would be only too delighted to carry him to the church.

When the youth entered the next room, the silver-haired horse said to him: "Make haste, take the nutshell out of my left ear, and dress thyself quickly. But take care not to remain until the congregation rises, for thou must return before the Princess."

When the splendid silver-clad knight entered the church

and sat down in a conspicuous seat, everyone gazed at him with admiration. He was seven times more magnificent than in the copper dress, and the Princess could not take her eyes off him the whole time. Directly the people

began to move, he rushed out of the church in great haste. The Princess sprang up too, but he had disappeared before she reached the door.

"Drive like the wind," she cried to her coachman; "we must overtake the silver knight;" but although the coach seemed actually to fly, she could see not a trace of the silver knight.

When the Princess hurried into her dining-room, she found the table set, and the shepherd standing by it ready to serve her. She looked at him in surprise, and said:

"Hast thou been in the church?"

O," replied he, "I had to remain at home and to prepare the table according to the orders of thy Highness."

The Princess was so tired that she could neither eat nor drink, but she went to bed, and stayed there till the following Sunday. Then she ordered twelve pairs of her fiery horses to draw her coach, and she went to church as usual. The youth followed her again, but this time he was clad in golden armour, and mounted on a golden-haired horse. He sat in the front chair as usual, and as soon as the Princess saw him, she determined not to let him out of her sight this time. But the youth saw what was in her mind, and he was also determined not to be caught, so he crept out noiselessly, and when the Princess raised her eyes he was gone. She cried out with anger at her folly in having taken her eyes off the handsome knight for even a moment, and rushed off

in pursuit. Her twelve pairs of fiery horses rushed along like the wind, but the knight was nowhere to be seen. She ran into the dining-room, where she found the table laid, and the shepherd waiting, ready to serve her.

"Thou hast deceived me twice," she cried, "but now thou canst not deny it. Thou art the Golden Knight."

"I deny it not, dearest Princess," he replied.

She embraced him tenderly, and said: "Then thou art mine, for I love thee truly, and I will marry thee, whatever thou mayest be." So they were married, and lived happily together for a long time.

NE day the Princess went out, and left her husband at home. He wandered about in the castle, and went into rooms which he had never seen before. There were so many rooms in the castle that it would have taken him three years to visit them all, and to admire the treasures that they contained. At length when he was tired, and was about to turn back, he saw an iron tower. The heavy door was

the key was in the lock.
wondering what might be
moaning as if in pain.
secured with strong bolts, but
And as the shepherd stood
inside, he heard something

He immediately unlocked the door, and stood on the
threshold, petrified with fear.
Chained to the wall he beheld a terrible twelve-headed
monster, which cried out: "O dear Prince, I beseech thee
to deliver me from this dreadful prison. I swear by the
Burning Dragon that I am innocent of any wrong-doing,
and have been cast into this dungeon by a wicked giant who
has robbed me of all that I possessed."
The shepherd pitied the poor creature and, as he was

very kind-hearted, without hesitation he took the heavy
chains from the twelve necks, and gave the animal a tub of
wine and some food to restore its strength before it departed.
Shortly afterwards, the Princess re-
turned, and the shepherd told her of the
release of the monster. She was greatly
alarmed, and cried out: "O thou man,
what hast thou done by restoring our most
dangerous enemy to liberty? This monster
was anxious to be free, that he might rob me of
my possessions, and henceforth no army that I can
raise will be able to defend me against this terrible
creature!"
The Princess spoke truly, for though she was
watched and guarded by her whole army, it was all in
vain, for one night the monster appeared, took her up,
and flew away with her. The poor shepherd fell ill with
grief and despair, for he searched for many weeks, but
could find no trace of his beautiful wife. At length he
went into the room of the golden-haired horse, where he
embraced him and wept bitterly.

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The horse asked him: "What has befallen thee, dear
master, and why art thou weeping so sadly?"
"Should I not weep," said he, "when the twelve-
headed monster has carried away my wife?"
"Mount my back," said the horse, "we will never
rest till we have brought her back again."
The shepherd mounted his back, and they flew like
lightning over villages and towns, mountains and valleys,

seas and rivers, countries and continents, till the shepherd closed his eyes from dizziness.

SUDDENLY the horse stopped, and the shepherd looked up, when, to his joy and astonishment, he saw his dear wife standing by a well and washing linen, while she wept bitterly. When she saw the horse and her husband mounted on its back, she laughed with joy, and in another moment she sprang into his arms. Then the horse flew with them homewards swifter than he had come; but the monster soon discovered the disappearance of the Princess, and did not lose a moment. He mounted his flying chariot, drawn by twenty fiery horses, and overtook the fugitives just before they reached the gate of the diamond castle.

The monster tore the Princess from her husband's arms, and roared out at him: "I will spare thy life this time, for thou didst deliver me from the iron prison, but I warn thee that if thou dost dare to take thy wife from me again, I will tear thee into a hundred pieces!" and with that he disappeared.

The shepherd could not rest, and implored the golden-haired horse to take him again to the well. Off they started, and soon they found the Princess working as before,

She was standing by a Well and washing linen,while she wept bitterly.

with the tears streaming down her cheeks. The shepherd did not speak, but leaped down, lifted her on the horse, and again they flew away homewards. But the monster soon caught sight of them, and flew after them in pursuit. True to his word, he seized the shepherd and tore him into a hundred pieces. Then he lifted up the fainting Princess and flew away with her.

SOON afterwards the white-haired King of the Ravens came to the spot with twelve of his attendants. They saw the fragments of the shepherd's body, and were going to devour them, but their King, who was an enemy of the twelve-headed monster, decided on a So he ordered his attendants to gather some healing herbs from the Blue Meadow, and to lay them

on the fragments of the shepherd's body. The ravens
obeyed the King, and as soon as the herbs were laid on
the shepherd's body, he was restored to life, and sprang
up seven times stronger than before.
different course.
The Raven King then addreseed him in the most
friendly manner: "Brave youth," said he, "I know that
thou wouldst fain rescue thy wife from the power of the
twelve-headed monster. There is only one way in which
thou canst succeed. Thou must procure the three-legged
horse, which is a brother of the five-legged horse. Thou
canst procure this horse from the Witch of the Black Castle
in the following manner: Go to the castle, and offer her thy
services. She will send thee to lead her four horses to
pasture.
Three of these are noble animals, with eyes
shining like diamonds, but the fourth is a grey three-legged
horse, which looks very old and feeble. No living man has
succeeded in watching them and taking them back to

their
mistress
soon as their
W
loosens their
fly away immediately.
always cuts off the
man; but if anyone
horses safely home, he
as a reward. Choose
horse; but if thou
allow thy hands to
of the horses."
The shepherd grate-
the Ravens for all his
tened as quickly as he
the Black Castle.
offered his services to
him: "My good fel-
to trust thee with the
and if thou canst bring
in safety, for as
conductor
halters,
they
In this case the witch
head of the unfortunate
can succeed in leading the
may choose one of them
thou the three-legged
dost value thy life, never
lose hold of the halters
fully thanked the King of

kindness, and then has
could in the direction of
When he arrived, he
the witch, who said to
low, I am quite ready
care of my four horses,
them home in safety,
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then thou mayst choose one of them as a reward. But it
thou shouldst suffer them to escape, be thou well assured
that I shall take thy skull to use as my drinking-cup."
She then led him to the horses, and put the halters in
his hands. When he took them to the meadow, they
seemed very tame, and began to feed quietly for some
S
time.

UDDENLY a beautiful large ruby fell
at the shepherd's feet, and as he
stooped to pick it up, he loosened the
halters from his hand. Instantly the
horses vanished, and the poor youth
sat down and wept with despair, for
he knew that now he must die, and
the poor Princess, his wife, would remain for ever the
slave of the twelve-headed monster.
However, he ceased weeping after a while, and walked
sadly onwards, when he met a strange youth, who said to
him: "Why art thou so sad, my friend?" The shepherd
told him the reason of his trouble, and when he had heard
it, he said: "If that is all that ails thee, I can aid thee, and
I will do so. Thou shouldst know that the horses let
their halters drop, and we have only to pick them up
and strike the ground with them, and the horses will
immediately reappear."
The shepherd felt as if a heavy stone had been lifted
from his breast, and the strange youth kindly assisted him
in catching the horses. The witch was greatly astonished
when the shepherd returned safely with the four horses,
though she was very angry that she could not cut off his
head as she had intended. She could not break her word,
and asked him which of the horses he would like to have
for his own.
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"I will not have any but the three-legged
one," he replied.
"Oh, thou fool," she shrieked, "what a
stupid wish of thine! See how good I wish to
be to thee! I will give you the most beautiful
of my diamond-eyed horses, and a gold bridle

in addition, and yet you choose this miserable.

"O.thou
Fool"
she
shrieked.
old grey one!"
"I thank thee
kindly, good witch,"
returned the shep-
herd, "but I must
have the three-legged horse."
She could not go back upon her bargain, and in a great rage she gave him the horse which he desired. The poor old creature seemed unable to move, so the shepherd and his strange friend carried it on their shoulders out of the Black Castle.
Directly they were out of sight of the castle, the horse sprang on its feet, and spoke to the shepherd: "Thou wast happy in choosing me, for I am able to rescue thy wife from the clutches of the monster. Mount and away!"

He obeyed, and he and his friend jumped on the horse's back, and in an instant they reached the well where the Princess was washing linen.
The husband and wife embraced each other with great joy, and hastened to take their departure on the grey horse. But the monster was soon in pursuit, mounted on his five-legged horse. The latter said to his master: "We cannot overtake the Princess, for she is riding on my brother, the world-famous three-legged horse."
Silence," roared the monster, "if thou canst not overtake thy brother, I will tear thee to pieces, and throw thy carcass to my hounds."

S
UDDENLY the grey horse cried out to its five-legged brother: "Cast the monster from thy back." The horse obeyed, and as they were flying thousands of miles in the air, the monster's body crashed down to the ground and was smashed into a thousand pieces. Then the stranger youth sprang on the back of the five-legged horse, and they all rode back to the Diamond Palace with joyful hearts.
They lived together happily for some time, when suddenly the shepherd remembered that the real object of his

journey was to obtain the cherries to cure his King of his grievous illness, from which he feared he must have died long ago.
He told his wife and his friend of his neglect, and the latter said :-

'Do not distress thyself, my friend; I will take the cherries to the King."
He set off immediately, and took the cherries to the

King, who ate them, and immediately afterwards sprang up strong and well, and with tears of gratitude in his eyes, begged the stranger to share his kingdom and to take his daughter as his bride.
So the King was cured at last, and the strange youth, who was himself a Prince, married the King's daughter, and lived happily with her ever afterwards.

The Wonderful Horse

ONCE upon a time there lived a King and Queen who had a son named Bandi, whom they loved very dearly.
Now Bandi's grandmother was a fairy, and she had given him a triangular egg, which was kept under his arm till he was seven years old. On the morning of his seventh birthday there sprang from the egg a magic seven-legged horse, which, as Bandi grew older, became his best friend and adviser.
One day the horse said to him: "Master, it is time for thee to wed, but thou mayst not wed anyone save the Fairy Princess with the twinkling star on her forehead. Thou must therefore start on a long journey, and must say farewell to thy father and thy mother, for it may be thou wilt never see them again."

The Prince hesitated, for his father and mother were very dear to him, and the horse, perceiving his irresolution, said: "Hold thy pocket mirror to my right nostril, and lay thy hand over my left nostril."
The horse then breathed on the mirror and made it dim, but when it cleared, Bandi beheld in it the most beautiful Fairy Princess he had ever seen.
He closed his eyes, for her wonderful beauty and the star on her forehead dazzled

him. "Oh," cried he, "I must marry this lovely lady or die. But," he added, with downcast looks, "how can I expect her to love me, when I am so ugly in comparison to her?"
"Do not distress yourself," said the horse, "but close my right nostril."

HE Prince obeyed, and this time the horse breathed from his left nostril a fiery breath which enveloped Bandi from head to foot. It seemed to him. that he was standing in a furnace, but, strange to say, he felt no pain, but was quite refreshed, and when the fire died down he felt seven times stronger than ever before.
"Look again into thy mirror," said the horse.
The Prince did so, and now he saw, in place of the Princess, a Fairy Prince, magnificently attired in a robe of cloth of gold, bordered with peacocks' feathers. He wore a helmet of gold, decorated with precious stones, and his face was as brilliant and dazzling as the sun. Prince Bandi could hardly believe that he saw his own reflection, but the horse assured him that it was even so, and smiled at his amazement. He then urged him to hasten, for there was no time to lose, and the Prince, who was now anxious to set forth, went to take leave of his father and mother. They

were astonished at the change in their son's appearance, and were overcome with grief when he told them of the journey he was about to undertake.

They implored him not to venture, for many before him had set forth to seek to win the hand of the Fairy Princess, and none had returned. But they could not turn him from his purpose, so they gave him their blessing, and he mounted the magic horse and rode away.
They sped on, over hill and dale, and across rivers and seas, till they reached a lofty mountain. Here they stopped, and the horse gave Bandi some instructions which he proceeded to carry out. First, he picked up a small piece of flint, and repeated a magic spell as he threw it against the side of the mountain, when the rock opened, and he beheld the entrance to a vast cave. In the middle of the cave a fire was burning, and over it stood a large cauldron of boiling pitch, which an old witch was continually stirring, and she capered wildly round the fire, as she stirred up the hell-broth.

The Wills-o'-the-Wisp circled round him in the dense atmosphere, hiding him from view, and smothering him with kisses that sounded like the chirping of a thousand birds. They dragged him to and fro, tossed him up, and caught him as he fell, and at length laid his lifeless body on the smooth lawn.

HEN the Queen resumed her seat on her throne, and the festivities commenced with a wild ballet and a chorus of rejoicing; but the dancing and singing grew still wilder when the boy's corpse was perfumed and decorated, and finally burned to ashes

amid the blue flames of a funeral pyre.

The Queen was well pleased with this heathenish. funeral, but afterwards she grew pensive, and sighed : "To-morrow comes a new love, and what will he resemble?"

Presently the first signs of dawn appeared on the eastern horizon; one by one the stars grew pale and disappeared, and from the hamlet came the sound of the crowing of the cocks. The frogs ceased their croaking, and the singing of the awakening birds grew louder and louder, till it swelled to a concert of welcome to the day. The fading moon sank in the west, and during the day one might look in vain for the wonderful country of the Wills-o'-the-Wisp.

Perhaps it was only a dream, but every year one of the handsomest and cleverest boys disappeared from the world.

In the neighbourhood lived a cowboy named Miska, who was a favourite with all. When he came to the inn on Sunday, the gipsies played his songs only, and the prettiest girls were delighted when he asked them to waltz, And if he walked along the village street, singing to the gipsies' music, all the girls ran to the windows and smiled and

nodded as he passed, and although he was only a poor boy, who had nothing to live upon but his small wages, the richest of the girls would have been only too pleased if he had asked her to become his wife. But he loved a very good-natured and faithful girl, who was envied by all her acquaintances.

Miska and Panni were a very handsome couple, and it rejoiced the hearts of all to see them walking side by side, or dancing together. They loved each other passionately, and at that time there were no happier people in the world.

It was arranged that they were to marry very soon, and they built themselves a little cottage in the middle of a garden. In the garden they planted many rose-bushes among the fruit-trees and vegetables, and Panni also worked

hard at her trousseau. She could amuse herself for hours trying on her rose-coloured bridal dress, and long white veil, and setting her myrtle wreath on her head. They spent many happy evenings together, making plans together, and dreaming of their future happiness.

NE evening Miska went out on the plain to sleep, for in summer-time he often used to sleep in the open air. He first lit a fire, and lay down beside it on his cloak, and then began to play sweet melodies on his flute. He then laid himself on his back, and stared up at the starry sky, lost in pleasant meditations, till he feli asleep.

His fire died down, but another soon took its place. Through the dim light might be seen the pale blue flames. of the Wills-o'-the-Wisp, running, flying, and leaping. The flames circled first round the sleeping boy, but presently they crowded upon him all at once.

As he fell asleep, he felt as if something touched his face gently, and next he felt something gliding through his curly locks. Dazed and half asleep he fancied that a moth had touched his face, and the wind had moved his curls, but presently he felt a warm kiss on his lips, and must perforce open his eyes.

H E found fairy girls kneeling by his side, kissing and caressing him, and his senses became all confused. His eyes sparkled with excitement, his blood ran like fire in his veins, and the world vanished from his mind; he saw and heard and remembered nothing but the fairy forms before him.

One of the Wills-o'-the-Wisp then said to him in the most melodious, flute-like tones: "Come to our country, O dear boy, and we will offer thee love far beyond the love of any earthly maiden."

Then cried a second: "O sweet boy, our Queen loves thee, and she is longing to embrace thee, and feel thy kisses on her lips."

And a third warbled: "Come, dear boy, come! Unearthly pleasures await thee in the garden of the Wills-o'-the-Wisp. If thou comest, thou shalt be happier than any child of man. Only come to us, come, come, come!"

And they sped away in a seductive dance, and the boy ran after them madly, though he was trembling all over with mingled fear and longing.

He ran and ran, ever fearing to lose sight of the fairies,

heedless if he splashed through the water, plunged through the thickets, trod over the quaking marshes, or sprang through the air.
Suddenly he found himself in a lustrous atmosphere of
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The Boy
ran after them
music and foamy waves of coloured light. As he breathed the intoxicating air, he felt a thrill of supernal bliss run through his whole frame, even to his hair and nails. Strange fire-birds, and rosy, green, white and blue fire-flies brushed against his face, and strange flowers of vast size, white, golden and lilac, splendid and yet vague and filmy, met his dazzled eyes, while the Wills-o'-the-Wisp were hovering everywhere, playing at delightful games, or dancing together or separately.
Suddenly his conductors stopped before the flowery grotto of the Queen. At this moment Miska, mad and delirious as he was, felt a sudden fear and trembling, the only moment of sanity during his stay in Fairyland, but this only lasted a moment. Instantly he was overwhelmed by the passionate kisses of the Fairy Queen, each of which caused him an indescribable ecstasy of mingled
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The Hungarian Fairy Book
pain and rapture till his heart and brain swelled almost to bursting.
Next day Panni awaited her beloved one in vain, for he did not return. She searched for him with a sad foreboding of evil, and roamed over the wide spaces of the steppe, asking all the shepherds, cowherds, and horse-trainers whom she met whether they had seen Miska, but no one had seen him since the day before. At last a farm labourer said that late the night before he saw Miska spring from his sleeping-place and run towards the bog after the Wills-o'-the-Wisp.
HAT was enough. All knew that every
year a youth followed the mysterious
flames, and vanished utterly, for no
further news of him ever reached his
friends and relations.
Poor Panni was overwhelmed with
grief and despair, and abandoned her-
self to heartrending tears and lamentations for several days and nights. Still, she did not abandon all hope of finding her Miska either alive or dead. She gathered all his friends together to help her in her search for the boy who had disappeared.
They went forth into the region of the swamps, and searched through the thickets, the lakes, the willow clumps,

and the floating and the firm islands. They sought everywhere throughout the day for many weeks, but in the night they could not help sleeping, for a soft wind lulled them to sleep. They searched and searched so closely that not even a pin could have escaped their notice under the marshy waters, but all in vain. Miska had disappeared, as completely and incomprehensibly as other lads in former years. Everyone was much grieved at the loss of the

handsome Miska, and there was also a feeling of general alarm, for who knew who the next victim might be in the following year. They pondered much how to avoid the danger, and some went to distant parts of the country to consult persons who were supposed to possess secret knowledge; but no one could give any advice, or could even suggest an explanation of the manner in which these disappearances had taken place.

Several months passed away, and all hope of finding Miska was abandoned. But Panni could not reconcile herself to the thought that she would never meet her love again.

One day a caravan of wandering gipsies stopped on the outside of the village in which Panni lived. They wandered through the village from house to house, begging, stealing, and telling fortunes; healing patients who were sick, selling love-philtres, and learning short sentences and the names of various articles of food, etc., such as a loaf of bread, a sucking-pig, or a chicken.

MONG them was a young woman who seemed to possess great knowledge of secret mysteries. By means of gesticulations and charms she cured an old peasant of epilepsy, and also cured a cow which gave no milk. This woman called the people together in the market-

place, and said to them :-

"Methinks you will remember that for a long time past a youth has disappeared every year from the district round the bog of Ecsed. But perhaps you do not even suspect that those who disappear are the chosen loves of the Will-o'-the-Wisp. Who knows on whom their choice will fall next year? They bewitch their favourite to love them with a

frantic passion, which you cannot imagine, and after a year they kiss him to death, and burn his body to ashes; and then comes the turn of a new lover. Now, which of you will protect himself against this terrible danger? I will give

magic plants which will save you from this danger; twenty plants in exchange for one horse."

SOME of the young fellows made a joke of the matter, saying that they would be only too happy to fall into the toils of the lovely fairy girls; but there were others-three-score and more- who put faith in the gipsy woman, and gave her their horses for the flowers which she asserted to possess this magical power.

When Panni heard that the gipsy woman might be able to explain the disappearance of Miska, she was greatly excited, and ran breathlessly into the camp of the gipsies, just as they were about to travel further, with considerable gains and booty. As soon as Panni found the woman she sought, she ran to her, tore off her own necklace with the gold locket, and her turquoise earrings; and then pulling out her purse, threw everything at the feet of the astonished gipsy, and knelt down, imploring her to tell her how she could rescue her Miska.

"Is thy Miska the lad who followed the Wills-o'-the-Wisp?"

"Yes, dear lady, he was. Tell me, tell me quickly, what I must do to save him?"

"I can indeed tell thee something, but thou seemest to me too faint-hearted to carry it out. But yet I will tell thee if thou wilt add to these gifts a pair of fat geese, a bag of tobacco, and a sausage as long as my arm."

Panni at once promised to give her the double of what she asked, and she continued:

"Now listen to me. Here in the bog of Ecsed is the home of the Queen of the Wills-o'-the-Wisp. It endures throughout the night, till the first cock-crow, when it vanishes into nothingness. In reality, they are the original inhabitants of the country, and in ancient days, when men did not exist, and the world was only inhabited by creatures of the elements, they were rulers here by day as well as by night. But at one time they sinned so grievously that they were cursed by a powerful fairy, and since that time they exist only by night. But this has nothing to do with the present matter. I can instruct thee how to enchant them to live for six thousand years only in the forms of Wills-o'-the-Wisp, but to accomplish it, thou must be a brave girl, and thou must not be afraid of any danger that appears to threaten thee. If thou hast the needful courage, thou must seek for a place in the oozy lake, where blue and red grass is growing.

ERE is the spot where the Queen
rules at night, and where thy Miska
is imprisoned. Bring to this place a
black coffin, a chalice of holy water,
a bag of salt, and a silver bell. First
scatter the salt on the ground, then
sprinkle it with holy water, and lastly
lie down in the coffin, take the bell in thy hand, and wait
for the night. If thou art able to remain there till day-
break, in spite of the threatening danger which thou canst
avert by repeating the Lord's Prayer and sounding the
bell, then thou wilt find thy Miska alive, and the Wills-o'-
the-Wisp will be no longer dangerous for six thousand
years, and thou wilt have rescued thy lover from death.
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Now give me the geese and the tobacco and the sausage,
and also some brandy, for my throat is dry from so much
talking."
That very day Panni searched till she found the island
with the red and blue grass in the midst of a very dense
thicket. She took everything needful in a boat, and was
firmly resolved to follow out the gipsy's instructions
exactly. She scattered salt over the whole island, and
sprinkled it with holy water. Then she lay down in the
coffin with the bell in her hand. She was only just in time.
for the sun had already sunk beneath the western horizon,
and the first stars were beginning to glimmer in the sky.
Her heart throbbed painfully, and she awaited what might
happen in mingled hope and fear, especially her meeting
with Miska, which she imagined in all manner of ways.
Then she thought of the astonishment of the people, and
how greatly they would praise her when she returned with
her lover. Then she pondered over their wedding, and
their happy future life, and in the meantime the world grew
dark, and the country of the Wills-o'-the-Wisp came into
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being.

UT what could happen when the place
was salted and hallowed, and Panni
lay in a coffin with a silver bell in her
hand? This completed the charm,
and if the fairy girls could not drive.
Panni out of the coffin, they were lost
for six thousand years. It was im-
possible for them to move her by force, and they could
only resort to artifice.
Panni first beheld the flames of many Wills-o'-the-Wisp
dancing round her in all directions. Suddenly she saw a
troop of wolves with glowing eyes, and dropping blood and

foam from their open jaws, which rushed towards her, howling furiously. She was just about to spring from the coffin in terror, and rush away, when she fortunately recollected herself, and began to repeat the Lord's Prayer aloud, and to ring the little silver bell. Presently the beasts vanished like a dream.

Next, she heard a terrible hissing close by her, and her blood froze in her veins with terror. She beheld huge and terrible serpents rising from the ground, and hanging

over her with widely extended jaws, vomiting smoke and fire. This time also she drove away the monsters by prayer and the sound of the bell. But scarcely had the serpents vanished, when the sky and all round her became as dark as pitch, and the heavens were rent asunder with a tremendous crash, and a mighty dragon, with a body of glowing redness, rushed down upon her with the speed of an arrow, and attempted to seize her in its terrible claws. Instantly she rang the bell, and began to pray again, and the monster vanished as suddenly as it had appeared.

FTER this, the whole island burst into flame, and she would surely have been consumed if she had not continued praying and ringing the bell. Now she had a few minutes' respite, which she greatly needed, for by this time she was exhausted with fatigue and terror.

Once more it became suddenly pitch dark, and from out the darkness came shrieks and moans and lamentations, as if some cruel disaster had fallen on thousands and thousands of people. Panni's heart ached, and she felt a profound pity for the poor Wills-o'-the-Wisp, but she could not help them, and continued to pray and ring her bell, and gradually the lamentations died away.

Suddenly a sweetly melodious voice addressed her :

"Panni, wilt thou have thy Miska back again, and vast treasures with him?"

"Oh yes," she exclaimed.

"Then come forth from that ugly coffin, and cast away that odious bell. Then shalt thou receive all that thou hast heard, and thou shalt become the happiest woman on earth."

Panni sat up to leap out, but she recollected herself in time. She already felt the touch of ice-cold hands with sharp nails gripping at her. She threw herself again on her back, and began to repeat the Lord's Prayer as loud as she could, and to ring the bell steadily, and this she continued to do throughout the night, while the air was filled with despairing shrieks and wails, but they gradually sank lower and lower, and when the first cock crew at daybreak, she heard only a deep sigh from the ground beside her coffin, and it sounded so human and familiar that she sat up, and next moment was bending over Miska, with a cry of mingled joy and grief, for he lay there unconscious, and as pale as death, as if he was suffering from mortal sickness. But she took her lover home, and nursed him with the most tender care, till he completely recovered his health, and became again the handsome, lively youth of former days.

N due course they married, and seven bands played dance music at the wedding, and all the young people of the neighbourhood danced to the music.

The bog of Ecsed exists no longer. Some years ago engineers executed huge works, and drained it dry, and its place is now filled by corn-fields.

But who knows what will happen when the six thousand years have run their course?

The Willow Tree.

O NCE upon a time a magnificent palace stood on the summit of the Mountain of Emerald. Its doors were never fastened, and whenever anyone approached and wished to enter, they opened of themselves by magic. When anyone was about to leave the palace, the doors opened and closed behind them in the same mysterious manner. No one knew why it was so; but it had happened thus for hundreds of years, and the people had ceased to take any particular notice of the magic doors.

The outer walls of the palace were built of shining gold, and the doors and window frames were of a beautiful green. When the sun shone upon all its glory, you may imagine

what a splendid sight the palace presented to anyone who stood in the valley and gazed up from below. Through the valley ran a brook of clear crystal water, and all the country round was most beautiful.

In this palace dwelt the old King of Sunland with his three lovely daughters. He was a good King, and did much for the welfare of his people, but his two eldest daughters, Rózsa and Pille, both of whom were very beautiful, and had dark hair, were not kind-hearted like their father.

HE youngest daughter was named Hajnalka, and she was very unlike her sisters. Her hair was golden, and in the sunlight it shone as splendidly as the walls of the golden palace in which she dwelt. She was not only beautiful to look upon, but her conduct towards others was also beautiful. She loved her father dearly, and was kind and considerate even to the very poorest of her father's subjects.

The two elder daughters disliked Hajnalka, and were jealous of her, because she was so much beloved by the people. They treated her unkindly at every opportunity, and tried to make her feel that she was their inferior. But this did not sadden or vex Hajnalka, for she was too busy making others happy not to be happy herself, and was beyond the reach of their petty insults.

The old King knew nothing of the evil disposition of his two elder daughters. He had always counselled them to live in love and harmony, and supposed that they really did so.

Each of the three Princesses had a lover. The lover of the eldest, Princess Rózsa, was the Crown Prince of

Diamond Land, but he would not marry her until she inherited her father's throne. The lover of the second, Princess Pille, was the Crown Prince of Golden Land. The lover of Hajnalka, the youngest, was not a royal prince, for she did not care for royal princes. Her lover (though it was a secret to everyone but themselves) was a poor but handsome shepherd-boy, who used to pasture his flock on the sunny slopes of the Emerald Mountain. They loved each other dearly, and nothing but death could have parted them.

HEN the moon had arisen in the heavens in the midst of her battalions of stars, and the light of the sun had given place to the blackness of night, the Princess would leave the castle, mounted on her flying goat,

and speed forth to the spot where

the shepherd-boy awaited her.
Then they would dream of their future lives. The
Princess never expected to wear the royal crown, but
only desired to be happy with her shepherd-boy. Her
love for her father and her lover were more to her than
all earthly possessions.
One day the King sent for his three daughters. "My
dear children," said he, "go forth into the green forest
to pick some strawberries for me. They are just ripe now,
and I long to taste and smell the sweet, fresh fruit. She
who first brings me a basket of these delicious strawberries
shall inherit my crown and my kingdom. Go forth, then,
into the wood, my children, and seek for the strawberries."
Then the King kissed his three daughters, and they took
their baskets of glittering gold, mounted their flying goats,
and rode forth to the green forest.

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Rózsa and Pille were very
anxious to secure the ripe fruit,
for the sake of the crown and the
kingdom, but Hajnalka wished only to
make her father happy, and to win his
love.
Rózsa was the first to leap to the
ground. She looked eagerly around her,
set her basket on the ground, and knelt
on the grass, saying: "O little basket,
become filled with fresh ripe strawberries,
so that my father's crown and kingdom
may fall to me, his eldest daughter!"
She searched through all the bushes,
but could not find a single strawberry. The
leaves were so much offended at her selfishness
that they closed themselves over the fruit, and
Rózsa became pale and angry, for she knew that
the kingdom would not be hers.
But the same fate befell Pille that had be-
fallen Rózsa. She also could find no straw.
berries, and wept bitterly with anger.
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Then Hajnalka knelt down, saying: "O basket, become

filled with fresh ripe strawberries, that my father may be
happy, and may love me much."
At that very instant the basket became filled with
the delicious fruit, and the young Princess sprang up with
joy. She had no need to search for the strawberries, for

they knew her to be a Princess with a kind and unselfish heart, and flew into her basket of themselves. She had resolved not to ask her father to give her the crown and the kingdom, but only to grant her permission to wed her beloved shepherd-boy.

BUT her two sisters hated her the more because her basket was full and theirs were empty. They looked at her with hate and envy in their eyes, and resolved that Hajnalka should never take the fruit back to the King.

Just as Hajnalka had mounted her goat, her two sisters dragged her off, and ordered her to give them the strawberries. She refused, and held her basket tight, on which her sisters seized her by the throat and strangled her. After this terrible deed they grew frightened, and looked round for some place to conceal the body. Presently Pille saw a large hollow willow tree, and cried out: "Look, Rózsa, let us put her in there, and nobody will ever find her."

It was done. They threw poor Hajnalka's body into the hollow trunk of the willow tree, and covered it with leaves and grass. They then divided the strawberries between them, and rode home on their flying goats, after agreeing to tell the King that their sister had wandered a long way into the forest, and they had been unable to find her.

The poor old father was terribly distressed and anxious about the fate of his youngest daughter. He ordered his

THE BASKET BECAME FILLED WITH

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FRESH, RIPE STRAWBERRIES.

courtiers to search for her, but although they searched through the forest for hour after hour they could not find the least trace of her. Then the King commanded his whole army, and afterwards his whole people, to search for Hajnalka. They did so willingly for many days, for the King's youngest daughter was greatly beloved by the whole population, yet she could not be found anywhere, and Rózsa and Pille pretended to be very much distressed at the loss of their sister.

T length the King announced that whoever should find the Princess should inherit his crown and kingdom after his death. But still no one could find the Princess, and the whole nation went into mourning,

and the grief of the King became

more and more profound.
But the shepherd-boy still hoped to find his royal love, and prepared to leave his home to search for her, year after year if need be, until he found her. He had not played on his flute since she was lost, but now he thought he would play a farewell tune. He found, however, that his flute would play no more, so he threw it away and went into the forest, intending to cut a suitable branch from a tree and make a new one.
And from what tree do you think he cut the branch? From the very tree in the trunk of which the wicked Princesses had hidden the body of Hajnalka! The shepherd-boy, without knowing why, had a presentiment that something important was going to happen, and anxiously carved his flute. When he blew into it, it yielded the most beautiful tones, and suddenly it sang in the voice of his beloved Princess-

"Faithful lover, love thy bride,
As before thy Princess died.
I am now the willow-tree;
Thus do I return to thee."
The shepherd was so astonished that it was some minutes before he could recover himself. Then he hurried to the King's palace, and asked for the chief chamberlain, to whom he said: "I implore thee, grant me an immediate audience of the King, for I have news of the greatest importance for him."
"The King can't be troubled to see a fellow like you,"
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grumbled the chamberlain.
UT the youth insisted so strongly, that at last the chamberlain went to ask the King if he would receive him; and the King at once gave him permission to enter.
"What wouldst thou with me, my son?" asked the King kindly.
In reply, the youth blew into his flute, when it again breathed forth its sorrowful verses-
"Faithful lover, love thy bride,
As before thy Princess died.
I am now the willow-tree,
And have thus returned to thee."
When the King heard the voice of his missing daughter he was amazed, and he ordered the shepherd-boy to play again and again.
Then the King himself took the flute, when it played these verses-

"Royal father, I was slain,
Yet I call to ease thy pain
I am now the willow-tree,
Thus do I return to thee."
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He ordered the
shepherd-boy to
play again, and again
When the King heard this, he felt sure that great events were about to happen. Then he ordered his daughter Rózsa to be summoned to his presence, and when she came, he commanded her to play on the flute. And this was the song which it sang-
Sister, I was foully slain,
Thine the sin, and thine the pain.
I am now the willow-tree,
Thus do I return to thee."
Rózsa shook with rage and terror, threw the flute on the ground, and denounced the shepherd-boy as a sorcerer. No sooner had she uttered these words than the flute broke in pieces and vanished, and the beautiful Princess Hajnalka
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appeared in its place before the whole assembly, and her father and lover embraced her with tears of joy. After this, the Princess and the shepherd-boy were married, amid the rejoicings of the whole country, and when the old King died peacefully a few years afterwards, they reigned long and happily as King and Queen of Sunland.

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The Magic Cherry Tree
O
NCE upon a time a very old King
lived on the seventh island in the vast ocean, and he fell ill with a sickness for which no doctor could find a cure. Doctors came from all parts of the world, each expecting to succeed where all others had failed; but in vain. At length, when all hope of saving the King's life had been abandoned, his daughter's nurse came to visit him. She was a fairy, though no one knew it; and she told him that he could only be cured by eating the cherries which grew on

the topmost branch of the giant cherry-tree which stood in the midst of the royal garden.
Orders were issued by the King to proclaim throughout the whole country-"Whosoever shall bring to his Majesty the cherries which grow upon the topmost branch of the

giant cherry-tree, shall receive as his reward the King's daughter (who was the most beautiful Princess in the world) as his bride, and the gift of half the kingdom."
All sorts and conditions of men-princes, clowns, chimney-sweeps, tailors, bakers, knights and millers-flocked to the Court by thousands, and attempted to climb the cherry-tree, but none of them succeeded, for the trunk of the tree was of loadstone, and whoever attempted it, slid down when he had only climbed up a few inches. All the would-be suitors went away again in despair, and the poor King grew worse and worse with disappointment.
One day a young shepherd came to the palace to try his fortune like the others, but the guards would not allow him to enter the garden, thinking, "How can a mere peasant lad succeed in climbing up a magic tree, when so many brave knights have tried and failed?" But the lad would not go away without appealing to the King, and when he heard his request, he gladly gave him permission, hoping that he might succeed where others had failed. The youth was very glad, and immediately asked for six pairs of iron boots, and six pairs of iron gloves. As soon as these could be made, he put on a pair of each, and strapped the others on his back.

A
CROWD had assembled to see him
make the attempt, and to their
amazement he began to glide rapidly
up the tree, and in a few moments
he disappeared from their sight, for
the top of the tree was miles above,
lost in the clouds.
The youth was still far below the precious cherries, but when he saw the earth and all the objects below him vanish from his sight, he hastened more and more, and

he was obliged to be very active in slipping on fresh gloves and boots as fast as the old ones wore off. When he had put on the sixth pair,
ping his way, so he
himself over. To
found himself in a
velvety grass, in the
a shining palace of

tired and hungry, so
which opened before
hands, as soon as he
He walked up-
first, second, third,
rooms, without meet-
length, when he had
room, he found a
in a golden chair
opals, and she said to
come here, and where-
He bowed defer-
and answered: "I
from the top of yon-
"Foolish lad," re-
worthless. Stay here
if you are trustworthy
not repent it."
He consented
fallen in love with the
Time passed on,
very happy in his new
was very kind to him,
he felt a branch stop-
grasped it, and swung
his astonishment he
beautiful meadow of
midst of which stood
diamond. He was very
he went up to the door,
him as if by invisible
reached it.
stairs, and through the
fourth and many other
ing a single person. At
reached the hundredth
beautiful Princess, sitting
studded with pearls and
him: "How didst thou
fore hast thou come?"
entially to the Princess,
desire a bunch of cherries
der tree.
turned she, "they are
and be my servant, and
and obedient, you will

joyfully, for he had
beautiful Princess.
and the shepherd-boy was
situation. The Princess
and he served her faith-

fully. Every day when his work was done, he would find on his supper-plate a diamond, ruby, emerald, or pearl, until he had accumulated quite a large bagful of precious stones.

Every Sunday the Princess went to church, but before she went, she ordered the boy to set the table for lunch, and to have it ready by the time she returned.

One day, having no pressing work to do, he idled away his time, wandering through the beautiful rooms and admiring the many precious things which they contained. At last, after going through many rooms, one after another, he came to a room where a horse, with copper-coloured hair, was eating from a dish of red glowing fire.

S the boy entered, the horse spoke to him with a human voice: "Why art thou staying at home, good lad? Come, jump on my back, and I will carry thee to the church, but first take out a garment which thou wilt find in my right ear, and dress thyself in it. But take good heed, and leave the church before the Princess, or she might discover us, and all would be lost."

The youth took a nutshell from the horse's ear, and in it he found a magnificent copper robe, which he put on. Then he mounted the horse, and away they flew like the wind. The next moment they arrived at the church, and the youth entered immediately, and sat down opposite the Princess. She thought she had never seen such a handsome knight before, and kept on looking at him the whole time. When the priest said "Amen," the shepherd sprang up and left the church, and by the time that the Princess

reached the porch, she could see nothing of the handsome knight.

The youth reached the castle, and in a moment he had taken off the copper dress and proceeded to lay the table, and he had just finished when the Princess returned.

A H, my lad, what a pity that thou couldst not have been in church to-day," cried the Princess. "There was such a handsome knight there, and I have never seen one so magnificent." The youth made no observation, and the Princess, looking at him closely, continued: "If I did not know thee to be a common shepherd,

I could think he was thy twin brother, so great was the resemblance." The youth still kept silence, and went about his duty as usual, but in his heart he felt glad that the beautiful Princess liked him.

Next Sunday the Princess went again to church, and again gave orders to the youth to have lunch ready for her when she returned.

The shepherd watched the Princess out of sight, and then ran straight to the copper-haired horse, and asked him to carry him to church again. But this time the horse advised him to go into the next room to his brother, the silver-haired horse, who would be only too delighted to carry him to the church.

When the youth entered the next room, the silver-haired horse said to him: "Make haste, take the nutshell out of my left ear, and dress thyself quickly. But take care not to remain until the congregation rises, for thou must return before the Princess."

When the splendid silver-clad knight entered the church

and sat down in a conspicuous seat, everyone gazed at him with admiration. He was seven times more magnificent than in the copper dress, and the Princess could not take her eyes off him the whole time. Directly the people began to move, he rushed out of the church in great haste. The Princess sprang up too, but he had disappeared before she reached the door.

"Drive like the wind," she cried to her coachman; "we must overtake the silver knight;" but although the coach seemed actually to fly, she could see not a trace of the silver knight.

When the Princess hurried into her dining-room, she found the table set, and the shepherd standing by it ready to serve her. She looked at him in surprise, and said:

"Hast thou been in the church?"

O," replied he, "I had to remain at home and to prepare the table according to the orders of thy Highness."

The Princess was so tired that she could neither eat nor drink, but she went to bed, and stayed there till the following Sunday. Then she ordered twelve pairs of her fiery horses to draw her coach, and she went to church as usual. The youth followed her again, but this time he was clad in golden armour, and mounted on a golden-haired horse. He sat in the front chair as usual, and as soon as the Princess saw him, she determined not to let him out of her sight this time. But the youth saw what was in her mind, and he was also determined not to be caught, so he crept out noiselessly, and when the Princess raised her eyes he was gone. She cried out with anger at her folly in having taken her eyes

off the handsome knight for even a moment, and rushed off

in pursuit. Her twelve pairs of fiery horses rushed along like the wind, but the knight was nowhere to be seen. She ran into the dining-room, where she found the table laid, and the shepherd waiting, ready to serve her.
"Thou hast deceived me twice," she cried, "but now thou canst not deny it. Thou art the Golden Knight."
"I deny it not, dearest Princess," he replied.
She embraced him tenderly, and said: "Then thou art mine, for I love thee truly, and I will marry thee, whatever thou mayest be." So they were married, and lived happily together for a long time.
NE day the Princess went out, and left her husband at home. He wandered about in the castle, and went into rooms which he had never seen before. There were so many rooms in the castle that it would have taken him three years to visit them all, and to admire the treasures that they contained. At length when he was tired, and was about to turn back, he saw an iron tower. The heavy door was the key was in the lock. wondering what might be moaning as if in pain. secured with strong bolts, but And as the shepherd stood inside, he heard something

He immediately unlocked the door, and stood on the threshold, petrified with fear.
Chained to the wall he beheld a terrible twelve-headed monster, which cried out: "O dear Prince, I beseech thee to deliver me from this dreadful prison. I swear by the Burning Dragon that I am innocent of any wrong-doing, and have been cast into this dungeon by a wicked giant who has robbed me of all that I possessed."
The shepherd pitied the poor creature and, as he was

very kind-hearted, without hesitation he took the heavy chains from the twelve necks, and gave the animal a tub of wine and some food to restore its strength before it departed.
Shortly afterwards, the Princess returned, and the shepherd told her of the release of the monster. She was greatly alarmed, and cried out: "O thou man, what hast thou done by restoring our most dangerous enemy to liberty? This monster

was anxious to be free, that he might rob me of my possessions, and henceforth no army that I can raise will be able to defend me against this terrible creature!"
The Princess spoke truly, for though she was watched and guarded by her whole army, it was all in vain, for one night the monster appeared, took her up, and flew away with her. The poor shepherd fell ill with grief and despair, for he searched for many weeks, but could find no trace of his beautiful wife. At length he went into the room of the golden-haired horse, where he embraced him and wept bitterly.

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The bungarian Fairy Book
The horse asked him: "What has befallen thee, dear master, and why art thou weeping so sadly?"
"Should I not weep," said he, "when the twelve-headed monster has carried away my wife?"
"Mount my back," said the horse, "we will never rest till we have brought her back again."
The shepherd mounted his back, and they flew like lightning over villages and towns, mountains and valleys, seas and rivers, countries and continents, till the shepherd closed his eyes from dizziness.

S
UDDENLY the horse stopped, and the shepherd looked up, when, to his joy and astonishment, he saw his dear wife standing by a well and washing linen, while she wept bitterly. When she saw the horse and her husband mounted on its back, she laughed with joy, and in another moment she sprang into his arms. Then the horse flew with them homewards swifter than he had come; but the monster soon discovered the disappear-ance of the Princess, and did not lose a moment. He mounted his flying chariot, drawn by twenty fiery horses, and overtook the fugitives just before they reached the gate of the diamond castle.
The monster tore the Princess from her husband's arms, and roared out at him: "I will spare thy life this time, for thou didst deliver me from the iron prison, but I warn thee that if thou dost dare to take thy wife from me again, I will tear thee into a hundred pieces!" and with that he disappeared.
The shepherd could not rest, and implored the golden-haired horse to take him again to the well. Off they started, and soon they found the Princess working as before,
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She was standing by a Well and washing
linen,while she wept bitterly.

with the tears streaming down her cheeks. The shepherd
did not speak, but leaped down, lifted her on the horse,
and again they flew away homewards. But the monster
soon caught sight of them, and flew after them in pursuit.
True to his word, he seized the shepherd and tore him into
a hundred pieces. Then he lifted up the fainting Princess
and flew away with her.

S
OON afterwards the white-haired King
of the Ravens came to the spot with
twelve of his attendants. They saw
the fragments of the shepherd's body,
and were going to devour them, but
their King, who was an enemy of the
twelve-headed monster, decided on a
So he ordered his attendants to gather
some healing herbs from the Blue Meadow, and to lay them
on the fragments of the shepherd's body. The ravens
obeyed the King, and as soon as the herbs were laid on
the shepherd's body, he was restored to life, and sprang
up seven times stronger than before.
different course.
The Raven King then addreseed him in the most
friendly manner: "Brave youth," said he, "I know that
thou wouldst fain rescue thy wife from the power of the
twelve-headed monster. There is only one way in which
thou canst succeed. Thou must procure the three-legged
horse, which is a brother of the five-legged horse. Thou
canst procure this horse from the Witch of the Black Castle
in the following manner: Go to the castle, and offer her thy
services. She will send thee to lead her four horses to
pasture.
Three of these are noble animals, with eyes
shining like diamonds, but the fourth is a grey three-legged
horse, which looks very old and feeble. No living man has
succeeded in watching them and taking them back to

their
mistress
soon as their
W
loosens their
fly away immediately.
always cuts off the

man; but if anyone
horses safely home, he
as a reward. Choose
horse; but if thou
allow thy hands to
of the horses."
The shepherd grate-
the Ravens for all his
tened as quickly as he
the Black Castle.
offered his services to
him: "My good fel-
to trust thee with the
and if thou canst bring
in safety, for as
conductor
halters,
they
In this case the witch
head of the unfortunate
can succeed in leading the
may choose one of them
thou the three-legged
dost value thy life, never
lose hold of the halters
fully thanked the King of
kindness, and then has
could in the direction of
When he arrived, he
the witch, who said to
low, I am quite ready
care of my four horses,
them home in safety,
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then thou mayst choose one of them as a reward. But it thou shouldst suffer them to escape, be thou well assured that I shall take thy skull to use as my drinking-cup." She then led him to the horses, and put the halters in his hands. When he took them to the meadow, they seemed very tame, and began to feed quietly for some
S
time.

UDDENLY a beautiful large ruby fell at the shepherd's feet, and as he stooped to pick it up, he loosened the halters from his hand. Instantly the horses vanished, and the poor youth sat down and wept with despair, for he knew that now he must die, and the poor Princess, his wife, would remain for ever the slave of the twelve-headed monster.

However, he ceased weeping after a while, and walked sadly onwards, when he met a strange youth, who said to him: "Why art thou so sad, my friend?" The shepherd told him the reason of his trouble, and when he had heard it, he said: "If that is all that ails thee, I can aid thee, and I will do so. Thou shouldst know that the horses let their halters drop, and we have only to pick them up and strike the ground with them, and the horses will immediately reappear."
The shepherd felt as if a heavy stone had been lifted from his breast, and the strange youth kindly assisted him in catching the horses. The witch was greatly astonished when the shepherd returned safely with the four horses, though she was very angry that she could not cut off his head as she had intended. She could not break her word, and asked him which of the horses he would like to have for his own.

"I will not have any but the three-legged one," he replied.
"Oh, thou fool," she shrieked, "what a stupid wish of thine! See how good I wish to be to thee! I will give you the most beautiful of my diamond-eyed horses, and a gold bridle in addition, and yet you choose this miserable.

"O.thou
Fool"
she
shrieked.
old grey one!"
"I thank thee
kindly, good witch,"
returned the shep-
herd, "but I must
have the three-legged horse."
She could not go back upon her bargain, and in a great rage she gave him the horse which he desired. The poor old creature seemed un-
able to move, so the shepherd and his strange friend carried it on their shoulders out of the Black Castle.
Directly they were out of sight of the castle, the horse sprang on its feet, and spoke to the shepherd: "Thou wast happy in choosing me, for I am able to rescue thy wife from the clutches of the monster. Mount and away!"

He obeyed, and he and his friend jumped on the

horse's back, and in an instant they reached the well where the Princess was washing linen.
The husband and wife embraced each other with great joy, and hastened to take their departure on the grey horse. But the monster was soon in pursuit, mounted on his five-legged horse. The latter said to his master: "We cannot overtake the Princess, for she is riding on my brother, the world-famous three-legged horse."
Silence," roared the monster, "if thou canst not overtake thy brother, I will tear thee to pieces, and throw thy carcass to my hounds."

SUDDENLY the grey horse cried out to its five-legged brother: "Cast the monster from thy back." The horse obeyed, and as they were flying thousands of miles in the air, the monster's body crashed down to the ground and was smashed into a thousand pieces. Then the stranger youth sprang on the back of the five-legged horse, and they all rode back to the Diamond Palace with joyful hearts.
They lived together happily for some time, when suddenly the shepherd remembered that the real object of his journey was to obtain the cherries to cure his King of his grievous illness, from which he feared he must have died long ago.
He told his wife and his friend of his neglect, and the latter said :-

'Do not distress thyself, my friend; I will take the cherries to the King."
He set off immediately, and took the cherries to the

King, who ate them, and immediately afterwards sprang up strong and well, and with tears of gratitude in his eyes, begged the stranger to share his kingdom and to take his daughter as his bride.
So the King was cured at last, and the strange youth, who was himself a Prince, married the King's daughter, and lived happily with her ever afterwards.

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The Wonderful Horse

ONCE upon a time there lived a King and Queen who had a son named

Bandi, whom they loved very dearly.
Now Bandi's grandmother was a fairy,
and she had given him a triangular
egg, which was kept under his arm till
he was seven years old. On the morning of his seventh
birthday there sprang from the egg a magic seven-legged
horse, which, as Bandi grew older, became his best friend
and adviser.
One day the horse said to him: "Master, it is time for
thee to wed, but thou mayst not wed anyone save the
Fairy Princess with the twinkling star on her forehead.
Thou must therefore start on a long journey, and must say
farewell to thy father and thy mother, for it may be thou
wilt never see them again."

The Prince hesitated, for his father and mother were
very dear to him, and the horse, perceiving his irresolution,
said: "Hold thy pocket mirror to my right nostril, and lay
thy hand over my left nostril."
The horse then breathed on the mirror and made it dim,
but when it cleared, Bandi beheld in it the most beautiful
Fairy Princess he had ever seen.
He closed his eyes, for
her wonderful beauty and the star on her forehead dazzled
him. "Oh," cried he, "I must marry this lovely lady
or die. But," he added, with downcast looks, "how can I
expect her to love me, when I am so ugly in comparison to
her?"
"Do not distress yourself," said the horse, "but close
my right nostril."

HE Prince obeyed, and this time the
horse breathed from his left nostril a
fiery breath which enveloped Bandi
from head to foot. It seemed to him.
that he was standing in a furnace, but,
strange to say, he felt no pain, but was
quite refreshed, and when the fire died
down he felt seven times stronger than ever before.
"Look again into thy mirror," said the horse.
The Prince did so, and now he saw, in place of the
Princess, a Fairy Prince, magnificently attired in a robe of
cloth of gold, bordered with peacocks' feathers. He wore
a helmet of gold, decorated with precious stones, and his
face was as brilliant and dazzling as the sun. Prince Bandi
could hardly believe that he saw his own reflection, but the
horse assured him that it was even so, and smiled at his
amazement. He then urged him to hasten, for there was
no time to lose, and the Prince, who was now anxious to set
forth, went to take leave of his father and mother. They

were astonished at the change in their son's appearance, and were overcome with grief when he told them of the journey he was about to undertake.

They implored him not to venture, for many before him had set forth to seek to win the hand of the Fairy Princess, and none had returned. But they could not turn him from his purpose, so they gave him their blessing, and he mounted the magic horse and rode away. They sped on, over hill and dale, and across rivers and seas, till they reached a lofty mountain. Here they stopped, and the horse gave Bandi some instructions which he proceeded to carry out. First, he picked up a small piece of flint, and repeated a magic spell as he threw it against the side of the mountain, when the rock opened, and he beheld the entrance to a vast cave. In the middle of the cave a fire was burning, and over it stood a large cauldron of boiling pitch, which an old witch was continually stirring, and she capered wildly round the fire, as she stirred up the hell-broth.

Presently the witch caught sight of the Prince and cried out frantically: "O man, man, I beseech thee to say, 'Stop stirring the pitch, stop stirring the pitch, stop stirring the pitch!' Oh, how tired I am!"

"If thou art tired," answered Bandi, "stand still and cease your raving."

H thou fool," screamed the witch, "dost thou think I am dancing here for thine amusement? I only wish I could stop, and then I would tear out thine eyes for staring at me. Thou oughtest to know that I am accursed, and must keep on stirring the pitch for ever and ever, unless some one comes who can open the door of the cave, and release me by saying, 'Stop stirring the pitch,' three times. It is just a thousand years to-day since I have been dancing here, and stirring up this black sauce with my ladle, and I sorely need a rest. If thou wilt only speak the words, I will give thee whatever thou mayst ask as a reward."

"Well," said the Prince, "I will do so, but we must first arrange our terms. I wish for nothing but that ball of golden thread that lies in the corner."

When the witch heard this, she jumped as if she had been stung by a scorpion, and lowering her voice, she

endeavoured to persuade him to consent to take diamonds and other treasures instead, but, as he insisted, she was at length compelled to consent to his taking the golden thread. As soon as he was beyond her reach, Bandi called out: "Stop stirring the pitch, stop stirring the pitch, stop stirring the pitch," and leaving the old witch to lament the loss of her golden thread, he sprang from the cave.
The seven-legged horse then galloped away with Bandi,

and after a long journey they reached another mountain, which Bandi opened in the same manner as the first. Here again he found a witch dancing about and stirring up pitch, but she had been engaged in the work for two thousand years, and to obtain her release she was obliged to give up her rusty sword to the Prince. The horse then carried him to another witch, who had been under the curse for three thousand
years, and she bought her deliverance at the price of a large grey mantle.

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FTER this Bandi rode on for some distance, when the horse said suddenly :
"I feel that the witches are in pursuit. Look back, and tell me what thou seest.'
"9
"I see a large black cloud behind us," answered the Prince, "and it is coming nearer and nearer."
The horse flew on faster and faster, but at length they were compelled to stop by a terrible tempest. They were approaching the shore of a dark lake which appeared to be one mighty whirlpool. In the midst of the lake was an island, revolving so rapidly that it produced a terrific gale, which swept everything before it.
The horse then ordered the Prince to dismount, and to stand on one end of the coil of golden thread, and to fling the other towards the revolving island. He obeyed, and the thread formed an arch as it flew through the air, and as soon as it touched the island it became a golden bridge. At the same moment the island ceased to revolve and the storm subsided.
The Prince sprang on the horse and rode across the bridge, but just as he reached the island the black cloud appeared in sight again. "Clap thy hands twice," said the

horse.
Prince Bandi did so, and the bridge again became a golden thread, which he wound up into a ball as before. The witches were just about to jump on the island when it suddenly began to whirl round again, and they were flung into the seething waters and drowned.
The Prince and his horse were very glad to be rid of their enemies, and lay down to sleep, for they were very weary. When they had rested they started off to explore the island, and the further they went the more beautiful became the country, till Bandi thought he must be in Paradise. They went on and on, till they arrived at a magnificent palace guarded on all sides by such terrible wild beasts that the very sight of them was enough to turn one's blood cold. Ferocious-looking lions, tigers and leopards, each as large as an elephant,

● huge serpents, enormous crocodiles, monkeys, bears, wolves, and every kind of wild animal you can imagine; but the most terrible of all was a

dragon with nine heads, which hovered over the palace like a huge black cloud.
"Now I am no better than a dead man," thought Prince Bandi. Nevertheless, he resolved to endeavour to fight his way through the army of monsters, for he knew that the beautiful Princess lived in the palace, and he felt that he would rather die than return without seeing her. But the horse knew what he was thinking about, and said: "Do not despair, my master. We will enter the palace from above, and then thou wilt only have to fight the dragon, and thou wilt surely conquer him with the rusty sword of the witch."
HEY ascended into the air, and as soor as the dragon perceived them he began to vomit forth fire from each of his nine mouths, and to lash about on all sides with his mighty tail. The moment Bandi came within reach of the flying monster he struck at him with his magic sword, and a terrific fight ensued between them.
The enchanted sword began to flash out fire, and to strike as no human force could strike, Bandi merely holding it, and the horse exerting all his efforts to ward off from him the strokes of the mighty monster. The fearful struggle continued, and was watched by the King and all

his people, among whom was the beautiful Fairy Princess, and presently it became clear that the dragon's strength was becoming exhausted. Seeing this, the King began to threaten, and the people urged the dragon to put forth fresh efforts and to tear the daring intruder to pieces; but the Fairy Princess turned pale, and looked on the terrible scene with eyes of horror, pressing her hands upon her heart.

Aterrific fight ensued between them.

When Prince Bandi caught sight of her he felt his hope and courage renewed, and exerting all his strength, with one well-directed blow cut off the first head of the dragon, which fell into the garden and rolled to the feet of the King. After this Prince Bandi found no great difficulty in striking off the remaining heads, one after the other, when the horse gave the bleeding body of the tremendous monster a kick, which sent it spinning through the air seven miles away.

HERE was now nothing to prevent the Prince and his horse from descending into the garden, when Prince Bandi saluted the Princess, and said to her:

"Dost thou love me? Wilt thou be my bride?"

"Knight of my dreams," she answered, "how happy am I that thou hast come for me at last."

But the old King cried out furiously: "Stop, stop, foolish children! It is not so very easy for a Fairy Princess to marry." Then turning to the Prince he said: My son, thou canst not wed my daughter unless thou canst recognise her under any form. Three times must thou try to recognise her under different transformations; and twice thou mayst fail, and I will pardon thee, for I perceive that my daughter loves thee, but if thou shouldst fail to recognise her the third time, I will hew thy body to pieces and throw it to feed the wild beasts."

He then led Bandi into a great hall with a hundred windows. Suddenly all the windows flew open at once, and through each window a swallow flew into the room, each exactly like all the others. Suddenly the swallows became a bevy of fairy maidens, so much alike that although Prince

Bandi looked at them over and over again he was unable to pick out the Princess from

among them.
Then the fairies vanished, and at the same moment there fell from the ceiling a hundred gold rings, all exactly alike. They rolled round and round all over the floor, and when at length they lay still the old King told Bandi to pick out his daughter from among them, and again he failed.
He now felt very sad and despairing, and went into the garden and leaned against his horse, weeping bitterly, for he felt that he should not be more successful the third time, and nothing lay before him but disgrace and death.
But the horse said to him: "Do not weep, but put on the grey mantle which thou didst take from the

third witch. It will make thee invisible. Follow

the Princess when she comes into the garden, and tell me if thou dost notice any strange things about her."
The Prince obeyed, and presently returned, saying: "When the Princess walks along the paths in the garden all the white lilies bow down before her."
HEN said the horse: "Now the Princess and her hundred maidens will become roses on a bud. Thou must pluck a lily, and hold it in thy hand as thou walkest round the rose bush, but look carefully at the lily, which will bow only before one rose. That rose will be thy Princess." Prince Bandi carried out these instructions, and this time he was fortunate enough to guess right.
The King then made preparations for the wedding, and gave the Princess as her dowry many valuable gifts with magic qualities, all packed in a golden nutshell.
After the wedding the young couple took leave of the old King, and set forth on their journey to Prince Bandi's home. Whenever they felt hungry or thirsty the Princess took from her nutshell a magic table, which she placed upon the ground, when it was immediately loaded with the choicest food and wine of every description.
After travelling for some days they were approaching the end of their journey, when they saw an old lady and gentleman coming to meet them. They were the old King and Queen, the beloved parents of Prince Bandi.
"Turn back quickly, dear son," they cried. "Our

country is overrun by the Red King's army, and they are pursuing us."
Then the Princess embraced her new parents, and said to them: "Do not be afraid; they cannot do us any

more harm." Then she took from her nutshell a golden stick, and cried, " March out and attack;" and immediately there emerged from the stick a wonderful army, which went forth to attack the Red King's soldiers, whom they quickly overcame, and afterwards, at command of the Fairy Princess, the magic army, with banners waving and bands playing, again marched into the golden stick.
The party now proceeded to the royal palace, but alas, it was only a ruin, for it had been completely destroyed by the Red King's soldiers. Here again the Princess came to the rescue, and took from her gold nutshell an apron of many colours, which she spread upon the ground, and repeated over it some magic words. The apron began to expand in height, length and breadth, and in a few moments a wonderful diamond palace stood glittering in the sun. A blue spot on the apron became a magic lake, in which gold and silver fish were swimming, and a green spot gradually spread out into beautiful fairy gardens.
The old King then handed over his crown and country to the care of Prince Bandi and his fairy bride, and they all lived happily together for the remainder of their lives.

III

The Stone Princess.

ONCE upon a time there was a magnificent castle built on one of the mountains of Tokaj. But if you were to visit the spot at the present time you would find no castle, but in place of it a statue of a girl standing on a hemisphere of stone.
The castle belonged to a rich and powerful Prince, who had a very beautiful daughter. But notwithstanding her beauty, she was extremely wicked, and her outward loveliness only increased her opportunities of working mischief and evil. She was like a beautiful golden casket filled with poison.
But notwithstanding her wickedness, all the young men

who saw her immediately fell in love with her, and many

good and estimable young fellows went mad, owing to the heartless manner in which the Princess deceived them. She was much delighted, for the more evil she could cause the more pleasure it gave her. But what pleased her most was to bring about a duel between two of the young men who courted her. Thus she spent much of her time in causing misery instead of happiness.

UT her wickedness was not directed only against the young men who loved her. She was also very cruel to her servants, and to her father's subjects, and would rather let a poor man starve to death than give him a morsel of bread. And thus she was a living exemplar of the proverb, "All is not gold that glitters."

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Her most terrible crime was her cruelty towards a poor peasant girl whose only fault was that she was more beautiful than the Princess.

The girl and her mother lived in a humble cottage in the midst of the forest. She was the daughter of a poor wood-cutter who had died, and she was now the only comfort of her widowed mother. They were quite alone in the world, they had no friends, and no one took any notice of them till the girl grew up so beautiful that she attracted the attention of the whole neighbourhood, and many youths of rank and fortune paid frequent visits to the spot, hoping to catch a glimpse of the "Fairy of the Forest."

Many youths besought her to marry them, but she always refused, saying that she could not leave her mother. However, this was not the only reason, for she had been told in her dreams that a noble Fairy Prince would drive to

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the cottage in a magnificent golden coach to marry her This knight of her dreams was very real to her, and although she had never seen him in life she loved him fervently. And therefore she constantly looked for the coming of her lover from fairyland.

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T length the wicked Princess noticed that the young men who had formerly been her slaves no longer sought her company. And it was not long before she discovered the reason. Tales reached her ears of the wonderful beauty of the "Fairy of the Forest," who bewitched so many of the richest and handsomest

youths in the country. When she heard of this the fury of the Princess was unrestrained and she at once plotted the destruction of the poor peasant girl.
One day the widow's daughter was sitting in front of the cottage, when she saw a fine coach approaching, drawn by four magnificent horses; and of course she imagined that the knight of her dreams had at length arrived. When the coach stopped, however, a lady stepped forth, beautiful to look on, but with eyes gleaming with hate and envy.
"I have come to take thee to my father's castle, where thou shalt be my chamber-maid," said the Princess, in a stern, cold voice.
The poor girl turned pale with fear and answered nervously: "I crave pardon, my lady, but I cannot go with thee. I must stay here with my poor widowed mother, who has no one in the world but me."
The Princess grew red with fury. "Thou must come with me," cried she. "I shall compel thee to do so, and will punish thee for thy disobedience. My father permits

will punish
you for your
disobedience
me to deal with his subjects as I please, and it fares ill with any who dare to oppose my wishes."
"Have mercy on me, O Princess," cried the girl. "Have mercy for my mother's sake! I cannot come with thee, I am afraid."
The Princess stepped back into her carriage and returned to her father's castle, and after her departure the poor peasant girl wept bitterly, dreading the evil that she feared would follow, and which was not long delayed.
On the following day a troop of horsemen approached the cottage with orders to murder the poor widow, and to destroy the beauty of the "Fairy of the Forest." The birds ceased to sing and flew away in terror, and the flowers bowed their heads in sadness.
The horsemen did their evil work thoroughly, and in half an hour the "Fairy of the Forest" was left an ugly, deformed, cripped creature, and was borne away to be the chamber-maid of the Princess. "If my chamber-maid is

ugly," thought the Princess, "then shall I appear more beautiful."
Poor Aranka's sufferings drove her mad, but in her madness she still believed that a noble Fairy Prince would come in a golden coach to marry her.
And behold, one day a golden coach drawn by six

magnificent horses drove up to the castle. In the coach sat a veritable Fairy Prince, exceedingly handsome, and of commanding presence.

Presently the
HE Princess and Aranka saw the
approach of the coach at the same
time. Poor Aranka uttered a loud
shriek and swooned away, but the
Princess was filled with secret joy,
expecting that the Prince would fall
in love with her.
horses ceased their trotting, and the
wheels ceased their noiseless rolling, and the Fairy Prince stepped to the ground.
"If thy heart is as good as thy face is fair," said the Prince," then indeed I have found the bride whom I have sought so long."
"If thou shouldst become my lord and king, O Prince," returned the Princess, "then wilt thou surely recognise the goodness of my heart."
"Then shall I surely be the King of thy heart," said the Prince, and they embraced each other, and began to walk along the path together. They had gone but a few steps when the Prince stumbled over the senseless body of Aranka. He looked down and turned away in horror, for she who had once been so beautiful was now awful to look upon. He asked the Princess why she kept such a horrible creature in her train when she herself was so beautiful.

"Does it not show my goodness of heart," asked the Princess, "that I should keep as my servant a miserable girl who would otherwise be left to die?"
Soon afterwards it was announced that the Princess was to marry the Fairy Prince. There were great festivities, and the people were delighted because they hoped that the Princess would now turn her thoughts to good instead of to evil. The Princess herself was as much in love as her wicked, selfish nature would allow, but still she thought chiefly of her own beauty and of becoming a Fairy Queen. The only unhappy person was the mad girl, who had been so near the realisation of her dreams and was now so far.
One night after a ball the Prince was returning to his apartments when he stopped to listen to a mournful song. A most melodious voice was singing of a poor girl of the forest whose beauty had been destroyed by the jealousy of a Princess.
The Prince looked into the room from whence the song proceeded, and in the light of the moon he beheld the hideous girl over whose body he had stumbled a few days ago.

HEN the Princess was dressing next day her maid dropped her diamond tiara and it broke in two. The Princess was furious, and thumped and scratched the girl till she was tired; but this was not enough for her, and she sent for some men of her bodyguard and ordered them to whip the girl to death. But a great and terrible surprise was in store for the Princess. The maid who was about to be whipped suddenly changed into the Fairy Prince. Now it was the Prince who

was threatening and upbraiding the Princess, and the Princess who was begging for mercy and protesting that it was her desire to look beautiful in the Prince's eyes which had caused her to lose the sense of justice.

Although the Princess vowed that such a thing should never happen again, she did not long remember her good resolutions.

A FEW days afterwards a flower-girl brought the Princess some beautiful flowers by order of the Prince. It happened that the girl was more beautiful than the Princess, and therefore she was so jealous of her that she paid no attention to the flowers. She told the girl to wait, and sent for the captain of her bodyguard, and ordered him to destroy the beauty of the girl in the same way that the beauty of Aranka had been destroyed.

"Who else is there whose fate I am to share? " thundered the Prince, for again it was he and no other whom the Princess had supposed to be a flower-girl.

The Princess immediately fell on her knees, begging for mercy, and vowing that she would never again be so cruel to others. "Rather would I be changed to stone," she protested; and she resolved in her mind to be more careful for the future.

Later in the day a feast had been arranged, and the Princess was making her way to the banquet-hall, when she stopped before a mirror to admire her beauty. The servants were passing with delicious and costly food, when a poor beggar came up to the Princess and asked for a crust of bread.

"Begone, lazy fellow," cried the Princess angrily

Begone, lazy fellow,"

cried the Princess angrily.
119

The Hungarian Fairy Book
"I have no bread to waste on such as you!" A servant happened to be passing with a loaf of bread, and she ordered him to put it on the floor in front of the mirror for her to stand on, as the mirror was hung rather high on the wall. And as she was standing on the bread the beggar addressed her again.
"O good Princess, pray throw me a piece of the bread thou art standing upon.
99
"This bread was not baked for a common creature like you," said the Princess; but then she stopped, for the beggar changed into the Fairy Prince. And then she and the loaf on which she stood were changed to stone.
After this the Prince hastened to Aranka, and changed her from a hideous mad creature into the beautiful girl she had been before, and the poor woodcutter's daughter was carried away in a beautiful coach by the noble Prince as his bride. They drove to Fairyland, where they were married, and were as happy as they deserved to be, for she had suffered so much, and the Prince had acted so nobly.
As we have said before, the figure of the Stone Princess is still to be seen on one of the mountains of Tokaj.

120

The Horse Headed Monster
O
NCE upon a time the mountainous districts of Abauj and Gömör were infested by a terrible horse-headed monster which was a great pest to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, for every now and then he would emerge from his hiding-place, which was usually in the great cave of Aggtelek, and drink all the wells and brooks quite dry, so that the poor people had no water, and were obliged to wait till the supply had been replenished by the springs.
Now, as this happened very frequently, many of the people in the neighbourhood and their cattle died of thirst. Sometimes a few of the boldest men armed themselves and set forth to kill the terrible beast, but they all perished, for as soon as they approached the monster he struck them down with his huge tail, or tore them to pieces with his sharp claws.
121

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It happened once, just at harvest time, that the "Water-drinker," as the monster was usually called, drank up all the water in the wells and brooks, and the thirsty harvesters were obliged to throw down their scythes and hurry off to another district where water was plentiful, leaving the ripe wheat half cut. The mills ceased working, plants and flowers faded, and cattle were dying for want of water, and the poor people were in desperate straits.
Just at this time a pious pilgrim was wandering through the country. His feet were cut and bleeding from walking

over the stony paths, and a long cloak, which was his only garment, was fastened by a thick cord round his waist. His head was snow-white with age, and above it hovered a golden halo. The pilgrim was weary and thirsty, but he made no complaint. His eyes were filled with tears and his heart with compassion for the poor people, whom he tried to comfort in their misery.

UDDENLY a woman stepped before him, holding a dying babe in her arms. She knelt down and exclaimed:

"O thou holy man, baptize my baby and God will bless thee. Let not the innocent babe die unchristened, but there is not a drop of water."

S

The holy man was deeply moved, and asked the woman where the dreadful monster was hiding. She pointed to the cave in the side of the mountain, but begged the pilgrim not to go there, for he would surely be torn to pieces.

Notwithstanding her warning, the old man turned directly towards the fearful spot, though none of the by-standers dared to follow him. As he approached the cave the monster began to roar like thunder and to vomit fire from

his mouth. But the holy man was not afraid. He stood before the mon-ster's hiding-place and

"Thou

cried out :

awful Water-drinker, I command thee to dis-gorge a few drops of water that I may christen a new-born child that is dying in agony.

The monster roared in reply: "If thou dost value thy life, begone ere I emerge from my cave."

"I implore thee not to be so cruel," said the pilgrim. "If thou wilt O, thou holy man, baptise my baby. only this once have pity, peace for ever."

"Enough, thy doom has

terrible beast, and rushed out to
intruder.
we will leave thee in
come," thundered the
strike down the daring
The ground shook and trembled, and the people were overwhelmed with horror, and pressed their hands over their eyes as they saw the head of the monster appearing from the cave. The old man did not move, and the next instant there was a thundering crash followed by the rushing of water. At this welcome sound the people looked up, and beheld at the entrance to the cave a gigantic horse's head of stone, from which ran a sparkling stream of

the purest water, with which the holy man was sprinkling the baby's head.
The people shouted with joy, and hurried to the spot to quench their burning thirst with the crystal fluid. Since that day they have lived in peace, and every day at noon water flows from the rock, which is still called by the peasants Lófő (Horse-head).

The Hunters & their Fairy Brides.

3

HERE the mountains Bükk and Mátra unite, the River of the Ten Springs rushes through the virgin forest to the valley below. A rocky cañon traverses the forest with the river in its depths. Far above on the cliffs are the teaming cascades from three hot springs, and in the far distance seven other water-falls are visible, from which flow streams of ice-cold water. In this lonely spot the silence is rarely broken even by the echo of the shouts of a hunting party in the valley beneath.
Once upon a time, when fairies still lived in the country, ten young brothers came to this lonely spot, bold hunters as they were, in pursuit of bears, wild boars, and other denizens of the forest. They blew their horns, and sang songs relating the exploits of brave huntsmen and

warriors of the days of old, and were starting merrily on the chase, when they suddenly perceived on the two mountain summits bevies of the most beautiful fairies that human eyes had ever beheld.
They were playing with balls of diamond, tossing them across the chasm to each other, and as the sun shone upon

them, it appeared as if a beautiful rainbow stood over the mountain gap. Every now and then one of the fairies would seat herself on a diamond ball and fly like the wind from one mountain to the other. They were laughing and singing as only fairies can laugh and sing, and the young hunters' hearts leaped with rapture at this wonderful spectacle.

P
RESENTLY, however, they seized their bows, took an arrow from each quiver, and aimed it at one of the diamond balls, and in an instant the fairy spectacle vanished.
centre with an arrow.
At the feet of each of the brothers fell a diamond ball, pierced through the
Each picked up his ball, which he put into his knapsack, lamenting that they had driven away the fairies by their folly; and they walked slowly and sadly away from the spot.
They wandered on, lost in thought, but presently to their surprise and joy they arrived at a wonderful castle, and saw the fairies standing on the battlements.
They ran up to the girls with great delight, and the fairies warmly responded to their greetings. They then entered the castle, where every room appeared to them to be more magnificent than the last. They were waited on by richly-dressed attendants, who brought them wonderful robes of cloth of gold, adorned with diamonds, rubies and

pearls. They were told to robe themselves in haste, as they were to be married immediately to the fairies.
The ten hunters and the ten fairies were married, and then sat down at a wonderful table, where the dishes glided round by themselves, and where you had only to wish and the golden plates and diamond glasses filled up of their own accord with the choicest viands and the most delicious wines.
But their happiness lasted only a time, for one day the mother of the fairies, the Queen of the Stars, learned that her daughters had secretly wedded human beings during her absence.
One night the Queen descended to the castle on a moonbeam. She summoned her daughters to her presence and said to them:
"Wretched children, do you not know what a foolish act you have committed? Do you not know that a fairy ought never to wed a man, for in a short time the man will die, and you will be banished from Fairyland."
HEN the girls began to weep, and to implore their mother not to drop their husbands' stars from the sky; for it

is believed by the Hungarian peasantry
that every man has his own star in the
sky, and when it falls he dies. But
the Queen was powerless, for she was
forced to conform to the severe laws of Fairyland.
That very night the hunters dreamed that the War-
Eagle appeared to them and summoned them to the fray.
When they awoke they told their young brides that they
must hasten away, for no true hero can refuse to respond
to the call of the War-Eagle. They took leave of their
fairy brides with sad hearts, telling them to be of good
cheer, and that they would return to them as soon as the

war was over; but the fairies knew that they would never
see their beloved ones again.
The fairies watched for them in the forest for seven
days and seven nights, but on the seventh night they saw
ten stars falling from the sky. They ran backwards and
forwards wailing and weeping, for they knew that the ten
stars were those of their husbands, whom they would never
see again. They wept so sadly that even the stars wept
with them for pity. Seven were also weeping at being
exiled from Fairyland, but the three youngest wept only
for their lost husbands.

HEIR mother, the Queen of the Stars,
pitied them so much that she was
anxious to relieve their sufferings, and
again flew down to earth on a moon-
beam. She found her daughters, worn
out with grief and weariness, sleeping
in the wilderness under trees and rocks,
and on each girl's cheek rested two pearly tears, for they
were still weeping even in their sleep. The Queen bent
silently over each of her daughters, kissed them, and
touched them with her magic wand. At the touch seven
of the girls changed into flowing springs, which were as
cold as ice, and the three youngest into boiling springs.
If you should penetrate into the forest where the two
mountains approach each other, you may still see the ten
springs rushing through the forest into the valley, and the
peasants still call them the Streams of the Ten Sisters.

The Cattle of Mohos.

AM going to tell you a story of a remote
period when people did not think it
was right for one man to be the owner
of a large estate which he could not
use, while another possessed no land

at all, not even the scrap on which
his miserable cottage stood.
At this time a young couple who had just been married
went to live in the forest that then covered the sides of
the mountain of Mohos. They had no worldly possessions
beyond their own bodily strength and a few tools. They
began industriously to fell the trees, and to clear the
ground, and to prepare it for cultivation. They worked
on their clearing from early morning till late at night,
subsisting on wild fruits and the wild beasts of the forest
which they were able to capture.

They built themselves a small but very pretty wooden
cottage, with only two rooms. It stood in the midst of
the farm, and the young people whose industry had brought
it into being were very proud of their home. When they
had cleared the land they began to cultivate it, and presently
it began to yield them better food than the wild products
of the forest. But they were still obliged to work very
hard, and were much troubled by beasts of prey, so
that their lives were not yet very happy or very
comfortable.

O
NE day the farmer went into the
forest to seek for game; for deer,
wild boars, hares, and other animals
good for food were abundant in the
neighbourhood. He had killed nearly
as much game as he required when he
suddenly heard the cries of a baby.
He looked round, but could see nothing, and thought he
must have been mistaken, when he heard something passing
rapidly overhead, and when he looked up he saw an eagle
flying rapidly through the air, holding a baby in its claws.
In an instant the young farmer discharged an arrow, which
struck the bird in the breast, and it fell to the ground,
dropping the screaming baby in its fall. But the farmer
caught it in his arms as it fell and found that it was
uninjured.
At this moment a lady approached crying bitterly, and
with her long, beautiful golden hair floating in the breeze.
She took the pretty baby boy in her arms, hugging and
kissing him as only mothers can.
Presently she said to the farmer: "Thou hast done me
a great service in saving the life of my child, and I am
deeply grateful to thee. And now, when thou shalt return

to thy farm, thou wilt find six pairs of cattle pasturing on thy meadows, and as long as thou and thy children shall dwell there they will bring great good fortune to thyself, thy children, and thy children's children. Only, be warned. The cattle must always be kept together, for if they should be divided thy good fortune will cease."
"I thank thee greatly, kind lady," said the young farmer. "Thou mayst be sure that the cattle shall always be kept together."

SHE then walked away, and as the farmer looked after her he thought she must be a fairy to be able to give him such a magical present. He then returned home, and sure enough he found six pairs of fine cattle on his farm. The farmer and his wife rejoiced greatly that night, for they felt that their prosperity was now assured.
"We need have no more fear for the future," said the young wife. "When we work we shall know that we shall reap, and thus our labour will become a pleasure."
And thus it fell out. The farmer was successful in all his undertakings, and he acquired many sheep, horses, cattle, vineyards and cornfields, and his wife had several strong, healthy children. They were so happy that they thought no one could be happier than themselves.
The farmer's prosperity continued to increase throughout his whole life. He and his children, and, later on, his grandchildren, lived very happily together. They all lived together as one family, tilling the ground together and keeping the cattle together, for the farmer knew that if the cattle were divided their prosperity would cease.
When the farmer was eighty-five years of age, he

became very ill, and his children saw that his days were numbered. On his death-bed his great anxiety was that after his death the cattle should not be divided, and he made his children promise that they would always use the land and its produce in common, and never divide the cattle. His children promised that his wishes should be faithfully carried out, and the farmer died.
But although at the time the children had intended to carry out the wishes of their dead father, they began to question the wisdom of the arrangement later on.
"I should like to live alone with my family," said one.

"If I was working with my son away from the others," thought another, "I should have more profit than I have now."

ACH of the sons thought so much of his own capabilities that he thought that by working with his brothers he was helping to maintain them and their families.

And so at last they proceeded to divide up the land, the tools and the cottages, quarrelling all the time as to what their shares would be.

But when they came to the six pairs of marvellous cattle, which had lived for so many years and might live on for ever, they did not know what to do.

"We cannot divide them," said one, "for we are more numerous than they."

"We must not separate them," said another, "for if we do, our prosperity will be no more."

do.

A third said: "There is only one thing which we can Let us drive them till they all run together, and he on whose land they stop shall have the cattle."

This was finally agreed upon, and they went behind the cattle and cracked their whips till they all began to run. But the cattle ran like race-horses and the sons soon lost sight of them altogether. But the sons continued to run in the direction which the cattle had taken, and presently they heard them moaning as if in great pain.

HEN the sons reached the top of the mountain and looked down into the valley beyond, they saw in place of beautiful pasture-land a huge mud-flat from which rose the moans of the magic cattle.

Their hearts were filled with fear, and suddenly a terrific storm arose, the flashes of lightning and peals of thunder filling all the air around them. They rushed away to the home of the eldest son, many of them weeping bitterly with remorse and fear, quarrelling all the time, and laying the blame of the disaster on each other.

"Thou didst propose to divide our wealth," said one, and was met with the retort, "Nay, 'twas not I, 'twas thou."

After a long dispute the eldest brother rose and said: "Brothers, we are all to blame. We thought that we should be more prosperous if we worked separately. We all broke the promise which we made to our father on his death-bed. And we have found to our cost that our dear father was right and that we were very wrong. We cannot

get the cattle back, but we will do the best we can. Suppose that instead of living separately we all live as one family as before."
"Well said, dear brother," cried they all. "Henceforth we will not separate, but will live together as one family."

Thus it was, and instead of their prosperity ceasing it continued as before. They were surprised and delighted at this result, and henceforth none again wanted to live for himself alone.
Exactly a year from this time the sons were overjoyed to find the six pairs of magic cattle back in the meadows. Running to the mountain-top and looking beyond they saw that the mud-flat had vanished, and the valley was again the beautiful pasture-land which it had been before.
"Let us rejoice, my brothers," said the eldest, "for our repentance has been rewarded."

The Castle of the Fairies

NEAR the city of Torda and the river Aranyos is a mountain where may be seen the ruins of what in days gone by was a magnificent castle. Finely sculptured ornaments, and treasures of gold and silver, have been found among the ruins from time to time, indicating that it was once the stronghold of a great and powerful King, whose history is still preserved in the traditions of the people of the neighbourhood.
Once upon a time, when the fairies still lived in the country, a brave and righteous King dwelt in the castle of Erdély. He had all that man could wish for; fame, victory, power and riches he possessed in abundance. His subjects loved and venerated

him like a father, and his Queen was the most beautiful woman of her time. One grief, however, preyed on their hearts continually, for their only daughter had been stolen by a goat-headed Prince, and the King had no other heir to whom he could bequeath his crown and his dominions. when it should please God to call him to Himself.
This was how the misfortune came about. The beautiful young Princess often used to play on the grassy

meadow with her companions, many of whom were fairy girls; and one day they were bathing in the blue lake, sporting and singing, when the goat-headed fairy lad, who pastured his flock on the neighbouring meadows, happened to pass by. He was attracted by the sound of girls' voices, and stopped to gaze and to listen till he fell over head and ears in love with the Princess. He did not hesitate long, but knelt down on the edge of the lake, and declared his love for the Princess, and entreated her to become his wife.

H, what laughter followed his speech! The fairy voices rang out in a chime of silver bells, and were re-echoed by the melody of thousands of feathered songsters from the neighbouring forest. The Princess herself laughed till her sides were sore; and the poor suitor went off to his mother, weeping with shame and sorrow.

"Don't cry, my boy," said his fairy mother. "I will go myself and speak with the Princess, and she may yet consent to become your wife."

Next day the fairy paid a visit to the Princess, but was very little satisfied with the result, for she found that the Princess was already engaged to a Prince of Erdély, whom she loved with all her heart.

"Do not make my son unhappy," begged the fairy mother. "There is no king on earth who could lavish such treasures upon thee, or who would love thee with such devoted affection. Thou shalt dwell with him on the peak of Mount Emerald, in the Castle of Rubies, which revolves for ever on a foundation of gold.

D
AY by day thou shalt drive out in a coach of diamonds, drawn by twelve pairs of winged horses. Thy robes shall be woven of the finest silk, spun by the loveliest moths of Fairyland, and wrought on looms of dragon-flies' wings. Thou shalt walk in gardens where bloom the loveliest flowers, exhaling music as well as perfume; and where grow fruits of all manner of precious stones-topaz, garnet, opal, beryl and turquoise. Thou mayst lead to pasture the flock of golden-haired speaking sheep, on the meadow where grows grass as fine as silk, and there are many, many other wonderful things which I might offer thee, which it would require whole days to describe. If thou wouldst only consent to wed my son, thou wouldst become the happiest woman on earth."

The Princess replied that she was sorry to refuse the

fairy's request, but she could only marry the husband of her choice, and she would rather die than renounce her royal bridegroom.
The fairy was much surprised at the refusal of the Princess, for she had never imagined that a girl existed who would not have renounced her love for the sake of all the treasure she could offer her. But she did not at once abandon her hope of winning the Princess for her son. She again unsuccessfully entreated the Princess to reconsider her determination for a short time longer, and then took

The
The goat-headed Prince
jumped laughing through
her leave.
the window.
But she warned the Princess that if she would not consent to become her son's wife in three days, she would bring great misfortunes upon herself and her family. Nevertheless, the Princess still remained true to her royal Prince, to whom she was shortly to be married.
On the fourth day she was sitting quietly looking out of the window of her room, when a great storm arose. A black cloud suddenly appeared on the horizon, which came nearer and nearer till the whole heavens were darkened. Men and animals cried out with fear, and ran to take refuge from the lightning and thunder. Then the cloud suddenly burst open, and the goat-headed Prince sprang, laughing, through the open window where the Princess

was sitting. He seized her in his arms, and vanished with her amid the clouds and darkness.
When the King and Queen discovered that their daughter had been carried away, their grief knew no bounds. They sent forth heralds into seven times seven countries to invite the lords and knights to go forth in search of the lost Princess, and they promised that whosoever should find her, and bring her back in safety to her sorrowing parents, should receive her hand in marriage and share with her the kingdom of Erdély.

S soon as the young Prince to whom
she had been betrothed heard of the
disappearance of his beloved Princess,
he donned his armour, mounted his
horse, and rode forth, determined to
rescue her or to die.
He wandered about for a long,
long time without success, for no one had seen her, or knew

what had happened to her, and no one could give him any news of her.

He had almost given up all hope of finding her when, one afternoon as he was sitting under a tree to eat his lonely meal, a merry young fellow suddenly made his appearance, holding a willow wand in his hand.

"God bless thee, my Prince," cried the stranger. "Wiltst thou invite a poor wanderer to a good meal."

"Good friend," replied the Prince, "come and share my food with me, if thou wouldst like it; but I fear it is only plain country fare."

"Oh, I'll soon make it to my liking," said the stranger, touching the nuts and roots which lay on the grass before the Prince with his wand, when they instantly changed into fine bread and delicious fruit. The two sat down to their

repast, and the Prince, perceiving at once that his companion. was more than human, asked who he might be.

"I am not the poor wanderer you thought me at first," said the stranger. "I am the Lord of the Winds, and I travel all over the world, and I know all that happens thereon. If thou wishest to learn anything, ask, and I will reply, for thou hast treated me with much hospitality."

"Tell me then," said the Prince, "if it will be possible for me to find my betrothed Princess, the beloved of my heart, who was stolen from her parents by some wicked spirit."

"Ah yes, I know all about

I know all about thy trouble, and I will do all that lies in my power to help thee. Therefore mark well my words. The Princess was stolen by the goat-headed son of the wicked fairy who lives on the summit of Mount Tündérhegy. He has imprisoned her in the castle which he built on the black rock that stands on the highest peak of the mountain.

ITHIN the rock is a cave, where sleeps the evil spirit Guta, who only awakes once in ten thousand years. When he wakes, he careers about the country, mounted on a green steed, and every-one who beholds him dies immedi-ately, unless he is protected by some charm powerful enough to resist his malefic influence. If he should awake, and find a castle built upon his rock, then woe to the goat-headed fellow who built it! Be sure that Guta would never rest till he had fully revenged himself on him and his mother and all the evil spirits who serve them. Now listen further. I will carry you on the wings of the East Wind to the castle, where you will find the Princess locked in a brazen prison, and strongly guarded. Take these two

roses; give one to the Princess, and keep the other
for yourself. They come from the Garden of Life,
and they will protect you both from the terrible Guta.
Take also the cloak of the Night Breeze. It will make you
invisible, and you will be able to pass the wicked fairies.
and evil spirits unobserved."
Then the Wanderer stood up, turned towards the east,
and whistled three times. Immediately a huge white cloud
descended, on which was seated the winged East Wind.
He lifted the Prince on his broad shoulders, and rushed
away at a tremendous speed. The tall poplars and the
oaks which had stood for centuries bowed down beneath the
powerful rush of his mile-long wings. The rivers were
turned back from their seaward course, leaving their banks,
and inundating the meadows and pasture-lands. The
thatched roofs of cottages and the proud towers of castles
were swept away alike in their onward rush.
Before the Prince had time to recover his breath, the
East Wind stopped suddenly, placed him gently on the
ground, and disappeared behind a mountain. Behold, it
was the Tündérhegy itself that the Prince beheld towering

above him, lost in the green fog which always enveloped it
and hid its secrets from the eyes of ordinary men.
"Before thou attemptest to climb the mountain," said
the Lord of the Winds, "break a wand from the willow-
tree thou seest yonder, and take it with thee. Cast the
cloak of the Night Breeze over thy shoulders, and make
thy way cautiously towards the black rock on the mountain
summit. Thou canst dimly perceive its outline through
the thick mist that hangs ever
ever over this accursed
spot.
N reaching the black rock, run round
it seven times, and then strike it with
the willow wand, crying out-

"Spirit of Evil,
Lord of the Black Rock,
Lord of all Curses,
Awake thee, arise!'
"Do not delay an instant after pronouncing the spell,
but leap straight into the fairy castle which stands upon the
rock. Thou wilt be invisible to the fairies, thanks to the
cloak over thy shoulders. Run at thy utmost speed to the
top of the central tower, where thou wilt find the beloved.
of thy heart in her prison of brass. Give her one of the
roses, and wait in the room till the fairy of the castle, the
mother of the goat-headed Prince, comes to visit the

Princess. Take these scissors, and as soon as the fairy enters, cut off her hair, and run from the castle. As soon as you are without the walls, tie one hair to the other into a thread long enough to encircle the whole castle, then run round it, and fasten the ends so that none of the fairies shall be able to escape from the wrath of Guta."
The Prince thanked him gratefully for all the favours

he had shown him, and promised to obey his instructions. exactly. He went up to the willow-tree, cut off a long wand with his good sword, and then began to ascend the mountain. When he reached the black rock, he ran round it seven times, and then struck it with the wand, and pronounced the fateful spell. He did not wait a moment, but went straight up to the magnificent castle which towered above the black rock.
WO huge giants were stationed at the gate, and as he passed swiftly through, he heard one remark to the other: "It seemed to me, Iron-Powder, that something passed me just now."
"No, my comrade, Stone-Grinder," answered the other, " that is quite impossible, for no living man, however small, could possibly pass unseen by our sharp eyes."
"True enough," said the other; "but yet I feel a fore-warning of some awful danger."
The Prince did not wait to hear more, but ran straight forward through the most splendidly decorated rooms and corridors and up wide staircases without looking round. He pushed his way through the dense throngs of attendants and beautiful but wicked fairy ladies, who stared about, vainly seeking to discover what had pushed them aside so roughly. But none of them could see him, for the cloak of the Night Breeze hid him securely from even their sharp eyes.
At length he found his way up to the central tower, and reached the door of the prison of brass. He heard the Princess inside weeping bitterly, lamenting her sad fate, and calling loudly on his name, imploring him to come to

deliver her from her prison, and to release her from the power of the goat-headed Prince.
Then the Prince tapped gently on the brazen door; and the Princess cried out :
"Who is there?"
"It is I, my love," answered the Prince. "At last I have found thee, after long and weary wanderings, and I

have come to rescue thee from this accursed place. But tell me first, my dearest, how I may enter the prison of brass, for I see neither handle nor keyhole on the door."
When the Princess heard that her beloved Prince had come to her rescue, and that she would soon be free, and reunited to him and to her dear father and mother, she nearly fainted with joy. But she soon recovered her self-control, and told the Prince that the door had no key, but that when the hateful mother of the ugly goat-headed Prince wished to enter, she used to strike the door three times with her magic wand.
HE Prince considered for a while how he might get possession of the talisman, when he suddenly remembered the willow wand which he held in his hand, and at once resolved to try its efficacy. He then struck the door three times, when it immediately burst

open with a noise like thunder.
The Prince sprang into the room, took off his mantle, and embraced his beautiful bride, who was weeping with joy.
"We have no time to lose," cried the Prince; "take this magic rose, which will protect thee from all evil."
Scarcely had the Princess grasped the rose, when the goat-headed Prince, his mother, and some of his most

devoted giants rushed into the room, and attacked the Prince, intending to tear him to pieces.
The fairy mother was the first to reach him, and lifted her magic wand to strike him down, but as soon as it touched his shoulder, it shivered into a thousand pieces, leaving him unhurt and smiling; and the attendants stood aghast at this unexpected prodigy.
"Who art thou, presumptuous man?" cried the fairy in terror.
"Thou shalt soon see who I am," replied the Prince, and as he spoke he seized her by her long shaggy hair, and severed it from her head with one cut of the magic scissors. Next instant he cast the mantle over his shoulders again, sprang to the Princess, wrapped her also in its ample folds, and darted through the open door, invisible to the enraged fairies.
All the fairies and evil spirits of the castle were roused to fury, and rushed madly hither and thither in search of the audacious intruder, and to avenge the shocking outrage which he had inflicted on their Queen. But by

this time the Prince and Princess had safely escaped from the castle, and were busily engaged tying one long hair to the other. They soon accomplished the task which the Lord of the Winds had enjoined upon the Prince, when they quickly encircled the castle with the thread of hair, and securely fastened the ends.

They then went lower down and seated themselves on the soft grass, overarched by gorgeous and many-coloured flowers, and waited to see what would happen next.

They had scarcely sat down when the mountain suddenly began to quake to its foundations, and the black rock upon which the castle stood burst asunder with a noise like thunder, and from the chasm a fierce blue flame rose up amid clouds of thick green smoke. And in the midst of the raging fire they beheld the terrible Guta himself, seated on his green charger.

HE horse emerged slowly from the black rock, and Guta sat in his saddle, rubbing the sleep from his eyes and crying out in a voice like the roaring of a storm: "Who has roused me? Who has dared to awake me?"

Suddenly he perceived the castle on the black rock, when he rode up to it, and stopped before the door, looking fiercely at the terrified giants.

"Call your master," he commanded.

The giants left their posts and soon returned with the goat-headed Prince, his mother, and all their followers. As soon as they beheld Guta, they attempted to fly, but they could not pass the thread of hair which surrounded the castle.

"How have you dared to erect this absurd castle on my sacred rock?" thundered Guta.

Guta sat in his saddle rubbing his eyes.

"We build our castles wherever it pleases us," answered the goat-headed monster insolently. "I would advise thee to return to thy cave to sleep, thou old bear, or I will send my giants to destroy thee and thy miserable skeleton of a horse."

Guta's face grew black with rage when he heard these words. He drew his sword, pointed towards the castle, and cried out in his voice of thunder-

F
LAME, Flame,
Fierce blue Flame,

Most fervent
Strong servant,
Show forth thy power
Against this tower,
Destroy this base
And wicked race,
Burn not in vain,
Till naught remain,
Not e'en a bone
Or carven stone
Fairy, nor mouse,
Above my house."

After thus speaking, Guta sat motionless in his saddle, with his sword still pointing towards the castle. The blue flames rose up from the rock higher and higher, till they reached the castle and slowly enveloped it in their fiery embrace.

At first the fairies resorted to all kinds of magic arts to subdue the flames and to destroy Guta. A huge cataract appeared above the castle, and it seemed that an ocean of mountainous waves was rolling down on the devouring blue flames; directed against them by flying and running sea-

monsters of every description. Then appeared a seven-headed dragon on the roof of the castle, with gigantic wings, scattering the clouds in the sky, and from each of his seven mouths spouted a torrent of water. Then vast clouds gathered over the castle, discharging torrents of water on the flames as they rose higher and higher. But, in spite of all the efforts of the fairies, the flames seemed to grow ever fiercer and fiercer.

When the fairies found that all their magic was of no avail, they began to shoot enchanted arrows at Guta, but all the arrows dropped powerless when they reached the encircling hair of the fairy.

Na short time the castle disappeared behind the screen of the ever-spread-ing flames, and when the fire at last began to sink, the Prince and Princess could see no more of the once mag-nificent castle than a few blackened

walls.

When the flames had completed their work of destruction they sank again into the chasm of the black rock from which they had emerged, while Guta looked round with satisfaction on the scene of devastation, and retired to his cave to sleep for another ten thousand years.

When all was quiet once more, the Prince led the Princess back to her parents, and the King and Queen welcomed their long-lost daughter with inexpressible joy. Once more they sent forth heralds, but this time to

proclaim the joyful news of the rescue of the Princess to the people, and to invite all their subjects to be present at the marriage festivities of the Princess and the gallant Prince who had restored her to the arms of her parents.

It was a holiday festival throughout all the country. Bonfires were lighted on the summits of the mountains, and the people of Erdély feasted in such joy and merriment as had never been witnessed in the country before. Of course the royal palace was the centre of all the festivity, and here thousands of guests prolonged the feasts and entertainments for seven weeks and seven days.

•TheTale of the Balaton.

W
HEN children play on the shores of the Lake of Balaton, they often find fragments among the flintstones, which look like pieces of a goat's hoof. They are washed up from the bottom of the lake, where they are heaped together in thousands. According to traditions which have been handed down among the people of the neighbourhood for centuries, these stones were once real goat-hoofs, and have become petrified by the action of the water.
The following story is related of their origin.
Once upon a time, the spot now occupied by the lake was a beautiful and fertile valley, and its emerald green slopes and rich pastures formed part of the estate of a haughty

young Queen, who was very proud of her own beauty. She was also famous for her skill in sorcery, but the one possession which she valued above all others was a flock of beautiful silver-haired goats. Her castle stood on a lofty peak, which still goes by the name of Tihany; and it was built entirely of alabaster, and with crystals which radiated light in all directions, and it was ornamented with designs. in pure gold. From the summit rose a thousand small turrets, from above which fluttered a thousand flags, and within the turrets were silver bells chiming and playing beautiful melodies without intermission.
The paths leading up to the castle from the valley passed through bowers of pink, yellow, and deep crimson roses, which exhaled a delicious perfume, and in various places beautiful fountains were playing. As the waters fell

from a height, they shone with all the colours of the rainbow, and then changed into the semblance of a million pearls, as the beautiful pillars of coloured light broke and fell into the crystal basin splashing and foaming, only to be thrown up into the air again in fresh columns of beauty.

VERYTHING around was bright and beautiful, save only in the dark and guileful heart of the Queen. All her subjects regarded her with terror, and when she was in an ill-humour they did not dare to approach her, or even to look towards her, on account of the terrible look in her evil eyes. Thus, none of her subjects loved her, and she herself never gave them a thought. All her attention was given to her goats and her mirror. When she was not wandering about her lands with the goats, she spent her time in adorning herself, and

wondering where she could meet with a brave young King who would fall in love with her beauty and eventually make her his Queen.

Many Kings and Princes were attracted by the beauty of the proud young Queen, but as soon as they discovered her real character, they hastily took their departure, for none of them wished to take a scolding, selfish woman as a wife. This happened time after time, and whenever a suitor left her, the Queen would go mad with rage, and wreak her fury on her poor unoffending subjects. She was such a cruel sorceress that she caused many terrible calamities to fall upon her long-suffering people, and nothing but their pitiful cries and lamentations could appease her terrible passion. How often did she cause the cows to yield blood instead of milk, and how often she brought flood upon the land, or else parched up the fields with drought; or else the "Red Cock" of fire would flit from house to house at night, burning down the villages in the valley; or the people would be stricken with plague; and there seemed to be no end to the cruelties of the

Queen. The only creatures she loved were her silver-haired goats, which she always led herself to graze on the rich pastures of the valley.

One day it came to pass that a gallant young King, who was seeking a consort who should be a fitting mate for him, arrived at the magnificent castle of the wicked Queen. He was very rich and powerful, handsome and clever, and in all respects far superior to the Queen's previous suitors; and

as he came riding through the air on his winged horse Táltos (the Magician), he made such an impression on the Queen that she fell in love with him at first sight, and, strange to say, this real passion for her royal guest enhanced her beauty so much, and made her seem so bewitchingly lovely, that the young King could not help admiring her too.

F
OR a time all went well, and they were very happy in each other's society, until there came a day when the King saw something which opened his eyes to the true nature of the Queen, and he became aware of her merciless cruelty. From that time his manner towards her became colder and colder, and yet, whenever she roamed about the fields with her silver-haired goats, she looked so gentle and beautiful that it seemed to him at such times that he could not help loving her.

One day they went down one of the beautiful rose-flowered paths, walking side by side, and followed by their attendants, to the valley below. When they reached the end of the path they stopped short in sudden surprise, for a sight met their eyes that they had never seen before. They stood as if spellbound, hardly venturing to breathe, and

gazed in astonishment at the marvellous scene before them.

Amidst a flock of golden-haired goats stood a beautiful shepherdess, who was playing an enchanting melody on her flute, while the flock danced round her in a circle, following with agile feet the strains of the lively music.

The young King was so fascinated at the sight that he forgot the Queen and all his surroundings, and instantly resolved to make the beautiful shepherdess his consort.

Meanwhile,
only increasing
perceived
that
the Queen felt
anger, for she
theshepherdess
beautiful than

was much more
herself, and she
was also jealous
because the danc-

ing goats were
clothed with silk-
en golden hair,
while her favour-
ite goats had only
silver coats.
But she was most
angry with the mysterious
girl on account of the im-
pression she had made on the young
King, and she had already re-
solved to cast an evil spell
on the shepherdess, and to

destroy her and her whole flock, when her chief counsellor came forward, and whispered in her ear: "My Queen and liege lady, it is not becoming that thou shouldst take thy vengeance in the presence of all this assembly. It would be better to hide thy just anger, and to simulate friendliness towards this impudent young wench till night-time, for if thou shouldst show thy jealousy in the presence of the King, he would surely cease to love thee."
The Queen nodded in assent, and hid her fury in her evil heart; but still she thought of nothing but the best means of ridding herself of the intruder and her flock of golden-haired goats.
HE whole party then advanced towards
the shepherdess and her goats, and the
King stepped forward and addressed
her thus: "Who art thou, O charm-
ing maiden, and from whence hast
thou come?
"My name is Balaton," replied she,
"and I am the daughter of a fairy. I was born to give the people of the earth freedom and happiness, I was born to love and to be a joy to all."
The King moved nearer to the fair speaker, when the Queen lost all control over herself, and shrieked out: "Sire, hast thou forgotten our engagement?"
The King turned, and was horrified at the evil look which he beheld in the eyes of the Queen, so he merely whispered to the shepherdess: "I will come by night to carry thee to my home and make thee my Queen."
"I will wait for thee," whispered the girl in reply, "for I love thee, O noble King, even as thou lovest me.'
After this, they all returned to the castle, but everyone seemed gloomy and depressed, for there was a strange

feeling in the air which made them shiver. They dreaded

they knew not what, but they all felt that something terrible was about to happen.
The King spent the rest of the day on a balcony overlooking the valley, so that he could still see the fair shepherdess and the golden-haired goats. But at length it began to grow dark, and he watched the goats lie down to sleep; and presently the dusky curtain of night slowly descended, and hid the peaceful scene below, and he could no longer watch the beautiful girl and her flock of goats.

N
OW the stars began to peep forth from the sky, and presently the moon arose, casting her silvery light over all the country. "Now it is time," thought the King, and he went down to the stables to his winged horse Táltos, which was neighing in a strange fashion, and seemed to be very uneasy. He mounted, and as he passed through the courtyard he saw a slender, graceful figure, clad in red flowing garments, which seemed to fly up to the summit of a high peak, where it began to chant forth an unearthly discordant song of incoherent words out into the silence of the night.
The King would not wait to look into these strange proceedings, and rising high into the air, flew away to seek his beloved shepherdess.
Suddenly he found himself in the midst of a terrific hurricane, and the night closed around, as dark as the heart of the wicked Queen. This was broken by intermittent flashes of lightning, and loud peals of thunder, and there was a terrific roar, as of a thousand malignant voices. Rain fell in torrents, mingled with hail-stones, which grew larger

She began to chant forth unearthly words.

and larger, till they were the size of walnuts, and clattered on the ground as they fell, and a strange noise resounded from below, as if the waters under the earth had broken loose. Water rushed from above and below, and from all sides, and amid this tumult the young King ordered the horse to descend to the spot where the beautiful shepherdess awaited him. In a moment he was by her side, but at the same instant a flash of lightning lit up the whole valley, and they beheld mountains of water rushing towards them from all sides, sweeping everything before them, women and children, sheep and goats, horses and cattle of every description struggling and drowning in the overwhelming

floods.
HE King looked backwards and forwards in wild despair, and he suddenly beheld the form of the wicked Queen on a peak just above him. She was still chanting her magic song of destruction to Nature in incoherent words. But Nature was stronger than she; and the wicked Queen continued her song too long, for even as the King struggled with the waters that were rushing in upon him from every side, he saw the walls of the castle begin to crack, and the whole hillside shaking as if by an earthquake. First fell the wicked Queen, slain by her own song, and then the castle battlements toppled down. There was a terrible crash, and then silence and devastation.
Next day, when the sun began to rise, he wondered to see his reflection in a crystal mirror that he had never seen before. As he rose higher and higher, he saw people flocking from the surrounding mountains to see the new lake that had been born into the world during the night. The pure sparkling water reminded them in some strange

manner of the beauty of Balaton, the good fairy's daughter, and they called it the Lake of Balaton.
It still bears her name; and even now, when the children play near the lake, and find the strangely-shaped stones on the shore, they remember the story, and believe that the stones are parts of the hooves of the silver-haired goats, petrified by lying under the water for thousands of years. When the nights are stormy, and the crash of thunder and the roar of angry waters echoes among the surrounding hills, the fishermen still fancy they see in the flashes of lightning the furious Queen making deep furrows in the foaming waves with a glowing plough drawn by silver-haired goats.
L

The Lake of St.Anna.

On the summit of a wild mountain in Erdély lies the Lake of St. Anna, which was once upon a time the realm of the King of the Green Water Fairies, who lived there with his daughters.
On fine summer afternoons, the King used to go about in a boat of pearl, and his daughters would often play on the soft green lawn with the Wills-o'-the-Wisp and the little water-fairies. The little creatures hid themselves in the depths of the flower-bells, from whence they

peeped out. They drank honey-dew from the cups of the
may-flowers, and fought heroically against the locusts and
other fierce-looking monsters. They saddled the large

peacock-butterflies, and persecuted the ugly spiders, spoiling
their webs and weaving from them long silk veils for them-
selves, which they found very suitable and becoming.
While the fairies were thus amusing themselves, the old
Water King used to retire into a hollow tree, where he
would rest during the whole afternoon. The mould covered
his long green beard, his hair was like moss, his face was
covered with a thousand wrinkles, and his hands looked
like rotten wood.
But the fairies, his daughters, were different indeed.
The snow was not so white as their beautiful bodies, the
sky was not so blue as their eyes, and their long hair
resembled threads of gold.
HEY combed their golden tresses with
combs of shell, and adorned their heads
with wreaths of forget-me-nots and
lilies, and when they sang their magic
songs, all the birds of the forest
ceased their singing, and listened to
the song of the fairies, and sought

to learn to imitate it.
It happened one day that some men passed near the lake,
and were so charmed with the calm and beautiful scenery of
the neighbourhood that they resolved to build a chapel in
honour of St. Anna, consecrating it with great festivities.
Since this time the Székely people have made pilgrimage
to St. Anna's lake year after year.
The old guardian of the chapel used to ring the little
bell three times a day, which caused the Green Water King
and his people great fear and annoyance, for fairies cannot
endure the sound of a bell. So they flew away and hid
themselves whenever they heard it. They hid themselves
in the palace of the Water King, deep down in the water,

where the sound of
reach them. The little
the bell could not
Wills-o'-the-Wisp
and
screen over the water,
water - plants
wove this web till it grew
moss and grass covered it,
a beautiful green meadow.
o'-the-Wisp made large

began to weave a
composed of roots of
trailing plants. They
wider and thicker, and
till it looked exactly like
The industrious Wills-
windows in this wonder-
sunshine through to the
their pleasant afternoon
to sit and comb their hair in
standing the screen, the sound
the palace of the Water King.
beard in impotent rage, and
so piteously that the shepherds
cattle near, being alarmed by
tation.
It happened once that a
bourhood engaged a
man, and warned him
to the reedy borders
wilful lad neglected
and lit a fire near the
lay down beside it.
All at once, a
peared from he knew
a long mouldy beard,
a grand crown of gold
like hair.
The
herdsman
the fairy folk, and asked the
what he had brought him.
ful structure to let the
fairies below, who missed
excursions, when they used
the sun. But, notwith-
of the bell penetrated to
The old King tore his
the poor little fairies wept
dared not pasture their
the sad sounds of lamen-

farmer in the neigh-
Roumanian herds-
not to drive the cattle
of the lake, but the
his master's warning,
lake at nightfall, and
strange little man ap-
not where. He wore
a green velvet tunic, and
covered his strange moss-
knew how to deal with
queer-looking Green King

(l af
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before
him
"A sack of gold and a sack of silver," said the Water King, wringing the water from his beard.
"What shall I give thee in return?" said the lad.
"Bring me the bell from St. Anna's chapel," said the King, "and throw it into the lake-window where the red pine stands. There hang leathern sacks of gold and silver, but no one can touch them, except those whom I lead thither."
The lad was glad, and promised to fulfil the King's wishes. So at midnight, when all was still, and the old guardian of the chapel was asleep, the herdsman stole the bell.
The Water King was waiting for him, and as soon as he received the bell, he tore out the tongue immediately, and carried it like a big sceptre.
The lad followed him across the woven screen, and when they reached the lake-window at the red pine-tree, he cast the bell into the water, and as he did so, the King handed him the two valuable sacks. They were so heavy that he bent nearly double beneath their weight, but he carefully

retraced his way, and jumped safely to land, but as he jumped, he felt himself bending lower and lower till he was on all-fours, and instantly found himself changed into a bull.
EXT morning the farmer was surprised to find that his herd had been increased by a large black bull, but he was still more surprised to find two sacks, one of gold and the other of silver, hanging on each side of the animal's neck, while the bull wept and groaned like a human being.
When it was discovered that the bell of St. Anna's chapel had been stolen, the pious farmer immediately bought another with the money which he had found in the sacks. As soon as it was hung and consecrated, the old watchman tried to ring it, but in vain, for it gave no sound, and the whole bell seemed to be made of leather.
In the middle of the night the Wills-o'-the-Wisp came

to the chapel, and joining hands, began dancing round, mocking the good old watchman, and singing in voices modulated in imitation of a bell-

"Watchman,
Cook's porridge
Has no salt;
Go and borrow.
If they give none,
Give a kick.
Watchman,
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling."

One night the watchman dreamed that St. Anna, the glorious Patroness of the chapel, took him down to the

palace of the Green Water King, and showed him the hidden bell.

He related his dream to the villagers, and some bold lads undertook to dive to the bottom of the lake and bring up the bell, but none of them ever returned, for the malicious fairies sucked out their souls and hid their bodies among the weeds and pebbles.

Many a poor mother bewailed the loss of her son, and many parents begged the others not to go near the lake, but all in vain. The magic songs of the fairies attracted them to the lake on calm nights, and they could not refrain from watching the fairy girls bathing in the silvery glittering water, and they also plunged in, and were seen no more.

The farmer who owned the black bull had three sons, and the herd was watched in turns day by day by one or the three.

ONE night, when it was the turn of the eldest brother, he walked straight to the lake, tied the enchanted bull to a tree, and walked on. The bull roared pitifully after him, but he took no notice, and presently sat down at the water's edge.

Presently the moon rose, and the eldest of the King's daughters appeared on the surface of the water.

Her complexion was exquisitely fair, her cheeks were rosy, her lips as red as coral, her beautiful golden hair was wreathed with blue water-lilies, and she wore a gossamer robe of silver.

The youth was enraptured at this fair vision, and stared till his eyes almost started from his head, and the fairy could plainly hear the beating of his heart.

"Herdboy, comely brown youth," cried the Fairy Princess in the sweetest tones. Come to me, come to me, come down with me! My home is a palace of crystal adorned with rubies and emeralds. It is full of glittering shells, and the flowers of my garden are as lustrous as jewels. Come to me, and marry me, and taste sweet happiness from my lips."

HE lad replied: "How can I go to you, sweet fairy girl, for I cannot live in the water. Will you not rather come with me? I also have a house and garden on a sunny hillside, and when the sun rises in the morning, it is more beautiful than all the rubies and emeralds in the world. Come to me, and I will wed thee."

The fairy listened to his call, and swam to the lake-side and gave him her hand. He intended to raise her out and take her home, but as fairies are much stronger than human beings, she instantly dragged him into the water, and with one cry the poor lad disappeared.

On the following night the second brother was enticed away in a similar manner by the second Water Princess. On the third night it fell to the turn of the third brother, and his mother begged and implored him not to go to the lake, but in vain.

"Never fear, mother," said he, kissing her brown cheek. "I shall surely return, safe and sound."

He sat down under a maple-tree, took out his flute, and began to play beautiful music, which sounded far and wide over the water, and presently the King's youngest daughter appeared.

She was the most beautiful of the fairy sisters, and on

her head she wore a garland of forget-me-nots, and her eyes were like two blue forget-me-nots. Her smiling lips were like tiny rosebuds, and she wore a glittering rainbow mantle as clear as glass.

When the youth beheld her, he ceased his playing, and cried out: "Water maiden, beautiful fairy girl, come to me, I love thee, and I fain would marry thee."

The gentle fairy girl pitied the weak youth, and answered him: "Go thy way, fair earthly boy. We cannot join our lot, and it is not good for thee to gaze upon me."

"I will not go save with thee," cried the boy.

"What dost thou desire so much from me?" asked the fairy. "Is it the pearls from my neck? my neck? I will give them to thee. Wouldst thou desire my golden girdle? Take it; it is thine," and she cast the pearls

and girdle at his feet.

BUT the boy cried firmly: "I will not take either thy pearls or thy golden girdle. I long only for thee-for thy rosy lips and thy lustrous blue eyes I'll take thee home to my mother, and will cherish thee as a bird from Heaven."

The fairy swam to the boy and stretched out her hand. He collected all his strength to lift her from the water, and the next moment she found herself in his arms.

When the old Water King and the other fairies saw the boy pulling the Princess out of the lake, they seized her feet and her long robe to draw her back. But it was useless, for she had fallen in love with the herdboy, and it is said that when fairies feel earthly love they lose their power.

When the fairy folk and the water-monsters saw that

He collected all his strength to lift her from the water.

they were vanquished, they fled back into the lake, sending forth mighty billows which swept the trees from the shore, and the water raged and roared all night, as if cast forth from a volcano.

The youth carried home the stolen Fairy Princess and his parents were delighted with such a beautiful daughter-in-law. They clothed her in a woollen gown, and no one guessed that she was a fairy, though she was greatly admired for her wonderful beauty. She and her husband lived as happily as two turtle-doves, and the farmer's son was the most envied man for miles around.

The fairy did not seem to be different from other people, but her mother-in-law was a very sharp old woman, and noticed that whenever she touched anything, it left a wet spot, and on hot summer days the flowers in the garden raised their heads when she approached, and she dropped dew from her pretty white fingers into their petals, and revived them.

AFTER a year, a son was born to the fairy. She put the new-born baby into a tub of water, and he immediately began to swim about like a fish, but nobody saw this, for the fairy mother only let her son swim in the water when they were quite alone.

When the boy grew up, everyone admired him for his courage. He swam across the Lake of St. Anna, and if anything was dropped into the water, he would dive down and bring it up in an instant.
Time passed on, and the young couple grew old. The grandparents died, and the child grew to be a man, but his fairy mother was unchanged, and seemed no older than her grown-up son.

One year there was a great drought throughout the whole of Erdély. All the fields and orchards were parched up, and all the wells were dry, but only the Lake of St. Anna grew larger and larger, and threatened to overflow the whole country.
When the danger became very great, the fairy mother and her son walked to the lake, and there she told him the secrets of the water.
EEP down beneath the lake lives my

and my
D
father, the Green Water King, in a palace of crystal. My sisters and I are the daughters of different mothers. The mother of my eldest sister is the Cloud, the mother of my second sister is the Water-source, mother is the Dew in the sky.
"My father is very cruel, and when he is angry with the earth, he imprisons our mothers in the lake. This is the reason that the earth has grown so large, and it is also the reason of the terrible drought. Go now, my son, cut a staff from that quince-tree, and dive down to my father's kingdom. Strike with the staff every monster which opposes thy path, and they will flee from thee in terror. Thou wilt find my father's palace beyond these yellow water-lilies; the walls are transparent, and thou canst see through the thousands and thousands of rooms. The rooms are adorned with large diamonds and emeralds, and the pillars are ornamented with rubies. Each door is guarded by a pair of winged water-dragons. Fear them not; only strike them with the staff of quince, and they will turn to stone. Go straight on through the thousand rooms till
you reach an emerald door, which opens into the King's bedchamber. The floor in this room is formed of shells, and the ceiling of pearls. There you will see vases of

strange coral-like flowers, and golden and diamond fruits.

The walls are hung with silken spiders' webs, dropping from large water-plants, on which leap little rose-coloured frogs, singing like nightingales, and playing with sky-blue lizards.
"There thou wilt see the Water King, with a long green beard, clothed in a green velvet tunic, with a silver snake wound round his waist instead of a girdle, and thou wilt also see my two sisters, one on each side of him, fanning him with the fins of large fishes. Fear him not, but he will be terrified to behold thee, for no being has ever set foot in this place.
"My father and sisters will flatter thee, and lead thee to the treasure-house, offering thee treasures of gold, silver and diamonds. Do not accept anything of this, but demand the bottles which stand in a glass case. These bottles contain the souls of the lads who were lured down to their death. Afterwards demand the rusty bell which is
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hidden in a corner.

F they should refuse to give thee the bell, threaten to strike it with thy staff, and then they will give it thee. Then return with the bell, but take care that it shall not sound before thou hast left the palace. When thou art a short distance from it, then strike the bell three times with all thy might, and then thy mission is accomplished."
The youth obeyed his mother's directions, cut a staff from the quince-tree, and dived into the lake. He immediately found himself surrounded by innumerable. water-monsters, some with three heads and fiery eyes, some with flat heads, and some with ugly round heads, giant
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lizards with human faces, water-demons with horses' heads, snakes, and many little creatures, which bite and sting and suck the blood, and animal-like plants, which grasp living plants in a deadly embrace and devour them.
But the fairy's son was not frightened by these terrible monsters of the depths, but struck at them with his staff, and they fled in terror.
HE fairies awoke when they heard the step of the young diver in the corridor, and the Water King cried out: "Who dares to set foot in my kingdom?" and struck at the lad with his golden sceptre, but he was too quick for him, and the

youth struck it with his staff.

The King dropped it in haste, and the fairies knelt down before the youth, and the monsters crept towards him, exclaiming: "Mighty stranger, do not harm us, and we will give thee gold and treasure. Here are gold and diamonds, emeralds, rubies, pearls and corals. Take all thou wilt for thyself, only have pity on us, and go thy way, and leave us in peace.'

"I have not come here in search of treasure," he replied. "I desire only the twelve bottles which are in that stand within the glass case."

Then he took the bottles containing the imprisoned souls and opened them.

From each bottle arose a white form, crying with joy; for they were human beings.

The fairies embraced the youth, and invited him to eat and drink with them, but he replied: "I will take nothing from you but the bell, which was stolen from St. Anna's chapel, which is hidden in this palace."

The fairy folk shrieked and cried, and the beard of the Water King grew twice as long with terror. Yet they were forced to yield it to him, and the youth cleaned off the dirt, and rushed away from the palace. When he had gone a short distance, and was still under water, he struck the bell three times.

At the first sound of the bell the palace crashed down without a sound, and the shiny pillars, the golden walls, and the pearly ceilings sank into a heap of sand and pebbles.

At the second sound of the bell all the monsters of the lake shrunk up and vanished to the bottom as if they had never existed.

At the third sound two slender silvery fish swam round the ruins of the palace, and a large bat perched on the top of a chimney. These were the transformed Water King and his fairy daughters.

HEN the boy came forth from the lake, and walked homewards, he saw a very old, old herdsman, on whose neck hung the rope which used to be round the neck of the enchanted bull, but the bull was nowhere to be found. The old man was the Roumanian herdsman who had thrown the bell of St. Anna's chapel into the lake. He knelt down before the youth and thanked him, with tears in his eyes, for releasing him from the spell of evil magic.

When he entered his house, an old woman embraced and kissed him, and told him that she was his mother.

"Yes, she is indeed," said his father to the astonished boy. "While thou wast absent, she began to overtake

her years, and before my eyes she grew as old as I am. Now we can live and die together. At the first sound of the bell she lost her fairy nature, and is now a human being."
Since that time, many centuries have passed, and no one would now imagine that the lake of Szent Anna had once been a fairy kingdom.

The Golden Thread.

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UMAN suffering has frequently resulted in amazing and admirable results. Thus it happened in the case of a courageous girl, named Ilona, and her lover Opor. They had long and hard trials to endure, were preserved in a wonderful manner Providence of God.
The
events which I am about to relate took place at the time of the Tartar invasion of Hungary. There was furious fighting and terrible misery throughout the country, and it must be admitted that the rulers of Hungary were greatly to blame, for they had neglected the duties of government to abandon themselves to indolence and luxury. As might be expected under such conditions, the Hungarians were quite unable to drive out the Tartars. The country was soon overrun by the merciless Tartar hordes, who robbed and murdered wherever they went. Most of the Hungarian nobility excused them-
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selves from taking part in the war by saying: "There are plenty of nobles and soldiers without me, and one soldier more or less cannot make much difference in any case.' The consequence was that there were very few soldiers trying to stem the tide of invasion. But there were true patriots and heroes.

few volunteers.
UT at length the state of affairs became so terrible that the nobles were compelled to rouse themselves, for when

their own castles and estates were
threatened with destruction, they per-
ceived that they could no longer leave
the whole fighting in the hands of a
The Tartars carried on the war in the most ruthless fashion, and spared neither age nor sex, torturing men and women in the most horrible manner, and not even sparing little children. Owing to the vast numbers of the Tartars, the few brave men who dared to go forth to battle in defence of their country, rapidly became fewer and fewer. Many were slain in battle (among whom were several brave women) and others were tortured to death. Those who were taken alive were sometimes spared to become slaves to the Tartars, and many of the terrified people escaped to foreign countries. The whole land resembled a flower-bed overrun and trampled down by wild cattle.

Very few places escaped destruction, and one was the Castle of Kölcs, which overlooked the beautiful valley of Hatszeg. This castle belonged to a nobleman named Kendeffy, who lived there with his three stalwart sons and his beautiful daughter Ilona. A young man, named Opor, the secretary to the lord of the castle, lived there also. Ilona and Opor loved each other very much. They

were both of a very dreamy and poetic temperament, and were very fond of the country, with its green woods and fields, and their thoughts were so much in sympathy that they could divine each other's thoughts without speaking, and could communicate with each other even if they were separated by a distance of many miles.

They were happy in the thought that they were soon to be married, and, like all lovers, they made numerous plans for a very happy future. But their plans were doomed to disappointment, at least for a time. The terrible state of the country compelled Ilona's father to go to the war. Like many other noblemen, he had left the fighting to others till the ravages of the Tartars compelled him to take up arms for his country. And now he was forced to leave his castle, and march to the battlefield, at the head of his retainers, among whom was Opor, the beloved of his daughter Ilona.

LONA was obliged to
castle with her maids.
remain in the
It was suffici-
ently painful to her to part with her father and brothers, but when Opor kissed her, and whispered that it might be for the last time, she wept bitterly.

Long and weary were the days that she passed in fear

and loneliness. She slept little, or, if she fell asleep, she soon awoke in terror from some awful dream. Sometimes she would sit at one of the lower windows for three days and nights together, without eating or sleeping, looking for the return of her lover, father and brothers. When the night darkened, she could see fire and smoke in the distance, the visible signs of misery and death.

At length she began to fear that her loved ones would

never return. She had already waited a long time for news, but no messages and no word had reached her since the departure of the troop.

At length one day, as Ilona was sitting at the window, she saw a warrior approaching. Her heart gave a great bound; could it be Opor? No, but it was a worn soldier bringing news from the field of battle. He was covered with dust, and his clothes were torn and tattered.

What news did he bring, wondered Ilona. But her joy turned to fear when she saw the downcast expression of his

face.

AIR lady," began the soldier, "I bring thee news of thy father, thy brothers, and thy betrothed."

"What news?" cried Ilona, seizing the man by the shoulders; "tell me, tell me quickly."

"Thou must be prepared for evil tidings, fair lady," said the messenger. "Thy father and thy brothers have been slain by the cruel Tartars."

Ilona's face grew white, but she controlled herself by a great effort and forbore to weep. "And what of Opor?" asked she.

"Opor," said the soldier, "has been taken prisoner by the Tartars, and I know not whether he is alive or dead."

Ilona sank on the floor. The soldier would have helped her to rise, but she said: "I thank thee, brave soldier, for bringing me news from the battlefield, but now leave me quite alone."

The soldier bowed and departed.

Ilona wept bitterly for many hours, moaning between

"Opor,"cried she,
"where art thou?"
her sobs," My father,-dead! My brothers,-dead!

Opor-my beloved-a prisoner-perhaps living-perhaps
dead! O God, have pity on me, and show me how to
act!"
At last she fell asleep, worn out by fatigue and
grief, and as she slept, she dreamed. Far away she heard
the clanking of chains, which grew louder and louder, and
then a voice--"Ilona!"
It was the voice of Opor!
"Opor," cried she, "where art thou?"
"I cannot tell thee."
"O Opor, come to me! I am in the tower."
"I cannot come to thee, my beloved, for I am in
chains."
"Tell me then, my Opor, what can I do to rescue
thee?"
"It is not possible for thee to rescue me."
Suddenly Ilona heard a rushing in the sky, and when
she raised her eyes she beheld a beautiful angel, who spoke
to her in the sweetest of tones-

"It is not impossible for thee to rescue him."
"O fair angel, thou hast come in answer to my prayer,
tell me what I must do."
"Ilona," said the angel, "if thou canst spin a thread
of gold long enough to reach from the tower of the castle
to the place where he is imprisoned, he will return to
thee."
"But, fair angel," answered Ilona, "I have not gold
enough to spin so long a thread."
"Take thy spinning-wheel, dear child, and thou wilt
have gold sufficient, if thou hast but faith."
"I will have faith," said Ilona, "I will spin, fair angel."
Then the sound of rushing wind was heard again, and
the angel disappeared. A clanking of chains was heard, and
Opor too was gone.
LONA started up, saying: "Oh, it
was but a dream, only a dream!
Then she rebuked herself for her
want of faith. Had she not prayed
to God, and had He not sent an
angel in answer to her prayer? Then
she ordered her spinning-wheel to be
the tower, and she span and span and
rewarded by seeing a beautiful golden
thread passing through the air in the direction from
whence she had heard the voice of Opor.

brought up to
span, and was
She span for many, many hours, and although she was
very weary, she was happy, for she knew that Opor would
soon return to her.

Suddenly she heard a voice behind her "Ilona, my beloved!"
She cried out, "Opor!" and fainted with joy at his feet. But she soon recovered consciousness, when she saw

the face of Opor, and felt his strong arms about her, and they embraced each other tenderly.
Then they knelt down together, and prayed to God for the souls of Ilona's father and brothers, and rendered Him heartfelt thanks for the rescue of Opor from the clutches of the cruel Tartars.
Soon afterwards Opor and Ilona were married, and no living couple was ever happier. And this happiness was the outcome of their terrible trials and sufferings.

The Milky Way.
The news of civil war among the Huns spread through the world with lightning speed, and hostile tribes from distant regions poured into the country, lured by the hope of plundering the vast treasures that Attila and his predecessors had accumulated, and bent upon exterminating the whole nation of the Huns.
The splendid palaces were soon plundered, and the beautiful cities and villages, which were mostly built of wood, were set on fire, and even the women and children were cruelly murdered by the marauders, and very few of the Huns escaped the massacre in places of concealment.
The war between the brothers, the sons of Attila, came

to an end, but not until the armies had almost destroyed each other in this internecine war. At length Prince Csaba, the youngest son of Attila, raised his fallen followers to life again by his miraculous power, and resolved to lead them back to the country of their ancestors, in the far east of Asia. With these and the survivors of his army he tried to gather together the scattered fugitives of the nation, and after a time he rescued six thousand women and children.
Even then, the survivors of the great nation of the Huns barely amounted to ten thousand in all.
SABA ordered all those who were weak or infirm to establish themselves in the mountains in the neighbourhood of the tomb of his mother Reku, and promised them that all the land which

could be seen from the highest moun-

tain summit should remain in their possession for ever. "I will accompany you, my dear people," said he, "with my army of corpses, but when you are settled, we, and all those who desire to accompany us, will return to the land of our fathers, that we may bury each other there in holy ground."

The whole cavalcade then marched towards the East, the living weeping bitterly, the dead silent and solemn, but surrounding the living to guard them from any hostile attack. How strange it seemed! The army of living corpses seemed to be only an illusion, and even when quite near, they seemed to be a great way off, and were surrounded by a dim blue mist. Their bodies cast no shadows, their march was as silent as that of the drifting clouds, their steps left no traces, and their voices were unheard by the ears of their marching companions, but sounded in their hearts.

On and on they marched, pursued all the way by numerous armies of their enemies, who were bent on exterminating the last remains of the Huns. But no matter how numerous their enemies, they always vanished incomprehensibly before the army of corpses. The living Huns heard only a noise like the rumbling of a distant storm, and when they reached the spot where their enemies had stood, they found the ground strewn with their slaughtered bodies.

T length they passed the steppes, and began to ascend the mountains, which were clothed with virgin forest, and traversed by rushing rivers. Through this region they marched for three days, till they reached the grave of Reku, on the summit of the mountain which bears her name. Here the whole company-men, women and children, the dead and the living armies-ascended to the topmost peak, from whence they could look round over the whole surrounding country, which was destined to be the home of the people of Attila for ever.

Csaba then addressed the multitude and said: "As long as fire becomes not cold, as long as the water in the rivers shall not be entirely dried up, and as long as the blessed rain shall fall from the sky, reside here, my dear people."

Henceforth the people called themselves the Székely ("the Residents").

At this moment a ragged and wounded soldier of the Huns made his appearance. He went straight up to Csaba, and delivered his news. "Thy brother Aladár was taken prisoner in the great battle, and was sent to the Emperor

of the Greeks, with several wounded Huns, of whom I was
The Emperor ordered thy brother to be beheaded,

one.

and since that time Aladár's head has been exhibited in the Hippodrome; and when the Emperor sits in state on his throne of gold, the head of Aladár is placed under his feet as a footstool, to the delight of the haughty Greek people."
Csaba sighed, and his eyes grew dim with tears, but presently he resolved on immediate action, and taking the last of his three magic arrows, he fitted it on his bowstring and thus he spake a magic spell. "Go forth, O my arrow, my magic arrow, thou seven times charmed one, whither I send thee now. Go forth, and pierce the black heart of the Emperor of the Greeks, who sits on a throne of gold, and rests his feet on my brother's head."
The Greek Emperor was even then sitting in the Hippodrome as the soldier had described. He was seated on his throne with his feet on the head of Csaba's brother Aladár. He was wearing a magnificent crown and a scarlet robe of state, fastened in front with chains of gold and studded with precious gems. Pride, arrogance and self-conceit were conspicuous in his face and bearing, as he
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revelled in the adulation of his subjects.
UDDENLY he stood up and addressed the assembly. "Behold, O people of Greece! This is the head of Aladár, the eldest son of the mighty Attila, that Attila who not very long ago was the lord of all the world. And now I-I myself-stand on the head of Attila's first-born." So saying, he gave it a con-temptuous kick, and sent it rolling along the floor, beyond the ranks of the Life-Guards, as far as the embroidered skirts of the dresses of the ladies behind them. But, at this moment, the whiz of an arrow was heard, and the astonished bystanders saw the Emperor pierced

he Emperor fell
pierced by a silver Arrow
by a silver arrow. He grasped it convulsively, uttering a loud shriek, and then fell forward on his face, his crown rolling after the head of Aladár.
After discharging the arrow, Csaba addressed his army of living corpses, which seemed to become gradually paler and more phantom-like as he spoke.

"Let us now take leave of our beloved relatives,
for we must hasten to take our rest in the land
where still remain some free and independent
Scythians. Sweet will it be, there to sleep by the
side of our forefathers."
The spectral warriors were much cheered and
exhilarated, but the living were sad and troubled
at the thought of losing their chief and the pro-
tection of his strange army. As their enemies
would never rest till they had completely exter-
minated the Huns, and they themselves were so few, they
knew not how they could continue to defend themselves,
if left unaided. But Csaba was not unmindful of their

danger, and he gave them his sword, and instructed them
how to use it in case of need.
"If any great danger should threaten you, point the
sword into the air, and a mighty wind will carry us back to
your assistance; or strike a river with it, and a deluge of
water will stop us, and cause us to return to drive away
your enemies; or, thirdly, if the earth is pierced with it, an
earthquake will rouse us from our graves, for we would
not allow ye to remain in deadly peril."
The dead and living then embraced one another, and
the spectral army started on their homeward journey,
Prince Csaba marching in the centre. They disappeared
from before the eyes of the sorrowing Huns like a cloud
drifting swiftly away.

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OWEVER, they had hardly reached the
frontiers of the nearest nation when
a terrible storm compelled them to
return to the Székely, who
assailed by formidable armies. Then
speeding on the wings of the wind,
the spectral army returned, and slew
their enemies to the last man.
Then they started on their way again, but it was not
long before a deluge showed them that their people were
again in danger; and this time they returned, their banners
emerging from and mingling with the clouds, and their
own forms resembling mists and clouds as they attacked
the enemy.
At length the army of corpses reached the cemetery in
the land of their forefathers where they might take their
long rest. Many, many years they lay in their graves,
till they were suddenly aroused by a great earthquake.
Skeletons were they all, but immediately their spirits

returned from the Heavens, and they rose from their graves to go to the rescue of their persecuted nation. They shook off from them the dust and ashes, they mounted their skeleton horses, and galloped away to slay the new assailants of the Székely, and this accomplished, they returned to their graves once more.

EARS passed away, and the Székely had to fight several great battles from time to time, some of which threatened to entirely destroy the nation, but Csaba did not reappear again, and later generations lost the hope of their dead Prince ever again leading his army

At length, however, some powerful tribes, which could not rest so long as a living Hun remained on earth, formed an alliance, and attacked the small nation on all sides. Their great armies, a hundred times more numerous than that of the Huns, began their work of destruction, and the Huns prepared to pay the penalty for fratricide, and resolved to die as bravely as their ancestors on the field of battle.

to their rescue.

The towns and villages on the borders of their country were already in flames, and a fearful battle was raging, which lasted far into the night, when suddenly a deafening noise came from the moonless sky. Sabres were clashing, spears rattling, horns rang out, and amid all the tumult were heard the thunder of horses' hoofs, as with an awful roar thousands and thousands of glittering warriors, with pale faces and shining weapons, came galloping along among the twinkling stars, and scattering a rain of diamonds through the air, from the feet of their horses. In front of all, rode Prince Csaba, brandishing his seven-pointed battle-axe, while his followers waved weapons of lightning, but

did not descend to the earth. It was quite enough. A terrible panic rose in the ranks of the enemy, and they fled back to their own territories with the utmost speed, for who would dare to contend with the spirits?

The shining army passed entirely across the firmament, and disappeared on the horizon, and as the Székely folk stretched out their hands in gratitude and devotion towards the spirits as they disappeared, they perceived with joy and amazement that the path along which the army had galloped had become a wide glittering band of light in the sky. Learned men call this band the Milky Way, from it, but the real name is, as the Székely call it, "Hadak utja," which means "The Path of the Warriors." This was the last battle in which Prince Csaba and his army took part.

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The Story of the Monks Statue
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EVERAL centuries have run their
course since there dwelt a pious hermit
in the forest of Hricsó. He lived in
a little cottage built of wood, where he
passed his time in prayer and medita-
tion; and he was equally reverenced by
lord and vassal, rich and poor. The hermit was a very
wise and righteous man, and if any dispute arose among
the people of the neighbourhood, they seldom laid the case
before the legal authorities, but referred it to the pious
denizen of the wood. His decision was usually accepted
with satisfaction by the disputants, and friendly feelings
were restored between them. However, more serious cases
sometimes came before his notice, in which there was
danger that the disputants might become enemies for life,
and sometimes crimes were committed against the well-being

of a fellow-creature. On such occasions the hermit would
leave his woodland abode, and endeavour to reconcile the
feud, or would try to right the wrongs of any who had
suffered injury.
He often succeeded in his efforts, but at length he fell
a victim to his love of truth. But not even after death
did he cease his efforts to benefit his fellow-creatures, as is
proved by the statue of a monk which may even yet be
seen upright among the ruins of the castle of Hricsó.
It came to pass that on the death of the last male
heir of the family of Labor, his widow inherited the
castle of Hricsó, together with immense wealth and large
estates.

T is therefore not surprising that
although the widow was no longer
beautiful-for she was now about fifty
years of age-there were many suitors
for her hand. They came from all
the neighbouring regions, and many
even from foreign countries, but the
lady was wise and prudent, and declined all proposals,
saying that she had no idea of marrying a second time.
Among the suitors was a widower, Francis Thurzó, the
Lord of Leitava, whose noble bearing and good manners.
seemed to have made an impression on the lady, and at
length he ventured to seize what seemed to him to be a
favourable opportunity, and asked her to marry him.
"Do not be offended, my dear Francis, that I cannot be
your wife," answered the lady, "but I have taken a vow
not to marry again during my life. But I esteem you so

highly that I would gladly adopt you as my son, and be
your mother, and when I die you shall be my sole heir."
This was a sufficient reason why Thurzó could not
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The bungarian Fairy Book
marry the widow, and he bowed to her decision, seemingly
sad at heart, but secretly pleased, for he did not really love
the Lady of Labor.
Soon afterwards he became her adopted son, and hence-
forth he dwelt in his future castle with his new mother, and
treated her vassals and possessions as if he himself was
already the real lord.

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UT this was not enough to satisfy him.
His desire to be the sole master of her
estates daily increased, and every
morning when he rose he was dis-
appointed to find that his adopted
mother was still strong and well,
and that there was no prospect of his
succeeding to her estates for a long time to come.
Sometimes the thought that Lady Labor might live
longer than himself came into his mind, and then he would
retire to his rooms, raging like a madman, and vowing
vengeance against her, as if she had deceived or robbed him.
A few years passed thus, till Thurzó actually fell ill
with fear and disappointment, while Lady Labor was
stronger and healthier than ever. But Thurzó was not the
man to allow events to take their natural course. Notwith-
standing his courtly bearing, he was really an avaricious,
evil-hearted and unscrupulous man, and very cunning and
perfidious. He racked his brain unceasingly to discover
how to seize on the widow's fortune at the earliest
opportunity, and at last hit upon a devilish plot, which he
hastened to carry out.
One morning Thurzó called together the inhabitants of
the Castle of Hricsó, and informed them that Lady Labor
had become insane during the night, and that he had been
obliged to lock her up in a cell to prevent her doing any
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harm to herself or others; and that they must now look
upon himself as their only lord and master.
What could the servants answer? They did not dare
to make any reply to this announcement, but they bowed
their heads in deep sorrow, for they all loved their kind old
mistress, and cursed the cruel stranger in secret. And they
all knew that Thurzó was sick at heart because he had not
full possession of her estates, and they suspected that their

lord had deceived them. Indeed, in the stillness of night, many of them had heard the terrible cries of their lady, as she reproached her ungrateful son and his villainous confederates, who were dragging her pitilessly away to a subterranean dungeon. They hastened back to their work with tearful eyes, but did not dare to speak of their suspicions except in secret whispers.

T length they decided to reveal the whole story to the hermit of the forest, for they thought that he was the only man in the world who could rescue the unfortunate lady.

The hermit knew the lady and her adopted son very well, and was fully convinced of foul play. So without hesitation or delay he went to confront the rascally lord of the castle, and addressed him sternly in the presence of his own vassals.

"If thou dost fear God," he exclaimed, "restore her liberty to the Lady Labor; or otherwise thou mayst dread the vengeance of the Lord."

"I have no reason to fear God, nor anything else," replied the master of the castle; "but now begone, or I will teach thee to be afraid of me."

Then Thurzó ordered his men to drive the impertinent monk from his gate, but though they obeyed, the hermit

The hermit addressed him slernly returned again and again, following the wicked lord everywhere, and heaping reproaches and denunciations upon him.

Thurzó was very much afraid of the hermit, for all wicked men dislike anything which awakes their conscience. But though he hated him, he did not venture at first to do him any harm.

But one day he determined to put an end to this constant annoyance, and ordered the hermit to be seized and confined in the highest tower of the castle, where he might die of hunger.

Thenceforth the wicked lord was cursed both from above and below, and none could sleep in the castle at night for the shrieks of the lady from the dungeon, and the hoarse cries of the hermit from the tower.

This lasted for a fortnight and then silence reigned in the castle, and word was brought to Thurzó that the monk was dead. He was well pleased, and laughed loudly, but

his joy was short-lived, for when he stepped to the window

opposite the tower and looked out, he beheld a lofty statue of the monk standing on a high rock near the tower, and his right hand was pointed in threatening denunciation towards his murderer.
"Shoot him down! Break him to pieces!" cried the terrified lord, maddened with fright, for he could know no peace of mind till the miraculous statue of the hermit was destroyed.

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UT lo! the vassals had scarcely demolished the statue when it stood before them uninjured in the same place as before, and Thurzó in his insane fancy heard a terrible voice from above commanding that Lady Labor should be released at once.
Thurzó did not dare to refuse, and ordered her immediate release, but alas! Lady Labor lay dead on the damp floor of the dungeon.
Thurzó's peace of mind was now gone for ever. He ordered his men to demolish the castle of Hricsó as well as the fatal statue, but it was of no avail, for as soon as the monk's statue was destroyed, it rose again from the rocky ground.
At length Thurzó fled to his own castle of Lietava, where he soon after died miserably, tormented to the last by cruel sufferings and terrible visions.

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The BravePrince.
O
beautiful.
NCE upon a time, and in a distant country, there lived a King and Queen, who were blessed with two children, a boy and a girl. The boy was strong, healthy and well-disposed, and the girl, whose name was Piroska, was very
Yet the parents were not happy, for they were weighed down with great anxiety. When Piroska was born, the Wise Men of the palace had warned them that if ever she went out of the castle, she would be carried away by a mysterious knight.
This prophecy alarmed the King and Queen very much. Even if the child never left the castle without a guard, she would be none the more secure. It would seem very cruel to the little Princess to imprison her always in the castle, and could not but cause her much pain. But what else

could they do? So they caused a room of iron to be built in the tower of the castle, in which the poor Princess would have to spend her life. The King and Queen and all their subjects were much grieved at the fate of Piroska. She would never be able to romp in the meadows or to run about and play in the open air. Never to see the beauty of the country! Always to be shut up in the iron room of the tower like a prisoner! Sad indeed was the fate of the Princess Piroska!

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UT as Prince Aba, Piroska's brother, grew older, he grieved over her fate more than all the rest of the people. He could see her gazing down upon him, wistfully, when he was playing beneath her window. He knew the pleasures of freedom in the open country, and could well understand the misery of her prison life. He was able to go with the other children to the banks of the lake in the park, and feed the pretty white swans with bread and cake, but his sister was not allowed to He might sail on the lake in a graceful skiff; but she could only watch him through the windows of her iron prison. He could not go out to amuse himself leaving Piroska behind, without feeling as if he was cruel. Some years passed away, and the Prince and Princess were now nearly grown up, and as Piroska grew older, she became more and more beautiful, and was looked upon as the most lovely girl in her father's kingdom. Prince Aba grew up a strong and handsome young man, and was without an equal in martial and manly exercises. Many girls would gladly have married him, but he made no response to their advances, for his thoughts were only for his sister. Piroska often begged him to ask her father to allow her

The
he King hurled his crown at Aba to be permitted to leave her prison. At first he refused, because he thought that the King would not permit it, and he feared lest harm might come to the Princess. But after Piroska had besought him for a long time, he at length promised to ask their father for his permission. "Father," said he, "Piroska is very lonely in her iron room, and implores to be allowed to leave it. I am come to beseech thee to allow her to come out with me."
"How canst thou think of such a thing?" roared

the King, hurling his golden sceptre at him.
The Prince stood still, calm and fearless, and by
good chance the sceptre missed him.
"Father," protested Aba, "I will take the
greatest care that no harm shall come to Piroska if thou
wilt permit her to leave the room."

The King replied by taking off his crown and hurling
it at Aba in great anger, but he missed him again.
The brave youth did not flinch, but said again: "If
any harm should befall Piroska, I will answer for it with
my own head."
Suddenly the King turned round and embraced Aba,
saying: "My brave son, I will grant thy request, in the
hope that Piroska will be safe under thy protection. But
if not-"

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HEN my death would be but a small
punishment," responded the Prince.
"Let it be so, my son," said the
King.
Aba at once ran up to his sister.
"Piroska," cried he, "come forth
from thy prison, for our father has
given his permission."
Piroska's joy knew no bounds. She could hardly wait
a few minutes, while Aba armed himself with bow and
arrows and a sharp sword. They soon went forth into the
grounds of the castle, their royal parents watching them
with anxious eyes. Gradually the fears of the King
and Queen turned to joy, and all present gave them-
selves up to song and laughter. The Princess sang a
song so melodious that the birds ceased their
singing to listen. All thought that Piroska's safety
was now assured.
But suddenly their mirth was interrupted by the
appearance of a strange knight. He was a very tall man,
cased in black armour and mounted on a black horse.
Everything about him was black, except a crown of pale
blue diamonds which surmounted his helmet.
He sat
silent upon his horse, so stately and so motionless that he

exhibited no sign of life beyond the glitter of his eyes
through his closed visor.
For a while the royal family were too much startled to
move or speak. Then the Queen and Piroska cried out
together, and Aba stepping between his sister and the
knight, and fitting an arrow to his bow, exclaimed :

"Begone, or thou shalt die."
HE Black Knight paid no attention to Aba, who discharged his arrow, which simply struck the knight's armour and broke into splinters. Aba shot and shot till he had exhausted all his arrows, but every one splintered against the knight's armour just like the first. Then he drew his mighty sword, which had never yet failed to cut through bone or iron. He rushed at the knight and struck him a blow which would certainly have killed any other foe; but against the knight's armour it shattered into three pieces, like glass. Immediately the knight urged his horse a few paces forward, lifted up Piroska suddenly, and placed her on the saddle before him, and disappeared.

Thus was the prophecy of the Wise Men fulfilled. The Princess Piroska had been permitted to leave the castle, and a strange knight had appeared, and carried her away.

The King was in a terrible rage, and Prince Aba was equally miserable, for he had been the occasion of the misfortune. He expected to forfeit his head, and indeed he felt that he deserved it, but his mother wisely said: "No, if Aba is killed, it will be more difficult for us to recover our lost Piroska. Let him rather search the world throughout, and bring his sister back to us."

"Thou hast spoken well and wisely, O my Queen," said the King. "And do thou, my son, prepare thyself for a long journey, and go forth to rescue thy sister."

Prince Aba looked very brave and manly as he stood upright, and responded, "I will."

He returned at once to the castle, filled his knapsack with provisions, selected a new sword, and went forth into the world in search of the sister whom he loved so well.

He walked on for many, many miles, till he came to an immense forest, full of fine trees, beautiful flowers and sweet fruits, but destitute of all animal life. There were no birds singing in the trees or insects buzzing about the flowers, nor could you even hear the familiar sound of the breeze among the leaves, but all was as still as death. Yet there seemed to be one strange sound, a sighing like that of human beings, proceeding from the trunks of the B trees.

UT for the present Aba noticed nothing of this, for he was deeply reflecting on the loss of Piroska, and what he could do to rescue her. But as he

penetrated deeper into the forest, the
trees grew denser and denser, and the
sighing more and more audible.
Aba walked on till the light of day was succeeded by
the blackness of night. He was very tired after his long
journey, and sat down to rest, and soon fell asleep. He
slept deeply, and the deeper and deeper he sank into sleep,
the more the forest awoke to life. And as he slept, he
dreamed.
The trees began to rustle, and to utter strange sounds,
like suppressed but bitter weeping. After a time they
grew smaller and changed their shape, and Aba became

suddenly aware that he was surrounded by beautiful fairy
girls, whose feet were rooted in tree-stumps. Aba forgot
Piroska and all his troubles, and thought only of the
strange scene around him. It was a sad sight to see these
beautiful creatures rooted to the earth. The tree under
which Aba had fallen asleep had become the most lovely
girl he had ever seen. Her beautiful eyes expressed
mingled sadness and joy, her golden hair flowed over her
shoulders, and she wore a pale blue diamond crown, like
that of the mysterious black knight.
He knelt down before her, and she held out her arms
to embrace him. By and by the melancholy sounds of

weeping in the forest turned to the joyous song of thousands
of melodious voices. They sang that the brave knight
who had dared to enter the forest would die seven times,
and would thus rescue them all, and he himself would live
in endless happiness with his newly-found Princess.
"O my hero, hast thou heard the song?" said the girl
before whom he knelt.
"Tell me quickly what I can do to save thee," cried
Aba. "I am ready to die a hundred times for thy sake, if
need be."
"I know that I shall not be disappointed in thee, my
Prince," answered the maiden fondly, "and therefore I

will tell thee.

E golden-leaved trees are really fairy
maidens, and we have been trans-
formed into trees by the hideous witch
of the Glass Mountain, because we
would not marry her son, the Red
Ape. She has therefore condemned

us to live here in the shape of trees
for ever and ever. Nevertheless, we know that there is
one way in which we could be rescued. Thou canst not
reach the witch's house until thou hast died seven times.
But if thou canst effect this, thou canst compel her to obey
thy command to change us back into fairy maidens. And
now, O Prince, take this magic diamond, which I have
taken from my crown, in thy mouth, and thou shalt be
empowered to return to life after each of thy painful
deaths."
When Aba awoke, the sun was already shining in all
its golden glory, and, as the trees had ceased their sighing,
the silence of the forest seemed still more solemn and
impressive. For a few moments he regretted that he had

awakened from his dream, but when he felt the diamond
in his mouth, he sprang to the tree under which he had
slept, and embraced it. Then he lifted his knapsack and
girded on his sword, and set forth on his journey of death
to the witch's house.
HEN the Prince reached the end of
the forest he encountered a dragon,
who cried out fiercely: "Back, back,
or I will eat thee!" He opened his
cruel mouth, and looked so fierce and
terrible, that anyone who was not so
brave as Prince Aba might have died
from terror. But he leapt fearlessly into the dragon's
mouth, and suffered great pain, as he was being crushed
to pieces between its teeth. But in a short time he found
himself able to leap from the dragon's mouth unharmed,
and the dragon lay dead before him.
He hastened on, but soon found his progress stopped
by an enormous spider's web. He drew his sword, intend-
ing to cut his way through it, when a huge spider sprang
from behind and seized him in its claws. He felt great
pain from the poisonous bite of the monstrous creature as
it crushed his bones. But presently the spider rolled over
on its back, and Aba found himself standing on the grass
as strong as ever.
Aba was overjoyed when he realised the power which
the magic diamond possessed, and kept his mouth closely
shut lest he should lose it. At his third death he was
drowned; at the fourth, he was burned to ashes; and at
the fifth he was attacked by swarms of insects, snakes and
scorpions, which bit and stung him to death.
When he came to life after this, he hurried on, wonder-
ing what sort of death he would die next, when suddenly

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"Good Day to you both,said Aba.
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the earth opened before him, and he sprang back and looked down into a pit, at the bottom of which were fixed sharp knives with their points upward.
For a moment Aba hesitated. He had already suffered so much, and he knew that this would be a terrible death. But a vision of the tree Princess rose before his mind, and he sprang at once into the pit. It was a very quick change from life to death, and from death to life, and he found himself almost instantly lying on a bed of flowers.
He went a little further on his way and came to a place where a constant rain of large stones fell on the path before him, crying out: "We are Death! We are Death!"
ND I am ife," cried Aba, leaping forward, and a few minutes later he was rejoicing in the thought that he had now did for the seventh time, and that his sufferings were at last at an end.
Walking n, he came to a moun-
tain of smooth glass, at the summit of which stood a house which Aba knew must be that of the malevolent old witch, a her son, the Red Ape. When Aba drew near, he saw the both standing at the door of the house. They looked ver 'owncast, and they trembled when they saw Aba appro.norg. They knew that the brave Prince had triumphed ver their wicked arts.
"Good-day to you both," said Aba, with mocking politeness; "you will no doubt be very pleased to hear that I have died seven times, and yet am still alive."
The witch and the ape looked very woebegone, and muttered: "We behold you living."

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The Bungarian Fairy Book
"And, of course, you know that you must now obey my orders," continued the Prince.
The ape asked meekly how he could serve him.
"Come down here and carry me up to the house, and I will then tell thee what more thou must do," said the Prince.
The Red Ape descended and obeyed him. When

Aba reached the house, the witch and the ape bowed
before him, and asked for his further commands.
"You have changed many lovely fairies into
trees," said Aba sternly, "and I command you to
change them back again into fairy maidens."
"Your commands are obeyed," said the witch,
and Aba left the house without another word. He
knew well that the evil power of the witch and the
ape was now at an end, and he hurried back to the

fairies, who welcomed him with great rejoicing, and many
kisses from the Princess, with whom he had fallen in love.
Then the Princess turned a ring on her finger, and many
golden coaches appeared, drawn by magnificent horses,
and they all drove off to Fairyland.
HEN they arrived, the Prince could
not understand why the Princess had
called it the Golden Fairyland, for
everyone was dressed in black, and
looked very mournful. He found
out afterwards that it was because so
many of the most beautiful girls had

been stolen by the witch.
But as soon as their return became known, the black
robes of mourning were quickly exchanged for the golden
robes of rejoicing.
As the people were acclaiming him, Prince Aba's
thoughts turned towards the fate of his sister, Princess
Piroska, when suddenly he saw her running towards
him.
Aba.
"How didst thou come here, my sister?" cried
Then Piroska told him that she had been carried
away to Fairyland by the Black Knight, because she
was so much like his sister who had been stolen by the
witch.
They had treated her very kindly in Fairyland, and she
had fallen in love with the Black Knight, who was the
Crown Prince, and had married him.
Aba married the tree Princess, and found himself very
happy in her love.
After the wedding, the whole of the royal family
accompanied Aba and Piroska on a visit to their parents,

who had long ago given up both their son and daughter as
lost for ever.
The people of both countries rejoiced greatly at the
double union of the two kingdoms, and danced and sang

in honour of the brother and sister who had wedded the
sister and brother.

The
The Ditch of Csörsz.
provinces of Borsod and Heves are
bounded by a wide and deep canal, which
runs from the river Tisza straight across
the plain towards the Danube, but ends
quite suddenly near the little village
called Pannonia, after the ancient country of that name.
This canal is called the Ditch of Csörsz, and the following
story is related to explain its origin.
Ages before the Magyars conquered the land of Pannonia,
the country was in possession of the Lombards, who were
then a great and mighty people, who were ruled over by a
powerful king named Rád. On the banks of the Tisza
dwelt an equally brave and courageous nation, the Avars,
under the rule of their brave and righteous King, Csörsz.
The two kings and their subjects lived in friendly
alliance, and often assisted each other in their campaigns.

King Csörsz often visited his royal friend and ally, for
though he had little sympathy with the rough and brutal
King Rád, he was devotedly attached to his fair and
gentle daughter Délibáb, who likewise warmly returned
the affection of the brave young King.
At length King Csörsz donned his robes of state, which
were of cloth of gold, and left his own kingdom to request
the hand of the fair Délibáb from her father. But, to Csörsz's
great disappointment, the old King did not immediately
grant his request, as he had expected. He only frowned,
and turning towards him with a dark look, he replied:
"I cannot grant thy petition now, for I am about to
engage in war, and I shall require thy aid, and that of all
thy people, to destroy them. I know that I may reckon
on thy alliance, and I should be only too pleased to accept.
so heroic a King as a son-in-law, but if thou shouldst be
slain in this war, my daughter would be left a widow.
Should our united armies return victorious, then will I give
K
to thee my fair daughter as thy bride."
ING RAD was in great need of the
alliance of the Avars, but he was a
treacherous man, and notwithstand-
ing the friendship that existed between
the two nations, his real object was
to conquer the Avars also, and to
make himself their King.
Young Csörsz at once agreed to King Rád's proposal,

for he was ready to make any sacrifice to win the fair Délibáb. Soon afterwards the Lombards and Avars marched forth side by side, and the united armies won every battle, driving the enemy before them, and finally achieving a decisive victory.
Immense treasures of gold and silver, precious ornaments

and beautiful fabrics fell into the hands of the victors; and in those days it was customary for the Kings to divide the spoil. But young Csörsz desired no reward, save permission to take the beautiful Délibáb to his heart, and to make her his Queen. But although King Rád had promised, he had no intention of parting with his daughter, and Csörsz waited in vain.
After returning from the campaign, Csörsz grew impatient, and again asked King Rád to give him the hand of his daughter.
The cunning King did not answer immediately. He appeared sunk in deep thought for a while, and at last he said in more friendly tones: "My dear friend and ally, I do not object to thy marriage with my daughter, but I can only agree to it on one condition. Thou canst only take her by water from this place to thy home on the banks of the

river Tisza."
When Csörsz heard this, his countenance fell, for there was no waterway from the Danube to the Tisza, and he knew that Rád had betrayed him. But, after a little thought, he decided to accept the condition without raising any objections, and after taking his leave, he galloped back to his home, accompanied by his brave warriors.
As soon as he reached his palace, he gave orders to his

people to make a deep canal from the river Tisza to the Danube, by which he could bring his bride home by water as Rád had demanded. The whole nation gladly obeyed his will, for the King was greatly beloved, and soon thousands upon thousands of his subjects were engaged in digging a deep trench. They worked day and night, and

very soon they had dug a deep furrow, as if cut by a great plough, which grew rapidly day by day. The King was present all the time, cheering and encouraging his beloved people in their gigantic task, and lending a helping hand everywhere. When the people saw the efforts of the King, they too were anxious to do their best to please him, and worked all the harder.

EANWHILE the fair Délibáb would gaze with longing eyes towards the East, from whence the Ditch of Csörsz was to appear. She spent many tearful days and sleepless nights, longing again to behold Csorsz, the love of her youth.

Sometimes she would waft loving kisses from her lips, or sing songs which floated into the air, breathing her love for Csorsz. Sometimes her songs were of doubt and despair, sometimes of triumph and victory, and sometimes of hope and faith, but all were winged with the same message of undying love.

One day King Rád sent a spy to the country of the Avars, to find out whether Csorsz was doing anything to fulfil his commands. The spy found the whole nation at work, and the channel almost completed, so he returned at once to King Rád, and informed him of the marvellous undertaking. The King was furious when he heard the He had thought his condition impossible of fulfil-

ment, but now he determined to have Csörsz slain, and sent out a band of men to assassinate him.

It so happened that on that very day Délibáb, tired of waiting for the coming of her lover, went to her father to implore him to withdraw the condition, that Csörsz might be released from the terrible task which he had undertaken, and which she feared would never be completed. "I am so wretched and unhappy," she cried in despair, "and I fear my bridegroom will never be able to complete the task thou hast laid upon him."

"Hold thy peace" said the King.

"Of course he will not," shouted the enraged

King; "and I forbid thee to call him thy bride-groom."
"O father," said Déli-báb, "why art thou so cruel to us? Why should he not be my bride-groom? Is he not as noble as thou art, and is he not thy friend and ally?"
"Hold thy peace," said the King; "I will not listen to thy talk. Go, leave me alone."
The poor girl withdrew, fearing the worst, for she knew the evil disposition of her father. Then she ascended to the garden of the roof of her palace, and lay

there alone throughout the night, calling on all good spirits and fairies to aid her in her dire distress. At length the Fairy of the Dawn came with the first rays of the sun, and kissed her eyes and gently closed them.
As the fairy touched her, Délibáb fell asleep, or was she awake? It was all like a beautiful dream. For the fairy took her hand, and led her through a beautiful country, which she had never seen before. What a beauti-ful land it was, all gold and blue!

S
HE felt very happy now, and no fear more was left in her heart, for the fairy promised to take her through this beautiful land to Csörsz, who was waiting in a ship to carry her home as his Queen. Everything around seemed unearthly and fairy-like, and vague misty shapes drifted past them and left no trace. Further and further they sped onwards, and at length Délibáb saw in the distance a shining blue river, with rippling waves, and a white ship with slender masts. On the deck of the ship stood Csörsz, waving his helmet to her, and splendidly robed in crimson and gold. In another moment she found herself in his arms, and they kissed and embraced with unspeakable rapture. And thus they started for their bridal journey.
Délibáb awoke. Her heart was still full of the happiness of her dream, when a servant announced the arrival of a messenger with news.
Délibáb rose with a smile on her lips, thinking that Csörsz had sent her some tidings, but her joy turned to fear as she looked on the messenger, whose eyes filled with tears, as he said: "Lady, last night King Csörsz was slain." This was all the man could utter, and he forthwith departed.

On the deck of the ship stood Csörsz.

Délibáb felt the awful words pierce her heart like an arrow, and in insupportable agony she fell on the ground with a loud cry. The earth grew dark, and all about her seemed to whirl rapidly round, and suddenly a deep abyss opened just beneath her, and she was about to fall into it, when the fairy reappeared to her, and taking her by the hand, led her back to the beautiful land of her dream; to that happy fairyland, where she met her beloved Csörsz, to dwell with him for ever.

Since that time Délibáb lives in her dream, and on hot days, when the sun is shining brightly, the Hungarian peasants often gaze at the "magic land of Délibáb." In the far distance they can distinctly see the "Ditch of Csorsz," filled with water, and also the ship, with its hundred white sails, in which the happy King bore his beloved bride to their home.

[Délibáb is the Hungarian term for the mirage; the Italian fata Morgana.]

The Seven Sheep-Folds.

AFTER the invasion of the Mongols in the thirteenth century, all Hungary resembled the regions of Death. Where formerly had stood cities and villages of wooden houses, nothing was left but crumbling black posts and heaps of ashes. Only a few people remained, who had not fled to distant countries with King Béla, and had hidden themselves in caves in the mountains, and had then escaped being slaughtered or dragged away to slavery by their cruel enemies.

But as the phoenix rises triumphant from the flames, so did Hungary rise up again in a marvellously short time from the ruin and devastation wrought by the terrible Zenghis Khan.

The nation was strengthened and purified by the terrible trial that God had sent upon it, and it was not long before

the wooden houses of former days were replaced by beautiful cities and comfortable villages built of stone. King Béla travelled through the country backwards and forwards, encouraging his people in all their efforts to improve the country, and to blot out all traces of war and ruin.

A
T this time a shepherd, named Bebek,
was living in the mountain of Som,
in the country of Gömör, where he
spent his time in constant struggle
with the wolves and foxes and wild
dogs and other wild beasts which
infested the neighbourhood, and which
constantly used to attack his flock and to carry off some
of his lambs.
Bebek kept a number of shepherd-dogs, tall animals,
with long heads and long hair, which were strong enough
to kill many dangerous wild beasts, or, if they escaped, they
would track them to their dens and lairs.
It happened one day that an enormous wolf carried
away a young lamb in his jaws, and Bebek set his dogs on
the trail of the marauder. They were soon in hot pursuit
of the beast, and the shepherd followed as quickly as he
could. Suddenly the wolf reached a dark cave, and darted
in, but the dogs were close behind him, and when Bebek
reached the mouth of the cave, he heard a terrific fight
going on inside between the wolf and the dogs.
At length the dogs emerged from the cave, dragging
after them the dead carcass of the wolf, but what was the
astonishment of the shepherd to see that it was covered
with gold coins, diamonds, rubies and other precious gems.
There must be a great treasure hidden in this cave,
thought Bebek, and he resolved to seek for it. He entered

and wandered backwards and forwards for a long time in
the dark passages and openings in the cave, and at length
began to fear that he would neither succeed in finding the
treasure nor in finding his way out again, when he suddenly
perceived a light in the distance. He hurried forward, and
presently found himself in the palace of the Spirit of the
Mountain, who was seated upon a throne of gold, thickly
ornamented with priceless gems, while all around were
treasures of inestimable value.
The Spirit appeared to Bebek like a venerable old man
with a long beard, and Bebek bowed before him, and saluted
him in the most respectful manner. "God grant thee
good-evening, O grandfather," said he, "and may He give
you good health."
"It is well for you that you addressed me as grand-
father," roared the Spirit, "or I would have made you
shorter by a head. How have you dared to intrude
upon me?"

O
GRANDFATHER, I was wondering
if you could be as rich as I have
been told," said the shepherd boldly;

"and now I see that the tenth part had
not been told me," and he looked round
the magnificent palace, illuminated with
huge sparkling diamonds suspended
from the roof of gold.
"I daresay you would rather be a rich man than die,"
returned the Spirit; "and as I happen just now to be in a
particularly good humour, I will let you take away as much
as you can carry. But never dare to venture here again,
or it will cost you your life."
As soon as Bebek heard this, he hastened to fill his
pockets, his cap and his knapsack with yellow gold and

BEBEK BOWED BEFORE HIM.
exlly Paying

sparkling gems. He thanked the Spirit for his kindness,
and the Spirit gave him directions which enabled him to
find his way from the palace and through the caves of the
mountain to the world outside.
HUS Bebek became very rich, but, as he
was a serf, he was unable to make
any use of his riches. So he made
a large cheese and hid his treasure in
the middle.
One day it happened that King
Béla was travelling through the
mountains, and came
came to the place where Bebek was
pasturing his flock. He was tired and hungry, so he
stopped and dismounted from his horse, and Bebek prepared
him a good meal. Bebek noticed that the King was very
sorrowful, and he ventured respectfully to ask him the
cause of his sadness.
The King said that it would be useless to tell him,
because he could not possibly help him in his distress.
Bebek however persisted, when the King said at length:
"My good man, I am very sad and sorrowful because there
is so much poverty and distress among my people that my
whole fortune would be insufficient to raise them from
their distress."
"O King, if this is all, wait till to-morrow, and I will
do my best to supply you with treasure sufficient to rebuild
the houses and to give back to the people all that they
have lost in cattle or sheep."
The King thought that the poor serf must be out of
his mind, but as he was unwilling to hurt his feelings, he
promised to stay in the shepherd's miserable hut till next
day. As soon as the King fell asleep, Bebek resolved to go
back to the palace of the Mountain Spirit, and try his

fortune once more. He told the King's servant that in case he should not return, the King was to take the big cheese that was hidden in the cottage, and to cut it open. He started on his way, taking with him his twenty dogs, a long cord and a great sack made of sheepskin. He was very fortunate in his undertakings, for the Spirit happened to be absent from his palace, and Bebek was able to fill his sack with gold and diamonds without hindrance. As soon as he had finished, he tied all the dogs together with the cord, which he fastened to the sack, and urged them on, to draw it from the cavern as fast as possible. But he had scarcely left the palace when the Spirit returned, and perceiving that he was robbed, shook the mountain in his fury so violently that the entrances to the caves and corridors crashed in with a noise like thunder. But by that time Bebek was already at a safe distance, and no harm befell him or his dogs.

H
E returned to his hut early in the morning, and found that the King was already awake.
"I have done my best, your Majesty," said the shepherd. "You will find in this sack treasure enough to to provide for all the needs of the nation."
The King smiled incredulously, but when Bebek opened the sack, his smile changed to a look of astonishment and joy. He thanked the shepherd for his wonderful gift, and asked him how he could possibly have obtained the treasure.
Bebek told him his adventures, and the King was profoundly moved by the courage and devotion of the simple shepherd.
P

Bebek opened

W
"My dear and faithful subject," said he, "I am anxious to reward thee for thy courageous deed. Ask whatever thou wilt, and it shall be granted to thee."
"Most gracious King," replied the shepherd, "I am sufficiently rewarded by the thought of the good that your Majesty will be able to accomplish for the unfortunate people with these treasures. But if you would permit me

to build seven sheepfolds on seven mountain summits, I should be happy for the rest of my life."
"Thy request is granted," said the King.
Soon afterwards Bebek began to build the first sheepfold on Mount Som. But it seemed that the fold would be rather too lofty and bulky for sheep, and it looked more like a baron's castle than a shelter for rams, ewes, and lambs. It had been planned out by a celebrated Italian architect, and several hundred bricklayers and masons were engaged upon it at once.

But though it looked like a baron's castle, it was not so, for Bebek was only a common serf, and possessing neither a patent of nobility nor a coat of arms, he had no right to build a castle.
OWEVER, the work was continued, and when the magnificent sheepfold was nearly completed, some fresh robbery must have been attempted in the palace of the Mountain Spirit, for the mountain shook again so violently that Bebek's splendid castle fell down like a house of cards, and not one stone was left upon another.
But nothing could daunt the brave shepherd, and he merely left the spot and built his sheepfolds on the summits of seven other mountains, and they were the most beautiful castles in the whole country.
Some time afterwards a number of envious nobles complained to the King that the common shepherd had dared to build castles instead of sheepfolds. But King Béla did not forget the courageous shepherd who had enabled him to raise Hungary from its ruins after the devastations of the Mongols, and to restore happiness and prosperity to the nation, and he said: "If Bebek has built castles, let him be knighted, for no one deserves it better." Thereupon he sent Bebek a shield on which was painted seven sheepfolds; and in later times the descendants of the poor shepherd ranked with the greatest of the nobility of Hungary.

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The Archof Stracena.
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the north of Hungary, where lofty snow-clad mountains rear their rocky peaks to the very clouds, is a mountain pass called the Stracena, which expands

into a dismal valley. It looks as if it
might have been a battle-ground for giants and terrible
monsters, for the mountain sides are crumbling, and
hollowed out into vast caves, and immense black rocks
are scattered about in confusion in all directions. The
black, spectral-looking ruins of a castle stands on a cliff
overlooking the foaming torrent of the river Garam,
which rushes onwards as if in haste to leave this horrible
place.
Above the pass still stands a great arch of rough stones,

the Arch of Stracena, which was perhaps so strongly built
as to defy the efforts of the devastators of the valley, or
was perhaps purposely spared by them. The inhabitants
of the neighbourhood tell the following story about
it :-

O
NCE upon a time the King of the
Dwarfs and his diminutive subjects
dwelt in the mountains of Stracena.
It was then a beautiful country, and
the dwarfs were good friends to the
people who lived on the surface of
the earth, and they made the valley
earth yielded
very fertile. Delicious fruits and beautiful flowers were
to be found at all seasons, and the
abundant harvests four times in the year. Many of the
wells of the valley flowed with milk and wine instead
of with water, and the mountains were full of gold
and precious stones of all descriptions. The human in-
habitants lived very happily in their beautiful valley, and
were very grateful to the wonder-working little people to
whom they owed their prosperity. They were always
kind and attentive to them, and sometimes the dwarfs
accepted services from them.
At length it happened that the King of the Dwarfs was
going to be married to a beautiful Fairy Princess, and while
he went on a journey to bring his bride home, his little
subjects came up to the surface of the earth from their
underground palaces, and in one day they built, at the
entrance to his kingdom, the Arch of Stracena. It is an
immense structure, and one might think it to be the work of
giants rather than of dwarfs. Of course, when it was built
it was not black and ugly as it is at the present day,
for it was decorated with garlands of flowers, the green

branches of beautiful trees, and ornaments of gold and silver
and precious stones.

All the dwarfs worked hard at the arch, for the King and his bride were expected at midnight, and it was to be completed to welcome them home. They awaited their arrival with the adoring love and devotion that only fairies can feel for their King and Queen. Some climbed up to the top of the arch, and others to the tops of the highest trees; while others flew up on the backs of owls to see if the wedding procession was yet in sight. And at length it came. At midnight the sound of a silver trumpet was heard from behind a hill in the distance, announcing the arrival of the procession.

MID the strains of wonderful music, the coach of the King and Queen came floating through the air. The gems on their crowns were shining like stars, and the long veil of the beautiful fairy bride looked like a soft cloud trailing behind in the moon-light. Then came the attendants, the dwarfs riding on singing swans, and the fairies on gay peacocks with glossy feathers, or in magic flying coaches like the King's. The night was very calm, and except for the music in the King's coach, the moving of the procession sounded only like the rustling of the leaves of the trees to human

ears.

They drew nearer and nearer, and as they flew through the wonderful arch, amidst the joyful cheers of the little dwarfs, the side of the mountain opened, and beams of brilliant light of all colours streamed forth, displaying the fairyland below, with its tiny palaces and beautiful gardens, filled with wonderful music-playing flowers of gold and

silver, birds that sang with human voices, and strange animals dancing and singing. There were also fountains of various-coloured water making music like the tinkling of silver bells.

HEY hastened in, shouting and singing with joy; and a moment later the mountain closed, and nothing could be heard but the gentle sighing of the zephyr, and nothing remained to be seen but the wonderful arch, with its gold and jewelled ornaments

shining in the moonlight.

Seven times seven days lasted the wedding festivities of the King and his Fairy Princess. The people on the surface of the earth were also very happy, for the dwarf-folks did not forget them, but conferred many kindnesses upon them, and were anxious to make them sharers in their own pleasure.

The happiness of all was increased when the young Queen gave birth to a tiny little child, a sweet golden-haired fairy baby, for whom they sought a nurse of human race. They chose a faithful, honest peasant-girl, named Böske, to look after the little Princess, and she had to carry her about in a golden basket.
It used to lie on soft silk cushions, dressed in a beautiful lace robe, with a tiny crown of emeralds on its head, and Boske used to carry it about from house to house, for wherever the fairy baby went, it left good fortune behind it.
Thus it seemed that the human and fairy inhabitants of the district would live for ever in joy and happiness, and so it might have happened, if the horned witch, who was a great enemy of the dwarfs, had not brought trouble upon them

One dark night, when there was an eclipse of the moon, she and her followers came riding on headless black horses to the mountain of Hollak. They rode seven times round the mountain, and then built a fortress of black stone on the summit for their residence.
The settlement of the horned witch in their neighbourhood caused great consternation among

Böske used to carry it about from house to house.

the dwarfs, and they immediately cautioned their human friends against her and her followers, and forbade them to accept anything they might offer them, for it would surely be accursed. To secure themselves against their enemies, the dwarfs planted a circle of magic flowers round Mount Stracena, which protected the place from all evil witchcraft, and over which the monsters could not pass.
When the witch saw that the fairies had outwitted her, she and her hideous followers took enormous brooms of fire in their hands, and galloped about the neighbourhood, sweeping away all the trees and flowers,

The Horned Witch and her twelve servants.

drying up all the wells and rivers, and killing all the animals and birds, so that, as far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen but black ruin, piled-up rocks, and on the top of Mount Hollak, the walls of the accursed witch's fortress. Only the village of Stracena was left, like an oasis in a black desert, and its beauty was enhanced by the desolation around.

HE people watched the fire-storm in terror till they saw that it could not pass the circle of magic flowers, and they were very grateful to the little dwarfs for their protection.

by violence, she herself in a red

When the witch found that she was unable to compass her ends attempted other tactics. She disguised cloak, hiding her mane and horns under a golden hood. She took with her twelve of her servants, who were called Iron-Nose, One-Eye, Two-Head, Three-Leg, Slit-Tongue, Tusky, Green-Skin, Dog-Ear, Ass-Tail, Eagle-Claw, Bat-Wing, and Beardy. They were also disguised, and they painted their headless horses pale blue and their castle pink.

In this guise they looked ridiculous rather than for-midable, and the people of Stracena were much amused to see them walking round the magic circle, and trying in vain to cross it. They next tried to coax the people to pull up the magic flowers, promising them all manner of wonderful things as a reward, but the people only laughed at them, and told them that they were so happy and contented that they did not require anything from them.

The man who was foremost at mocking them was Gyuri, the lover of Böske. He was a very merry lad, and was never tired of inventing schemes to annoy the

witches, and sometimes drove them almost crazy with his tricks.

They were specially furious when Böske appeared with the fairy child. Then they would yell and shout, and gallop to and fro, and stretch out their long ugly claws, as if to tear the infant from her arms. But Böske treated them with contempt, keeping within the magic circle, and only laughing at their vain attempts to reach her.

Then the witch tried another artifice. She became quite friendly towards Gyuri, and did all she could to please him, and flattered him so much that if the dwarfs had not warned him, he would have crossed the magic circle into the desert beyond. But one day, when Gyuri was quite alone with her, the witch talked to him for a little while, and then said suddenly:

HAT foolish people you all are! We
came here to be your friends and
benefactors, and to tell you that these
ridiculous little worms, the dwarfs,
are only hindrances to your real
welfare. You always live in your
native village, and you have no idea
that there are many pleasures in the world outside that
you will never find among these lofty mountains. You
do not know, Gyuri, that a beautiful Fairy Queen is await-
ing you.
She has fallen in love with you, and it will
break her heart if you do not marry her and become the
King of Fairyland."
Gyuri answered with a laugh: "Tell this beautiful Fairy
Queen that I am sorry not to be able to wed her, but I am
betrothed to Boske, who is quite good and beautiful
enough for me."
"Oh," said the witch, "you do not know what you are

refusing. See, I have her portrait with me ;" and she
threw across to him a seven-times bewitched picture.
Gyuri picked it up with a mocking smile on his face,
but as soon as he looked at it, the smile vanished and his
face grew quite pale. His eyes fixed themselves upon it,
and his heart beat so that he could hardly breathe. He
was spellbound.

HE witch watched the working of the
spell, and presently spoke again:
"Now, Gyuri, give me back the
picture, and I will tell the poor Fairy
Queen that you will not wed her,
and only despise her beauty. I will
tell her that this stupid Böske, the
nurse, is good enough for you, and that you think no
woman in the world can surpass her."
But Gyuri had already fallen in love with the face in
the picture, though it represented only an evil-eyed snub-
nosed, deformed monster. It had only been painted in
ridicule, and it owed all its power to please by being seven-
times bewitched.
"Wait, wait, dear witch," cried the foolish youth, "I
swear that I love this lady better than my life, and I beseech
you to tell me where I can meet her."
When the people saw Gyuri talking to the witch, they
thought he was tormenting her again, and they came run-
ning up to see the fun. They laughed heartily when they
heard his silly chatter, thinking that he was only trying to
provoke her. Imagine their surprise and horror when they
saw him leap across the magic border, and give himself into

the power of the cruel monsters.
Much in the same way that the spider catches the unwary fly in her net, and binds it in her snare, was poor

Gyuri enticed into the trap the witch had spread for him. Yelling with fiendish delight, she and her troop at once seized the poor lad, and, in spite of his struggles, dragged him a little distance, and bound him in sight of all the people to a high pointed rock.
Gyuri was half dead with fright, and in great fear of what might next befall him, and he shrieked loudly for help.
Böske, who loved him truly, was greatly distressed, and begged and implored the witch to release him, offering to give anything in her power in return.
Without a moment's hesitation the artful witch said that she would release him on one condition, and on one condition only: that Böske should give her in exchange the baby of the Fairy Queen.
In spite of his struggles
They dragged him away

The little dwarfs heard the commotion, and hurried to the spot, but before they could save their beloved Princess, the wretched nurse had thrown it in its golden basket across the magic boundary.
For a moment all stood petrified with horror, and their despair became greater still when the witch took up the fairy child, and all the trees and flowers in the beautiful valley began to wither and die. Even the magic flowers shrivelled up, and there was nothing left to prevent the witches entering the hitherto protected region. They took their fire-brooms and killed and burned up every living thing, leaving death and desolation everywhere. The dwarfs disappeared, full of grief at the loss of their beloved Princess, and never again returned to the mountain valley.
The witches also departed after completing their work of destruction, the efforts of which are still to be seen in the huge rocks and fissures in the mountain-side, while the ruins of the castle still stand on Mount Hollak, and of all the wonderful works of the little dwarfs, only the Arch of Stracena remains.

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The Miraculous Stag.
(The Origin of the Huns and Magyars.)
ONG years ago, in the early ages of the world, a mighty chief held dominion in the heart of Asia. His name was Ménrót; and his beautiful wife, Erich, presented him with two valiant sons, whose names were Hunor and Magyar. One morning the youths called together their followers, who numbered upwards of a hundred men, and set forth on a hunting expedition to the virgin forests around them. Wherever these gallant huntsmen wandered, none of the wild beasts could escape them, for they were scared from their lairs by the shouts of the huntsmen, and instantly shot down by the swift arrows of the hundred and two marksmen. The booty thus obtained was enormous, amounting to hundreds of lions, tigers, bears, wolves, and

red-deer. When night approached, the huntsmen lighted great fires and cooked their suppers. They sang songs till they were tired, and then rested till early morning, when the chase would begin afresh.

One morning, there suddenly appeared before the hunters a mighty stag, as suddenly as if he had risen from the ground. He was a noble creature, bearing great antlers, adorned with many branches, and he stood gazing at the men with proud serenity. The young hunters were overcome with wonder, for never before had they seen such a magnificent animal; but as soon as they recovered from their first surprise, one and all discharged their arrows at it.

UCH to their surprise, the stag did not fall, but darted away, when the hunters set spurs to their horses and dashed away in pursuit of the wonderful animal. Soon they emerged from the forests and continued the chase over the open plains. On and on they rode, discharging clouds of arrows, but even the most skilful marksman failed to strike the stag. The wonderful creature sprang forward like the wind, but so lightly that the grass did not even bend beneath his weight.

The chase lasted from morning till sundown, but as soon as the sun sank behind the clouds the stag suddenly disappeared. The huntsmen were disappointed and weary, but resolved to continue the chase next morning.

When the bright glow in the sky announced the approach of day, Hunor awoke, and was surprised to see the

stag standing motionless in the distance. Calling to his companions to hasten, he mounted his horse and galloped away in pursuit of the stag. The others followed at a

furious pace, and very soon the horses were covered with foam and the men were exhausted, but still they rode on, while the earth shrunk and trembled under the hoofs of the galloping horses and at the shouts of the riders. On and on they rode, and as evening approached, they came to a sandy desert, where the wild beasts ran, mad with terror, from the approaching huntsmen; and here, when the darkness of night closed in, the stag again disappeared.

The huntsmen, tired and weary, lay down to sleep, and when they awoke next morning they again beheld the mysterious animal gazing at them, and only a few paces distant. Again they gave chase, fruitlessly discharging their arrows at it as before, but with the same result. The stag led them on through miles of unknown country, at sunset he again disappeared from their sight.

and

Thus it happened day after day, till the huntsmen were perplexed and anxious, for they now knew no longer in which direction lay their home.

HAT a strange country is this," said one of the men. "Here the sun rises above the western horizon."

"Oh, oh, thou fool," said another, "that is the northern sky."

"No," said a third, "that is the south."

So the dispute went on, and the men would have come to blows, but just then a horn was blown, and the chase began afresh. Presently they came to the river Kur, and when they had crossed it, they came to a still more desolate wilderness, where the lakes emitted sulphurous vapours, and foul-smelling oil flowed forth in vast streams.

Still on they rode, till they reached the river Don, which they crossed by swimming, and at noon they reached the

beautiful Lake Meotis, and then the animal they were pursuing vanished from their eyes like a mist.

The hunters now felt as if they had just awaked from a deep sleep, and they were much depressed, for they knew that they were far from their home, and feared that they might never be able to return. Magyar sighed mournfully, and his eyes filled with tears as he said: “O my poor mother! Her heart will break if we do not return."

UT Hunor was in a joyous mood, and
said: "Let us stay here.
This country
is better than our own. The woods
are full of deer and other game, herds
of wild horses are grazing in the
meadows, fish are plentiful in the
waters, and the air is sweet. Me-
thinks this country was made for us."
Next evening, as Hunor and Magyar and their attend-
ants were returning from the chase, they heard soft strains
of music which filled them with delight. They went in the
direction of the sound, and reached a green meadow, car-
peted with sweetly - scented flowers. The meadow was
illuminated with thousands of fiery birds with shining
feathers. The birds formed a large circle round the lawn,
and within the circle were a number of beautiful fairy-girls,
merrily dancing to the strains of lovely music. In the
midst of the dancers was a magnificent tent of pure gold,
and beneath it were seated, on diamond chairs, the beautiful
twin-daughters of Dul, the Fairy King.
The dancers were whirling in a waltz, and their gorgeous
dresses and veils of moonlight floated in the balmy air, and
mingled with their golden tresses, which were adorned with
garlands of beautiful flowers.

The huntsmen sat on their horses in fascination, and
gradually spread themselves till they formed an outer circle
round the dancers, now and then expressing their admira-
tion in whispers. At length Magyar said to his brother,
who was next to him: "Hunor, this music stirs my
blood."
"And the sight of the Princesses makes my brain reel,"
replied Hunor.
Suddenly a general murmur was heard, and at that
moment Hunor spurred his horses into the lighted
circle.

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was
ET us each take a fairy for a wife,"
he cried.
Instantly all was confusion. The
fairies tried to escape, but in which-
ever direction they fled, they fell into
the arms of the bold huntsmen. In a
very short time the fairy glen was
deserted, and only the sound of galloping horses was to
be heard in the distance, and this grew rapidly fainter
and fainter. Each of the huntsmen had captured a
fairy, and the lovely twin Princesses became the wives
of Hunor and Magyar, with whom they lived in perfect

happiness. Their sons grew up to be brave heroes, and as time passed on, their families increased, and became two powerful nations; and Hunor's descendants were called Huns, and those of Magyar, Magyars (Hungarians).

The Castle of Zeta.

ABOUT a thousand years ago missionaries wandered forth to convert all Europe to Christianity. They were chiefly monks of various nationalities, and their zeal and good living made a great impression on the people among whom they settled. Their religion and ceremonies were far superior to those of the unconverted nations; but though many of the Pagans adopted Christianity, they also practised their old rites, and served Hadur, the God of War, with Christian and Pagan practices combined.

This was done by King Geyza, who was then ruling, and who kept priests of both religions at his court-the old and the new; those of "War," and those of "Love and

Peace"; and although the Christian priests looked upon this double worship as most sinful, both Prince and people were of a different opinion, and regarded it as quite fit and proper to worship two gods at the same time. The efforts of the monks to put down this double worship were of no avail. This state of things lasted during the lifetime of Geyza, but when he died, and was succeeded by his son Vajk, who was afterwards baptized under the name of Stephen, everything was altered.

STEPHEN was a devout follower of the Saviour, and he commanded his subjects, on pain of death, to become Christians, and to abandon their old forms of worship. About this time. Pope Silvester II sent a consecrated crown, to be worn by the Kings of the Hungarians, to the reigning monarch, who was consecrated under the name of St Stephen of Hungary after his death. But many of the people were too much attached to their old religion to obey the commands of the King, and a considerable number, especially the Székely (Transylvanians), revolted as one man against him. They abandoned all Christian worship, and set up a counter-revolution, burning the churches, and other places of

Christian worship, and slaughtering all the monks who fell into their hands.
Among these rebels was a powerful chieftain, named Zéta, the son of a hero and of a Fairy Princess. He wavered at first, but afterwards revolted under the advice of his wonderful horse, who could speak and foretell the future. The horse told him that the age of eternal peace had not yet come, and therefore it was still lawful to practise the religion of war.

The troops of King Stephen marched through the country, slaughtering all who still adhered to their ancient faith, and destroying all the sanctuaries of the old religion, which were generally constructed near springs. Then Zéta raised a large force and sent it against the King, under the leadership of his only son, Szilárd. Zéta himself led forth a small body of skirmishers, plundering and destroying the Christian communities, and slaughtering all who wore the monk's garb.
FTER a time, the King's troops were victorious everywhere, and all the adherents of the old religion were either slain or converted.
One day a fugitive soldier, wounded and covered with dust, appeared before Zéta, and informed him that Szilárd and his army had been overwhelmed by the King's forces, and practically annihilated. None had escaped slaughter, except a few wounded men who were now prisoners in the King's hands, among whom was Szilárd himself, who was suffering from a severe wound in the chest.
When Zéta heard the news, he was terrified, and he feared lest Szilárd should be put to death if he was not rescued. Zéta and his daughters clad themselves in the white robes of mourning, but they grieved still more in their hearts, for they all adored the heroic Szilárd.
Some time passed away, and Zéta constantly looked forward to the approach of the royal army, for he was convinced that the King, who had slain so many valiant heroes for being faithful to their religion, would never pardon him. But one day, instead of an army, he saw one man approaching, bareheaded and barefooted, wearing a white cowl, and girt about the waist with a rope.

"That foolish fellow does not know that he is coming to his death," said Zéta sternly, for he had sworn to kill anybody wearing the garb of a monk. But suddenly his heart almost ceased beating, when he recognised his only son, Szilárd, in the garb of a pilgrim.

As soon as he recovered his composure, he sent some of his guards to seize and bring before him the renegade Szilárd.
"When I heard that thou wast captured, and would surely be slain," said the old chieftain, in a trembling voice, "it grieved me to the heart, but I thought that I had a strong-minded and heroic son, who would rather die than prove traitor to his cause."
"I think, father," said the young man, "that I have never given thee reason to abandon that good opinion of me. But I was not so foolish and obstinate as to refuse to recognise the truth. I was formerly mistaken in my views."

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PEAK out," returned the father, frowning.
"That is my inmost desire. Thou knowest that Hadur created our nation of heroes and fairies in order to punish the world for the evils which had grown up within its boundaries.
Our brothers of old fulfilled the will of God, and their mission was only to fight for our inheritance, which the Huns lost through the crime of Attila when he murdered his brother.
"But we are now in possession of our beautiful country, and have won all that we can possibly win by war. It is now our duty to follow the example of the Saviour, by accepting His religion, casting away our arms, and living in

Zeta
Laughed.bitterly
brotherhood with all the other nations of the world. The King was right in attempting to convert us all to the only true religion, even by force."
"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Zéta bitterly, "thou hast learned the use of thy tongue from the Christian priests very well. But so long as murder, avarice, and other sins still exist, so long will the religion of peace never suffice to fill the hearts of human beings. So long must the religion of war, the religion of Hadur, prevail, and so long Zéta will never accept the new religion."
"O father, we are God's chosen people," cried Szilárd fanatically; "and it is we who ought first to accept the religion of peace."
"God ordained us to punish those for whom He sacrificed His only Son in vain," cried Zéta scornfully. "Enough of this discussion for the present. But be it known to you that I have sworn to kill anyone who wears the garb of a

monk,"
The two daughters of Zéta, who had heard the whole

conversation, now rushed forward, weeping bitterly. They knelt down before their father, and besought him to pardon their renegade brother.
Zéta was moved, and he declared that he would break his oath if Szilárd would cast away his monk's garb and return to the religion of his forefathers.
But Szilárd was a fanatical follower of the Saviour, and his own father gave orders to put him to death. When Szilárd was bound to the stake, his father looked at him with tears in his eyes, for he saw that he was still a hero, and he cried in despair: "O my son, my son, listen to me, and obey my wishes."
OT so, father," returned Szilárd; "but before I die, I tell thee that thou thyself, and all thy people, shall not die before ye have accepted the religion of Christ."
Having thus spoken, Szilárd died, and at the same moment a terrific thunderstorm arose. The thunder pealed from heaven, and the foundations of the earth were shaken, and the grand castle of Zéta sank into the ground with all who were living in it.
Since that time, Zéta and his daughters and all his people have been living invisible, underground, following the religion of war, while the world above is ruled by the doctrines of the Saviour. But, notwithstanding, war, avarice and sin reign in the hearts of the people in the upper world; and till these are at an end, those living beneath its surface will not be converted to the religion of Christ.

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nce
upon a time a
mighty castle
stood upon a lofty mountain,
near the river Csello, which
speaks of long-forgotten times
in the murmur of its
ceaseless flow. It was the
castle of the powerful
chieftain, Zéta, making
visible its master's power
and magnificence to all the
country which it over-

looked.
At the present time
only ruins are left; the
remains of strong walls,
deep dungeons, and frag-
ments of broken carvings.
The ruins are a strange, shapeless mass, but
still tell the story of the castle's former greatness
to those who can interpret them aright.
It is said that the real castle is still in existence,
buried deep below the ground, and that the ruins are
nothing but the summits of the towers, projecting here and
there from the earth which swallowed it, with all its inhabi-

tants and treasures, and that there is life, and all that belongs
to life, below, while up on the surface above rests the still-
ness of thousands of ages. But this stillness is only apparent,
and the strange doings of that world below are manifested
at rare intervals to those who are anxious to listen.
There is a great gate on the sides of the mountain which
is invisible to all human eyes at ordinary times, but if any-
one wishes to enter during an eclipse of the sun, it bursts
open amid lightning and thunder.
N such occasions an adventurer can
enter, and eat and drink at pleasure,
and fill his pockets with the treasures
lying there in heaps,-gold and silver,
diamonds, pearls, rubies and emeralds,
shining in all the colours of the rain-
bow, deep below the surface of the
earth, in darkness where the rays of the sun never penetrate.
There it lies! But woe to the man who does not leave
the cave before the eclipse is over! He will never again
behold the light of day, but will remain buried for ever
with all who have preceded him. Many persons have
passed the mysterious gate, and hitherto only one man,
named Botházy, has escaped from the cave with life. Even
he was a second too late, and therefore lost a foot, but he
brought away the treasures he had secured. And this was
how it came about.
It was one of those wonderful days sacred to Hadur,
the God of War, when the sun was eclipsed. The bold
shepherd Botházy took three of his tarisznyas (a knapsack
worn by the Hungarian peasants on a strip of leather across
the shoulders), and he went to the place where the
mysterious gate was said to open, and waited. The day
began to darken-it was neither day nor night-and the

whole world seemed to come to a standstill. Birds flew across the colourless sky, frightened at the semi-darkness. Then suddenly the sky lit up, thousands of stars shone out twinkling, and three rainbows appeared in the cloudless sky, twisting like snakes in all directions. Everything earthly vanished or changed colour, and all was as still as death.

HE whole world looked strange and unreal, and all living creatures lay in terrified stillness in their hiding-places. All the trees, flowers, grass, corn and the verdant beauty of the woods and fields seemed suddenly to move, while all the creatures that usually move about lay still. Such is the effect of fear upon the world. But one man still stood waiting, arming his soul against fear, and standing boldly erect at the entrance to the mysterious cave. It was the shepherd, Botházy, who had fully made up his mind either to grow rich or to end his miserable life by death. He stood at the gate, unknown and unnoticed.

The earth beneath his feet began to quake at the thunder-peals that resounded from the heavens. Then began the first sounds of a mighty music, meant for more than human ears, struggling through the terrible clashing of the elements. Then Nature began a mad dance, lifting her feet, that had rested for hundreds of years, and trampling on all she had created, living or dead; for Nature creates most when at rest. For the sun was now darkened, and there was nothing to check the wild and maddening course of Nature.

Then a huge and heavy door, cast in one single piece of bronze, appeared before the eyes of our shepherd. It was the entrance to Zéta's subterranean castle, and the shepherd

catching a glimpse of the magnificence before him, boldly entered the gate.

In the courtyard he found the old Pagan ceremonies in full progress. A huge fire was burning on the altar, on which they were sacrificing a white horse to Hadur, the God of War. The Pagan priests were just completing the prayers, which they were offering up with the utmost devotion.

Botházy greeted the aged men in his own fashion, and they returned his greeting in a friendly manner. A tall old man, with snow-white hair and beard, clothed in rich apparel, and holding a drawn sword in his hand, stepped forward to offer a hospitable welcome to the stranger. He then led him into the castle, for he was Zéta himself.

HE shepherd immediately entered the hall, which was magnificently illumi-

nated. He was almost blinded by such unaccustomed splendour as he had never before beheld, but he gradually recovered his self-possession as he passed through the interminable suites of rooms. At length they reached a chamber in which Zéta's two beautiful daughters were working at an immense piece of embroidery. The shepherd saluted them boldly, and the girls stood up smiling sweetly.
"This gallant fellow," said Zéta, "has ventured here to make himself rich in a night. Now, my daughters, treat him well, and give him as much of our treasures as he can carry away."
Botházy almost forgot the purpose for which he had ventured into the palace, and looked in amazement on the two beautiful girls. Each in turn kissed him on the cheek

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and then led him into rooms where their treasures were lying in great heaps-gold and all manner of precious stones, diamonds, pearls and emeralds, decorating great clasps, bridles, spurs and chains, were heaped up everywhere. All these objects were made of pure gold, set with the most magnificent jewels. So great was the splendour, that the poor shepherd was obliged to close his eyes, for he was dazzled with the lustrous magnificence all around him.
"Thou mayst take as much and as many of these treasures as thou canst carry," said one of the daughters; "but do not be too avaricious, for if the cock should crow for the third time, and thou shouldst still be here, thou canst never return to thy home, but must dwell with us until thy death."

"Think ye then," replied the bold shepherd, "that it would be unpleasant for me to dwell with you?"
"Aye, we indeed think so," replied the elder of the two. "It is too dangerous for any human being to dwell with us. Look to thy treasures and hasten thy departure. With this wealth thou canst live in joy and happiness in the outer world; but for the present, share our feast. Thou hast still time to fill thy pockets and thy knapsacks, but do not forget what I have told thee. The crowing of the cock shall intimate to thee that thou

must return."
HEN the two girls took his hands caressingly and led him, dancing and singing, out of the treasure-chamber and down to the great banqueting-hall, where all Zéta's vassals had already assembled to take part in the feast that was to follow their sacrificial

ceremonies in honour of Hadur.
They were just about to commence when the three entered. Zéta sat enthroned at the head of the table, and he smiled graciously, and waved his hand to the shepherd, as he invited him to sit down with the others. The girls sat at Zéta's right and left, and Botházy was the only living human being among this vast assembly. The dishes and the wines were excellent. One toast followed another, and although all the guests had long been dead, they spoke of eternal happiness. Presently they began to dance, and one after another entered the festive ring. The daughters of Zéta rose also, and danced to the subdued singing of distant voices, accompanied by harp and horn. All of a sudden, a shrill sound mingled with the music-
"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

It was the first crowing of the cock. The dancing ceased at once, and the shepherd perceived that a mist was gathering thicker and thicker around him. All that had been so full of colour and so near to him a moment before, now seemed dim and distant, though he still heard voices speaking to him.
ASTE, dash quickly into the treasure-chamber!" cried the girls, pushing him in that direction. The shepherd filled all his pockets and knapsacks, and the girls helped him to do so.
The fog had now become almost im-penetrable, and all that he could see was the indistinct figures of the two girls.
"Hasten now, hasten away," cried they, pushing him towards the door where he had entered the castle.
Then the cock crowed for the second time-" Cock-a-doodle-doo!"
He hurried on with his treasures, four hands pushing him on gently, but as quickly as possible, but he could not run, for he was weighed down with the riches that he carried. The way seemed miles long, and the gate was still a long way off, but on he went, as fast as he could. At last he beheld the bronze gate through the thick fog, and was already on the threshold, when he dropped a golden belt, and, as he picked it up, at that very instant he heard the cock crow for the third time.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"
He sprang out of the gate, just as it closed with a terrible clang. He was not quite clear, and left his left foot behind him.
Next morning his brothers found him lying faint and exhausted in a pool of blood; and though he carried with

He left his left foot behind him.

him treasure enough to make him rich for the rest of his life, he would have given them all away to have had his foot back again.
But Botházy, the bold shepherd, was the only man who ever escaped alive from the Castle of Zéta, and was able to talk about it from his own knowledge.

The Furrows of Satan.

There is a mountain in Hungary, called Harsány, on the rocky side of which you may notice many furrows, side by side, as if they had been cut by a plough, though they are much deeper than the furrows which you may notice on the ploughed land of a farm. Nor could they have been made by any ordinary plough, which could not cut furrows in the rocky sides of a mountain. Yet they are said to be real furrows, cut by a real plough, and the story related of their origin is very interesting.
Many years ago, when most of the people lived in the country under the sway of feudal lords, and when large cities had not yet been built, this district belonged to the Lord of Harsány. He was the master of hundreds of serfs, whom he treated just as he pleased, and sometimes very cruelly.

At certain times he would invite many guests to his castle, and on such occasions he would drink a great deal of wine, till he became very drunk indeed, and when he was in this state, his serfs suffered terribly, for he used to have them beaten and tortured for his amusement. He thought their pain and their outcries a good joke, but the people of Harsány were always grieved when they heard that guests

had arrived at their lord's castle.

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LTHOUGH he was so cruel when he
was drunk, he always repented of his
misdeeds when he was sober, and
after one of his debauches he would
be very kind to his serfs for some
weeks.
Still, it was needful for the Lord
of Harsány to be taught a lesson.
One night, after the guests and servants had retired to bed, and the serfs had all returned to their cottages, the Lord of Harsány was lying on the floor of his wine-room, suffering from the painful consequences of his heavy drinking, and his conscience upbraiding him with the crimes that he had committed. After awhile he thought he would go to his bed. But just as the thought occurred to him, he was frightened by a man's voice, speaking in discordant tones.
"So ho, my Lord of Harsány," said the strange voice, with a sneer. "I trust I see you well."
"Who-art thou," stammered the nobleman, what wouldst thou-with-me?"
"I am Satan, the ruler of the wicked men," answered the voice; "I am thy lord and master, for thou art most assuredly not one of the righteous."
The nobleman was now thoroughly roused.
He sprang

to his feet, and cried out: "I would have thee to know that I am no follower of thine. I am one of the good, though perhaps I may not be one of the very best."
"Indeed," jeered Satan, "then thy goodness must be of a rather unusual kind, and can hardly be distinguished from what most folks would call wickedness. Most people who are great wine-drinkers are wicked. Thou hast drunk wine till thou art drunken, my lord. People who maltreat and torture their serfs are wicked. Thou hast tortured thy serfs even to death, my lord. Methinks thou art a very devoted follower of mine."
"I am grieved to be forced to admit that thou hast spoken only too truly," confessed the nobleman.
"I beseech thee not to be ashamed that thou art one of my followers," returned Satan, in his most strident tones. "It is indeed a great honour and gratification to myself, for I love the wicked and hate the good."
"It gives
me no pleasure to know that I am a follower
of thine," protested the nobleman. "But now please to inform me wherefore thou hast come here, and what dost

thou desire of me?"

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HAVE come to escort thee to the
country of the wicked," answered
Satan.
"I refuse to go with thee," cried
the nobleman.
"But I do assure thee, my lord,
that thou must!" cried Satan, and
he sprang out of the darkness, where he had been crouch-
ing in the corner of the large, dimly-lighted room, and
at one bound stood before the terror-stricken lord of the
castle. The nobleman saw before him a hideous red figure,

with eyes glowing with cunning and cruelty, and
holding a huge sword in his hand.
The once powerful nobleman shouted to his
servants for aid, but Satan only smiled mockingly,
and said: "Thy shouts are useless, my Lord of
Harsány, for I have taken good care that no sounds
shall reach the ears of thy servants."
When the nobleman heard this, he knew that
he would be obliged to obey the orders of Satan.
He also now perceived for the first time that he was
quite helpless without the aid of his servants.
"I am in thy power, and I must do thy
bidding," said he.

"Well and good," said Satan, "and now that thou art
a little more reasonable, I will grant thee any one request
that thou hast to make before our final departure to the
land of the wicked, provided that it can be completed
before cockcrow."
The nobleman reflected for a few minutes, and then said
in a trembling voice: "It is my most earnest desire that
thou shouldst plough the rocky sides of the mountain of
Harsány. But I am afraid that thou wilt not be able to
finish the work before cockcrow."
"Indeed I can," said Satan, laughing. "And if I
cannot do so, thou shalt have thy freedom."
"Well and good," said the nobleman, in a more cheer-
ful tone. "But first I must go and put on my cloak, for
the air is cold out of doors."
"Don't be long then," said Satan; "I will wait for
thee outside."
HIS was just what the nobleman wanted.
He had now almost recovered from
his fit of drunkenness, and he had his
wits about him. He went into an-

other room to fetch his cloak, but
before meeting Satan outside, he put
under it a loud crowing cock.
He then went out, and the couple walked quickly to
the top of the mountain.
As soon as they arrived, Satan gave three shrill whistles,
and immediately four large cats approached them, drawing a
huge plough of fire. Satan whistled again three times, and a
whip with a very long lash fell at his feet. When he cracked
the whip, the cats began to draw the fiery plough across the
rocky side of the mountain. The sky grew red and thundery
above them, and the mountain quaked beneath them.

When the nobleman looked, he saw that the plough
was working very well, and several neat furrows were
already cut side by side on the mountain.
When six furrows had been cut, he thought it was time
for cockcrow, for the plough was doing its work so rapidly,
that if he waited much longer, the whole mountain-side
would be ploughed up, and then he would be obliged to
go with Satan, which he had no desire to do.
So the nobleman gave the cock which he carried under
his cloak several sharp pinches, when it began to crow so
loud and so repeatedly that it waked up the other cocks in
the village below, and they crowed too, thinking that morn-
ing had come.
A
S soon as the cats heard the crowing of
the cocks, they vanished with the
plough, and Satan knew that the
nobleman had beaten him, and that
he could not now carry him away to
the country of the wicked.
"Thou hast tricked me!" cried
Satan, "thou hast tricked me!"
"The cocks have crowed, and the whole of the mountain-
side is not yet ploughed," said the nobleman, smiling.
"That is true," said Satan; "but I shall come for thee
again, and next time I shall grant thee no wishes, but shall
carry thee straight to the country of the wicked."
Upon this Satan disappeared, but for months after-
wards the Lord of Harsány could hear his sorrowful cry,
"I have been tricked-I have been tricked."
But Satan had no further reason to claim the Lord of
Harsány as one of his followers. As soon as the red spectre
had vanished, the nobleman fell on his knees and prayed
earnestly to God for forgiveness for his past wickedness,
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and implored His aid to make him kind and good in future.
The serfs of Harsány were never again tortured by their lord, but were always treated with kindness and consideration, and they reciprocated his benevolence with love and loyalty. Then, for the first time, the nobleman understood the meaning of real happiness, for, till then, he had never felt it.
When at length he died, he ordered that the following words should be carved over the entrance to his castle :-
"TO THE MAKERS OF JOY, COMES JOY:
TO THE MAKERS OF MISERY, COMES MISERY."

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The Funeral of Attila

URING the litetime of Attila, the question of his successor was hotly debated among his subjects. It was very important to decide which of his sons should reign after him as the King of the Huns and the Lord of the World.
Aladár had the first claim by right of birth, but he was not popular with the people, most of whom supported the claims of the second Prince, the brave and magnanimous Uricedor. Attila himself favoured his youngest son, the wise and studious Csaba.
Csaba had never taken part in any great battle, but had spent his time in the study of religion and science, as taught by the wisest táltos (priests). He had not many friends and followers among the warlike Huns, most of whom despised him on account of his quiet studious habits, and regarded him as not much better than a harmless lunatic.

Nevertheless, Attila thought so highly of Csaba and his attainments that he was fully resolved to make him his successor.
When Attila's intentions were made known to the people, they thought at first that the King was only in jest ; but when they found that he was serious, they did not dare to oppose his wishes, and unwillingly consented to look on Csaba as their future King. But it is not surprising that the two elder Princes were furious at being thus deprived of their rights.
HEN Csaba heard of this, he begged his father to make peace between him and his brothers, and said, with tears in his eyes: "O my dear father, do not cause dissension between thy sons.

by enforcing thy decision, especially
as no power can prevent me from
becoming the King and Overlord of all the Huns."
When Attila heard this speech, he became anxious and perplexed. He knew that Csaba had never predicted anything which did not come to pass, and, so far, he was pleased, for he was convinced that Csaba had spoken truly. But he could not understand why his son appeared so sad and troubled, for though he was always serious and thoughtful he was not usually melancholy. He wondered if there was any unusual cause for Csaba's sadness, and indeed there was. Csaba's mother, Réka, had died while he was still very young, but he never felt her loss, for she continued to visit him in dreams, caressing and instructing him while he was a boy, and after he grew up, she continued to visit him, and to advise him whenever he was in doubt or perplexity, and it was she who had sent him to Attila, and had told him why it was needful to avoid dissension with his brothers,

At that time Attila had returned victorious from his last campaign. He had subdued the whole world, and was now its master; and the only ruling power was that of the Huns. Attila's task was now fulfilled, and the work of the Huns was completed. Then the great God, in pursuance of His eternal laws, sent forth His judgment on His chosen representative, for the terrible sin of fratricide. Attila, the Scourge of God upon the sinful world, the cause of so many wars and of so much bloodshed, through which he himself had always come scatheless, was found dead that very night, weltering in his own blood.

EARFUL storms and earthquakes
terrified the whole world that night.
Theodosius,' the Emperor of the
Greeks, dreamed that Attila's bow
was broken, and that a torrent of
blood overflowed the land of the
Huns and drowned all the inhabitants.

Other frightful portents were witnessed, and the inhabitants of all the world, except the Huns, expected future disaster in fear and trembling.

But these portents awakened no fear in the minds of the Huns, and least of all at Etelköz, where the victorious officers and soldiers, and many of the most distinguished inhabitants of the city, were entertaining each other in drunken festivities. In the midst of their rioting, the news of Attila's death came upon them like a thunder-clap. For a few moments, which seemed like centuries, the people seemed to be paralysed with terror and despair. Then followed loud cries and lamentations, and fearful

scenes at Attila's tor (funeral feast). The soldiers gashed 'Marcian, according to Gibbon.

their faces with knives, mingled the blood with wine, and : drank it with terrible imprecations. The women cut off their long hair, and many ran to Attila's corpse and slew themselves upon it.
The three Princes then went to the chief táltos to : receive his instructions regarding the funeral of Attila. The priest retired into a deep cavern, where he remained for seven days and nights with his ear to the ground, listening to the murmurs of the earth. Then he listened to the words spoken by the leaves of the forest, by the birds and by the beasts of prey, and lastly he gazed upon the fleeting clouds and the stars in the sky, and after this he returned to the Council, where the Princes and the chiefs and priests were assembled, and spoke as follows:-
"It is the will of Hadur that his servant Attila shall be entombed beneath the water, beneath the earth, in the sunlight, in the moonlight, and in the darkness of night, and those who bury him shall be unable to show or to describe the place of his grave." He added that if either of the brothers could point out where such a place of interment could be found, he might ask what he pleased from the inheritance of Attila.
HE brothers were much perplexed at these mysterious directions of Hadur. They tried in vain to think of a spot which would answer to the requirements, and they consulted with many learned men and women without avail.
That night Csaba lay down on the open plain and fell asleep. His mother awaited him in the land of dreams, and appeared far more beautiful to him than he remembered her in life. Her long golden hair shone with a bright star-

like lustre, her skin was white and luminous, and her whole form seemed to be transparent, like the sun shining through a mist.
When Csaba kissed his mother, he felt as if he was embracing an ethereal form of pure air, which transfigured him into kindred light.
"Now will I explain to thee," began the spirit of Réka, "how thy father's funeral rites must be performed. Place his body in a coffin of pure gold, and that will be the sunlight; next place the golden coffin in a silver one, and that will be the moonlight, and enclose them both in a coffin

of black iron, which will represent the dark
night. When this is done, order a troop of

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slaves to carry the threefold coffin to its
resting-place. They are to be conducted
is mother awaited him
in the Land of Dreams

by a noble Hun, who loved his master better than his
own life, and they must proceed to an island in the
middle of a river. Here they must build a dam, which will
cause the water to flow on one side of the island only,
leaving the bed of the river uncovered on the other. Here
in the bed of the diverted river they must dig Attila's
grave, and after the work is finished, they must remove the
dam, and allow the water to return to its place and to cover
the grave, and thus Attila will be buried under the water
and under the ground.
HEN the Hun chieftain must lead the

slaves into the midst of the army,
where they must be slain to the last
man, that none may remain who can
point out the place of Attila's grave.
"Having thus solved the problem
of thy great father's burial," con-
tinued the spirit, "thou wilt have the right to claim thy
share of Attila's inheritance before thy brothers. But
I counsel thee not to ask for either the crown or the
sword of Hadur, as Aladár would hate thee bitterly if thou
shouldst take the crown, as would Uricedor if thou shouldst
take the sword of God. But you must not hate each other,
for life is so short that there would scarcely be time for
reconciliation. Ask for nothing but the three arrows which
my mother Orilla gave to thy father on our wedding-day.
Thou wilt need these three arrows more than all else, and
if thou shouldst say when shooting them, 'Go, O magic
arrow, whither I send thee now,' they would strike anything
thou shouldst bid them, were it even a star in the sky."
Csaba embraced his mother again, and felt once more
the magic of her presence, and awaking suddenly, he saw in
the bright moonlight a white, cloud-like shape rustling the

leaves of the lofty poplars and drifting away towards the
eastern horizon.
Csaba then unfolded his instructions to the táltos, and
they ordered the most accomplished of the Roman jewellers
to construct the golden coffin. They forged it out of pure
gold. It was surmounted by a life-size effigy of Attila, and

on the sides were depicted various scenes in his life. Here the Huns were seen contending with foreign nations, or returning victorious from their campaigns, and one scene represented subject kings bearing heavy sacks, filled with gold, some of whom were pouring out their tribute at the feet of the King of the Huns.

HE silver coffin was constructed by Gothic artists, and this was surmounted by twenty-two plates similar to those which you may see in Gothic churches, and on these plates were engraved the emblems of each of the twenty-two greatest countries which Attila had conquered. On the lid of this coffin was engraved the emblem of the Huns, a flying eagle, gazing on the sun.

The third coffin was made by the smiths of the Avars of shining black steel. Its sole ornament was the name "Attila," in large Hunnish letters.

Then they clad the dead body of the King in purple robes; his long hair and beard were trimmed with ropes of pearls, and his fingers were decked with rings set with all manner of precious stones.

Round his waist was placed an embroidered girdle, and on his feet they drew shoes, the soles of which were studded with large-headed golden nails.

When all was ready, the body of Attila was placed in the coffin, and by his side they laid a sword, a horn, a golden cup filled with wine, and various ornaments; and, lastly, the

interspaces and the coffin itself were filled with the most precious balm of the East, to preserve the body. Then the golden coffin was laid in the silver one, and the vacant spaces were filled up with gold coins and precious stones.

The third coffin was filled with blood. They slaughtered Attila's favourite horse and many of his servants, among whom were his jester, his court poet and his favourite minstrel; and many of his wives and soldiers of his body-guard slew themselves, that they might be present to serve Attila on the day of resurrection, when he would need them.

When the lid of the third coffin was fastened down, a wild roar like the most terrific thunder rose up from the vast crowds. Great fires were burning on altars, and before these a thousand white horses were sacrificed, of which large portions were cast into the flames. In the meantime, a thousand young minstrels began to chant funeral songs, in which they related all the glorious exploits of the mighty King, whose feats have never been paralleled on the earth, either before his time or after.

HEN Detre, the King of the Goths, heard of the death of Attila, he was

overjoyed, for he had not expected
to survive the great King of the
Huns. But now, without a moment's
delay, he sent out special messengers
to all the courts of the Gothic and
other European states, calling upon them to assemble their
forces immediately for a great war of liberation.
If the Huns had not been overwhelmed with grief and
despair, their suspicions might have been awakened by the
constant assembling of the representatives of the Slavs.
These people were all made acquainted with Detre's promises

of liberty and the de-
and although they
ceive how these pro-
filled, their confidence
Goths was very great.
and bolder, and even
Attila, several troops of
Heruli, Gepidæ, and
solved to keep watch and
grave of Attila should
could dig it up and pos-
treasures and ornaments
with the body.
Most
to cut off Attila's head
for Detre of his skull.
But Csaba was aware
and he secretly ordered
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be
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Next
monies
great
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struction of the Huns,
could not per-
mises could be ful-
in the King of the
Thus they grew bolder
before the funeral of
Goths, Alans, Quadi,
other races, had re-
to discover where the

be placed, so that they
sess themselves of the
which would be buried
of all, they were anxious
to make a drinking-cup
of their evil intentions,
a duplicate steel coffin
made, which he filled
stones and dust, and
night he substituted this
coffin containing the
of the King.
day the funeral cere-
were carried out with
pomp, and the stone-
coffin was borne away
the West, accompanied
whole population, Csaba
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alone remaining behind, with a guard of a few thousand brave Huns who were devoted to his cause. When the funeral procession was quite out of sight, Csaba ordered a party of base-born slaves to carry the coffin, which really contained his father's remains, towards the East, accompanied by himself and his guards, to the spot which had been chosen for the resting-place of the great Attila.

HEY halted not far from Etelköz, and here Csaba called Kumah, Attila's shield-bearer, to his tent, and said in a very low voice: "I know how deeply thou wast attached to my mighty father, and therefore I will entrust thee to carry out the arrangements for his burial. Go then, my faithful servant, with this company of slaves along the bank of the Tisza, till thou shalt come to an island. Here let them make a dam, that the water may only flow on one side of the island, leaving the bed of the river exposed on the other. Then at the lowest part of the river-bed, let them dig a very deep grave to receive my father's coffin. When thou hast seen this work performed, order the slaves to break down the dam, that the river may again return to its former course. Lastly, thou must lead the slaves into the midst of our army, but thou must take care to leave them quickly, for they will be shot down to the last man, that no one may be able to learn from them the place of Attila's grave."

Kumah promptly and faithfully obeyed the instructions of Csaba, after which he led back the slaves, and just as they reached the middle of the camp, they were overwhelmed with a shower of arrows. When they buried the dead, they found among them the body of the faithful Kumah, who had willingly shared their fate, that no one might live who was able to point out the burial-place of the great Attila.

Botond
& the Emperor of the Greeks.

NCE upon a time it came to pass that the Emperor of the Greeks sent a messenger to Taksony to inform him that in future the Greeks would pay no further tribute to the Hungarians. They must be satisfied with what they had already received, for he refused to purchase peace on such terms any longer.

When Taksony received this message he was very angry, and made answer: "Tell the Emperor of the Greeks that we are coming to look into the matter ourselves, and to teach him to change his mind."

"Tell him also," said the Hungarian general, Botond, who was present, "that many guests from Hungary will visit him in a few days, for whom he must prepare a great feast and plenty of sweet strong wine."

When the messenger returned, he delivered these messages to the Emperor, who burst into a great fit of laughter.

"Let them all come on," cried he; "my city is defended by a huge gate of bronze, which they may devour if they are hungry, and we will also give them a rain of arrows, which will be enough to last them for the rest of their lives."

HE luxurious Emperor was very conceited, because he resided in Constantinople, which was a great fortress with enormously strong walls. Besides this, he had a bodyguard of giants, the mere sight of whom was sufficient to frighten all his enemies. The Emperor thought that if the Hungarians were defeated, they would either fly, or would accept any terms to escape a general

massacre.
away

Botond marched southwards with his army along the Danube, passed through Bulgaria, and entered Greek territory not far from Constantinople.

In the distance the Hungarians could see plainly the magnificent marble castle where the Emperor was just then entertaining a great rabble of his servile courtiers, who swarmed round him like wasps about honey. Once the Greek people had been a fierce and valiant race of warriors,

the terror of all other nations far and wide; but they had now become thoroughly corrupt, and cared for nothing but feasts and amusements, and grew pale at the least appearance of danger. At present they were looking forward to the interesting and amusing sight of a wrestling-match between the stalwart Hungarians and the giant guards.
When Botond and his army approached, the Emperor

and his followers were walking on the walls, to amuse themselves with the sight of the Pagans, who would surely be unable to accomplish anything against the walls and the city.

PRESENTLY the Magyars rode up to the great gate of bronze, and Botond began to hammer at it. The Greeks burst out laughing, and the Emperor himself looked down from the bastion tower above the gate, and cried out:
"Oh, ah, my dear guests, I have already prepared a very fine supper for you. You may bite at that gate as long as you like, and I hope you will find your teeth good enough. Just wait a minute, though, for I am going to order a sheaf of toothpicks to be shot at you, which I have prepared for your use."
"You had better let us in without further ado," replied Botond; "or I will open the gate myself, and then you will know how soon I will stop your jokes."
"Enter, gentlemen, if you like," mocked the Emperor.
But presently he ceased to jest, for Botond swung his heavy battle-axe three times over his head, and brought it down on the massive gate of bronze. A terrible crash like thunder resounded at every blow, the earth and air were shaken, and huge stones fell from the battlements of the city, and the gate itself was riven in several places where the strokes had broken it in.
Many persons fell from the walls from the violence of the blows, and others threw themselves flat, as in an earthquake, to escape a similar fate. Even the Hungarians looked with amazement at the superhuman exploits of their leader.
When the first confusion had subsided a little, Botond

shouted up to the Emperor: "Open the gate, or I will break it to pieces, and march in as your deadly enemy."
Now came the opportunity of the Greek giants, for the Emperor grasped at this as the only plan to save himself.
"Wait yet a little, O most valiant of the Magyars, and listen to my proposal. Among the giants of my bodyguard

is one as mighty as thyself, and I would ask thee to wrestle with him for the victory, and thus avoid cruel and needless slaughter. The prize shall not only be a personal victory, but the victory of a nation, and the nation whose champion shall be beaten shall pay a heavy tribute to the other."
The Magyars and the Greeks alike were greatly pleased with this proposal.
HE city gate was now opened, and the battlements were crowded with ladies and gentlemen of high degree, and with a vast concourse of other spectators, who could hardly restrain themselves from boasting aloud of the way in which their giant would drive the Magyar before him, or crush him to death.
Meantime the Hungarians had full faith in the strength of their leader, but they were, nevertheless, somewhat anxious when the terrible giant appeared on the scene, for Botond looked like a mere dwarf beside him.
The two wrestlers now approached each other, and as soon as they came within hailing distance the giant shouted mockingly to Botond :
"Mannikin, I give you leave to call three more of your comrades to your assistance, for otherwise it would be mere sport for me to crush the life out of your body just as easily as I would crush a noisome insect."
"Keep silence, you ugly monster," replied Botond; "I

Botond began to beat the ground with the giant's huge body.

trust you have prayed your last prayer before you came forth to meet me."
Presently the Emperor's people gave the signal for the wrestlers to begin their mortal contest. It did not last long, for Botond seized his enemy by the knees, lifted him up, and began to beat the ground with his huge body as if he was using a flail. The giant's helmet flew off, and presently he expired.
Botond was not even exhausted with his efforts, but the Greek Emperor was terribly frightened, and he and all his people shook with fear.
After this, the Greeks made no further objections to paying tribute to the Hungarians.

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Bodrogköz, near the river Karcsa, may be seen the ruins of a chapel. It was a very curious and ancient edifice of pink marble and alabaster, and it has been turned completely upside down, its tower being buried in the ground. At one time it contained a richly chased silver bell, which stood straight upright, like a flower on its stalk, and beside it lay a golden hammer, which was used to strike the bell.

To-day there remains nothing but the ruins of the former magnificence of the chapel, but it is still very interesting to examine. Here we may behold fragments of strange sculptured figures, such as mermaids, horses with human faces, dragons, monsters with seven heads, and various other imaginary creatures, and over the ruins.

vines and other climbing plants are spreading their shoots and tendrils.

The people of the neighbourhood preserve a curious and beautiful tradition of the origin of this structure.

NCE upon a time the site of the chapel was occupied by a large round lake, belonging to a beautiful Fairy Queen, whose wonderful palace of crystal was built in the midst of the waters. Her little subjects loved her very much, and were devoted to her service, and they all lived very happily together. They were never tired of toiling for their lovely Queen, combing her golden hair, which they ornamented with beautiful pearls, robing her in silken robes of every colour of the rainbow, and decking her snow-white arms and neck with costly jewels, and, in short, they did all they could to make her still more beautiful by additional adornments. They danced, played and sang to the Queen just as their fancy took them, and felt royally rewarded by the Queen's smile, for her happiness meant the happiness of the whole community.

It was only in the daytime that they dwelt in the palace of crystal in the midst of the lake. As soon as the sun set, and the silver moon shone through the mysterious darkness of the night, the little fairies robed themselves in foam-bubbles, and came to the surface of the lake, clad in a thousand rainbow colours. Such a magnificent sight no human eye has ever beheld.

Then the fairies began to dance round and round, and while dancing, they sang with the sweetest and most harmonious voices, till all Nature began to respond in

harmony. Stars played on their rays like chords, the
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breezes sped backwards and forwards over the lake like the tones of an organ, the moon played on her beams like a harper, and in the far distance the wind roared like a bassoon in the concert. When the music ceased, the Fairy Queen made a sign, and immediately a gossamer veil appeared in the air, supported at its corners by the four winds: North, South, East and West. The veil enveloped the Queen and her fairies, and rising high into the air, it wafted them eastward towards the Garden of Roses, where reigned Prince Hajnal, the betrothed of the Queen.

RINCE HAJNAL, crowned with roses, was already awaiting the coming of the Queen, and clasping her in his arms, he carried her away into a garden of roses, which the little fairies plucked, and wove into charming wreaths. The time flew rapidly

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away, and it was with regret that the company learned presently that Prince Hajnal had received a message from the Sun to announce his coming.

The Queen and her fairy subjects hastened to take leave of the Prince, who lifted his vast purple banner and began to wave it on the eastern horizon to announce the approach of the Sun.

Thus they lived happily for many, many centuries, till suddenly the Spirit of Darkness began to persecute them. He had often seen the Queen pass his dark abode, and had fallen in love with her. So he sent a hobgoblin with a message to the Queen that if she would not willingly become his wife, he would carry her off by force.

The poor Queen was much alarmed when she heard this, for all her love was given to Prince Hajnal, and sent back a reply, saying that she would rather remain for ever
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in her abode under the water than become the wife of a hideous black spectre.

She kept to this resolution, and while the Spirit of Darkness was watching for her unceasingly, she remained in her palace of crystal under the water, where, instead of merry dancing and singing, there was now only mournful silence. The fairies, especially the Queen, were constantly weeping, for they could not visit the fair world above, not daring to leave their palace any longer.

This mournful state of things went on for many

thousands of years, and the time seemed endless to the little fairies, who were deprived of all the pleasures of life. They thought and hoped that the cruel Spirit would grow weary of lying in wait for their beloved Queen, but they were filled with despair when they perceived his untiring vigilance. At length the poor Queen was so grieved at her forced separation from Prince Hajnal, that at length she resolved to leave her subjects, and rise to the surface of the lake to reconnoitre.

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HE robed herself as usual in a foam-bubble, and cautiously ascended, but the very moment that she appeared, the Spirit of Darkness seized her, and carried her away to his home in the Black Mountain. Then he released her from his fierce embrace, but as soon as the Queen opened her beautiful blue eyes and found herself in the power of the terrible Spirit of Dark-ness, she changed herself into a rosy vapour, and vanished for ever.
Poor Prince Hajnal was inconsolable for the death of the Fairy Queen, and, even at the present day, you can see in the morning the tears that have fallen from his eyes on

He seized her, and carried ber away.

the flowers and grass. We call the drops dew, but they are really the tears of Prince Hajnal, who weeps afresh every night for his love.
The little fairies of the round lake were also quite inconsolable. They robed themselves in dark mourning garments of fine spider's web, dried up all the water in the lake, and destroyed their palace of crystal. Then they built the strange chapel, of which we can still see the ruins, upside down, with its tower buried in the ground. After this, they emigrated to the moon, and whenever there was an eclipse, one of the fairies would descend on a black ray to the earth, to sound the bell in the underground tower. This they continued to do, till some covetous people stole both the hammer and the bell, and since that time the little fairies have not revisited the spot, and will probably never again appear on earth.

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